









THE SPELL OF THE PACIFIC  
An Anthology of Its Literature



**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO  
DALLAS • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

**MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED**

LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA  
MADRAS • MELBOURNE

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

**OF CANADA, LIMITED**

TORONTO

.

# **The Spell of the Pacific**

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF ITS LITERATURE**

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

CARL STROVEN AND A. GROVE DAY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JAMES A. MICHENER

1949

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY - NEW YORK

.

COPYRIGHT, 1949, BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

All rights reserved—no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in magazine or newspaper.

*First Printing*

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## THE PACIFIC

THERE is one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea, whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath, like those fabled undulations of the Ephesian sod over the buried evangelist, St. John. And meet it is that over these sea-pastures, wide-rolling, watery prairies and Potters' Fields of all four continents, the waves should rise and fall, and ebb and flow unceasingly; for here, millions of mixed shades and shadows, drowned dreams, somnambulisms, reveries; all that we call lives and souls, lie dreaming, dreaming, still; tossing like slumberers in their beds, the ever-rolling waves but made so by their restlessness.

To any meditative Magian rover, this serene Pacific, once beheld, must ever after be the sea of his adoption. It rolls the midmost waters of the world, the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic being but its arms. The same waves wash the moles of the new-built Californian towns, but yesterday planted by the recentest race of men, and lave the faded but still gorgeous skirts of Asiatic lands, older than Abraham; while all between float milky-ways of coral isles, and low-lying, endless, unknown archipelagoes, and impenetrable Japans. Thus this mysterious, divine Pacific zones the world's whole bulk about, makes all coasts one bay to it; seems the tide-beating heart of earth.

—HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby-Dick*



## INTRODUCTION

---

IT IS A privilege for me to be able to write new words about the Pacific, for this vast and heaving waste of water imprisons the imagination of anyone who has traveled widely upon it. This ocean defies any single mind to encompass it. Who can comprehend both the surging fury of Iwa Jima and the impenetrable masks of Easter Island; the lonely terror of Pitcairn and the earthly paradise of Tahiti; the savage heat of Bougainville and the cool beauty of New Zealand? The Pacific is truly the supreme feature of the earth's surface, and it is proper that the words of many men should be brought together to describe it.

Before 1941 Americans could afford to ignore an ocean which to them had an unknown meaning. Our nineteenth century inland pioneers had established the cry, "On to the Pacific!" But when they reached the mighty ocean, like frightened children they turned their backs upon it and left it for others to develop. From the opposite side of the world came Frenchmen to explore and to colonize the choicest areas. Englishmen developed industry and a concept of God in the forlorn bays and along the pestilential shores. Even the tardy Germans sought here an empire and accomplished much that was good.

Americans, excepting seamen and missionaries, ventured reluctantly into the silent and lonely sea. In the 1860's Cakobau, the self-styled King of Fiji, offered his domain free of cost to the United States government. We did not even bother to reply, and the insulted savage conveyed his rich, strategic, and gold-bearing islands to Queen Victoria as a personal gift. At the end of the Spanish-American war, President McKinley reported that he had prayed upon his knees most of one night for Divine guidance as to whether or not he should permit the United States to annex the Philippines. Toward morning he



got an affirmative answer. Hawaii, Guam, Wake, and a fragment of Samoa comprised our other capriciously gained outposts. We had stumbled into the greatest ocean and had no concept of where we were or what our obligations might become. A handful of military men, a few adventurous entrepreneurs, and some literary wastrels knew the islands, but their knowledge was not made part of the national consciousness. Samoa was remembered as the scene of an Englishman's play, *Rain*. Hawaii was the sweet menace to the sugar-beet growers of the Rocky Mountain states; and the Philippines became that station to which Army officers with totally unmarriageable daughters sought to go, because far from home, on the edge of the jungle, even the most unlikely girl could be married off.

And then suddenly, one Sunday morning in 1941, the Pacific exploded into national prominence. Within a few weeks much of our fleet was sunk at Pearl Harbor or humiliated off Java. Overnight we had to assume the obligations of a Pacific power, and so long as Asia and North America share that vast ocean we shall be irretrievably committed to remaining a Pacific power. What happens in our relations with Europe is of pressing—but only momentary—importance. What happens in our relations with Asia will determine our ultimate destiny.

Like many who have gone to the Pacific, I went in ignorance and stayed to become obsessed with this interminable and varied sea. Its size is beyond my comprehension. For some three hundred hours I have flown above this ocean along ship routes, for perhaps two hundred thousand miles, and I never once saw a single vessel of any description. I gazed for hours at the slowly forming waves and saw only the trackless wastes of ocean.

There are many facets of the Pacific that I shall never forget, and it is good to discover in this book reminders of those distant places. Pierre Loti sees the ugly queen of Bora Bora, and remarks upon her filed teeth and savagery; and as he writes I can see that most perfect of islands: a mighty cone of basalt standing where once a volcano had erupted, a lagoon so perfect that it beggars any other in the Pacific, a roaring surf pounding upon coral reefs, and a fair people, their teeth no longer filed. Bora Bora is an island that surpasses anything so far described by the most arrant sentimentalist; and I was there when American sailors begged their commanding officer not to send them home to the States.

It is good to read of Samoa once more, to follow La Pérouse through

his foul day off Tutuila, where the natives are still as he described them, "being about five feet ten inches high, [of] muscular limbs and Herculean form." It is amusing to realize that La Pérouse encountered—more than 150 years ago—the same problems that perplexed American commanders in this war: "The women, some of whom were very pretty, offered, with their fruits and fowls, their favors to all who had beads to give them. In a very little while they endeavored to pass through the marines, who made too feeble a resistance to repulse them." It is delightful to reflect that even after a century and a half of superior training, American Marines were no more able to withstand the enemy than were their French predecessors.

And I am glad to meet Will Mariner, of Tonga, once again. His remarkable journal deserves to be widely known in this country; for when I tramped about the Tongan Islands I found that Mariner was still remembered as one of the most honest chroniclers of the South Pacific. But even more pleased was I to find a passage—brief and cruel—from Louis Becke, the Australian. I have read some ninety books about certain small areas of the Pacific and none gave me the pleasure that I found one rainy week in the Wallis Islands when my host had some half dozen prosaic books by Becke. They were, I must admit, poorly written, but they had upon them the stamp of allure, and they allure me still: the books of an unlettered man, a graceless storyteller, but a wonderfully tactile writer. I commend Becke highly.

Frisbie and Hall and Nordhoff are here, the later-day masters of the Pacific, and I am happy to see them, for they wrote of those islands best named in all the world: *Les Îles Sous Le Vent*, and if any man can look on those fragile drops of coral without a quickening heart, he is too dull a man for me, and this book will be wasted on him.

It is especially good to find here an adequate treatment of Melanesia, certainly the poorest place in the world to live or work or fight Japanese. The letters of "Asterisk" are as true today as when he wrote them. I cannot explain my feeling for these desperate and meaningless islands, but Malekula will be for me forever the symbol of my own confused feelings. It is an island which still harbors some of the world's last cannibals. It is an ugly place. It is geographically and sociologically graceless, yet I had rather traverse Malekula than any other island I know. Perhaps it is because I twice almost got killed there through plane and boat accidents, but more likely it is because of the day when a crew of crazy sailors off on a spree wallowed through the turbulent Straits of Bougainville north of Malekula. Our craft almost

capsized many times, and it fell to two of us to decide whether to turn back or not, and in the trough of the sea we reasoned, "We've always wanted to see Malekula. Let's go on." So we went on, and I shall never be more scared, and for half a day we were slammed and tossed and men were violently sick all over the small boat and broke their wrists, and in the evening we reached Malekula, and it was like nothing I had ever known before, because natives came aboard with rotten-ripe pineapples and dried heads; and when we got back to Santo we found that on that very day another craft had tried to return from the treacherous sea and had broached to, drowning all hands. So although you could not whip me into a small boat crossing the Straits of Bougainville, I would go many miles to see once more the grim and cruel shores of Malekula.

But if I were forced to nominate one aspect of the Pacific which prevails in my memory above all others as typical of the unknown sea, I would not speak of the exquisite Chinese-Polynesian girls of Raiatea, nor the volcano of Ruapehu erupting each night, nor the incredible brutality of New Guinea. It would surely be the purposeless island of Palmerston. This is a speck in the ocean between Samoa and Tahiti, and during the war American planes used it as a recognition point when they flew without radio beacons. We would leave at dawn, and toward noon I would begin to worry. If a storm had met us we might be many miles off course, and I could sense the pilot feeling, searching, peering through the clouds for sight of reassuring Palmerston.

Then suddenly someone would spot the island. From 10,000 feet it looked like a piece of flotsam, but we would stare lovingly at it; and as long as we could see it we felt fine. So far as I know, Americans never landed at Palmerston. After my sixth trip above it, I found a man in Papeete who had been there once. All the people on the island are named Masters after an Englishman who settled there in the 1850's. The inhabitants are supposed to be dull, because Masters was the great-grandfather of everybody on the island. It was said of him that "he stayed home and tended to his duty." I could tell you some five hundred fascinating facts about Palmerston, the island I never visited. But I could not tell you how it looks at 12:52 noon on a stormy day when you've been fighting a tropical front, and you're forty minutes off schedule and sweating. I could not tell you about that, because sitting at a desk in eastern Pennsylvania, I have forgotten. But I shall never forget Palmerston.

To other travelers who cannot forget the Pacific I commend this book. You may not find in it exactly what you saw, but you will find what others encountered, and you will share what others felt. And to those who have not known the great Pacific, I commend this book especially; for in these days the last of the great oceans to be explored is of peculiar interest to us. Our men lie buried there. Our ships and planes are in its bosom, and I am convinced that along its shores will be determined the precise quality of our future.

JAMES A. MICHENER



## FOREWORD

---

THE PACIFIC OCEAN is the most prominent geographical feature of our planet. Its waters cover a third of the surface of the globe—an area greater than that of all the continents.

Not many centuries ago, the immensities of the Pacific were completely unknown to western civilization. Then came the men of discovery, and with them the men of literature. The blank spaces on the map were slowly filled in. The Pacific had been the place where fabled Lilliput and Brobdingnag might easily lie; today we know it as the frontier and the arena of the future, through which the westward march of empire will at last attain the East again. The Pacific is the ocean of tomorrow, and from it have come many writings of interest to the people of today.

To prepare an anthology of the best literature in English from the Pacific area has been a lengthy but absorbing task. "To any meditative Magian rover," run Melville's words, "this serene Pacific, once beheld, must ever after be the sea of his adoption." The Pacific story has been told by the pen of many a charmed Magian. When Magellan the Circumnavigator first crossed those rolling solitudes and there met death, his journalizing friend Pigafetta was at hand to record the event. Afterwards came other mariners—Tasman and Dampier and Cook and Bougainville and Bligh and La Pérouse, and a fleet of other names—and their tales of mutiny and shipwreck, and battles with brown natives, and flowery nights ashore in new islands of Venus, still remain in print for us to live again. Then the canvas becomes more crowded, with a pageant of missionaries, whalers, pearl hunters, Polynesian monarchs, convicts, explorers by land, bushrangers, beach-combers, traders, shepherds and bullock drivers, deserters from the brutalities of a clipper's surging deck, scientists such as Darwin and

Huxley, sun-hungry artists such as Paul Gauguin, romantic escapists from crowded cities, and anthropologists and translators ready to unlock the mysteries of savage lore. Here are the star-following navigators of outrigger canoes, discovering Hawaii and New Zealand where only empty ocean might lie. Here voyage the Manila Galleon, and the mutineers of the *Bounty*. Here are the story-tellers, thrilling us once again with the yarn of the burning ship, the voyage of the longboat, the shriek in the cannibal jungle, the hearts of white men and brown women, the remittance man, the island of palms, the imp in the bottle. Here is Rizal, martyred founder of Philippine freedom, and Father Damien, apostle to the lepers of Molokai. Here are the laughing philosophers, with their tall tales and broad jests. Here are men of letters known the world over—Herman Melville and Mark Twain and Pierre Loti and Robert Louis Stevenson and Jack London and Rupert Brooke and Katherine Mansfield and Somerset Maugham and Joseph Conrad. And here in the Pacific, where new literatures have now sprung up, are names that should be more widely known—of poets and tale tellers whose homes have always been Hawaii or Australia or New Zealand, who speak not in the voice of the tourist or rambler, but have grown up in the Pacific—and have fought to keep it free from invasion in the greatest war the world has known. Here, within the boards of a single volume, is literary treasure from a third of the globe.

The area of the Pacific covered in this anthology has been arbitrarily restricted, because of limitations of space, to The Sea, Polynesia, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and the Philippine Islands; and selections are arranged chronologically under those headings. This arrangement, although it lacks strict logic (Hawaii and New Zealand are usually considered as parts of Polynesia), has turned out to be most suitable for the present literary purpose. The editors have no intention of implying that Japan and Indonesia and the Galápagos are not Pacific regions, nor for that matter California or Alaska or Peru. For many reasons, however, it has seemed wise to use all the volume to present the literature of the Pacific Islands and Australasia—a wide region that has produced much good writing never before collected.

*The Spell of the Pacific: An Anthology of Its Literature* contains 100 selections from 86 authors, from the days of Magellan to the days of World War II. Each item is preceded by a brief introduction concerning the author and the particular offering; where more than

one selection is made from a single author, the biographical information is given in the introduction to the first selection in the book. The texts, written by many hands over more than four hundred years, have not been modified except that, as a convenience for the reader of today, a modern standard of spelling and punctuation has been followed. Ellipsis marks in certain non-fiction passages indicate that some sections have been omitted; ellipsis marks in fiction or poetic selections are stylistic.

The editors of this anthology have, in the main, been able to include the selections of their choice. Authors, publishers, and copyright holders were in almost every instance generously co-operative in extending reprint permissions, which are hereinafter acknowledged in full. Many regions are here presented, many authors, and many types of writing. Only a few passages from novels, however, are here included; the structure of a good novel seldom lends itself to the extraction of an important section, and hence many of the excellent novels of recent years stemming from the area are not represented.

The chief criteria on which the selections in this anthology were made are: Is this work of high literary value? Is it interesting? Is it representative of its place and time and author? Can the work be included without using an excessive amount of space? The hopes of the editors will be fulfilled if the narratives, stories, poems, sketches, journals, and folk tales that are here collected arouse in the reader a new appreciation of the literary riches of the Pacific.

C. S.  
A. G. D.

University of Hawaii  
December, 1948





## CONTENTS

---

### I: THE SEA

WILLIAM BLIGH, <i>The Mutiny of the Bounty</i>	3
SIR JOHN BARROW, <i>Pitcairn's Island</i>	23
OWEN CHASE, <i>The Wreck of the Essex</i>	39
HERMAN MELVILLE, <i>The Town-Ho's Story</i>	49
MARK TWAIN, <i>The Burning of the Clipper Ship Hornet</i>	69
SIR PETER H. BUCK, <i>translator, Polynesian Sea Chants</i>	87
CLIFFORD GESSLER, <i>Two Poems of the Pacific</i>	91
ALLEN CURNOW, <i>Discovery</i>	95
KENNETH SLESSOR, <i>Five Visions of Captain Cook</i>	97
LOUIS O. COXE, <i>The Sea Faring</i>	105

### II: POLYNESIA

LOUIS ANTOINE DE BOUGAINVILLE, <i>Tahiti—The New Cytherea</i>	113
COMPTE DE LA PÉROUSE, <i>The Massacre at 'Tutuila</i>	123
WILLIAM WILSON, <i>The Gospel Comes to the Marquesas</i>	135
JOHN MARTIN, <i>Will Mariner at the Tongan Islands</i>	149
JOHN WILLIAMS, <i>Missionaries at Mangaia</i>	161
HERMAN MELVILLE, <i>In Typee Valley</i>	171
HERMAN MELVILLE, <i>To Ned</i>	185
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, <i>A Prodigal in Tahiti</i>	187
PIERRE LOTI, <i>A Concert at the Palace</i>	206
WILLIAM WYATT GILL, <i>translator, The Exploits of Maui</i>	209
HENRY ADAMS, <i>A New Englander in the South Seas</i>	219
	xvii

PAUL GAUGUIN, Fishing Season	229
LLOYD OSBOURNE, A Son of Empire	239
JACK LONDON, The House of Mapuhi	249
RUPERT BROOKE, Tiare Tahiti	271
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, Red	275
JAMES NORMAN HALL, "Occupation: Journalist"	297
JAMES NORMAN HALL, The Forgotten One	323
CHARLES NORDHOFF, Maki's Perfect Day	349
ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE, At Home in Puka-Puka	359

### III: HAWAII

JAMES COOK, Discovery of the Sandwich Islands	379
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Life in Honolulu, 1809	389
LUCY GOODALE THURSTON, The Missionaries Arrive in Hawaii	397
OTTO VON KOTZEBUE, Queen Nomahanna	407
ISABELLA BIRD, Honolulu in the Seventies	417
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, Father Damien of Molokai	427
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, The Bottle Imp	439
NATHANIEL B. EMERSON, translator, The Water of Kane	467
WILLIAM HYDE RICE, The Menhune: A Legend of Kauai	471
RUPERT BROOKE, Waikiki	483
AUSTIN STRONG, His Occanic Majesty's Goldfish	485
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, The Plague	495
BLAKE CLARK, The Niihau Story	501
DONALD STAUFFER, End and Beginning	513
WILLIAM MEREDITH, Lines Written but Never Mailed from Hawaii	514

### IV: NEW ZEALAND

ABEL JANSZON TASMAN, Tasman at Murderer's Bay	517
CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, Darwin in New Zealand	521
SIR GEORGE GREY, translator, Two Maori Myths	531
FREDERICK EDWARD MANING, A Maori Ruffian	539
KATHERINE MANSFIELD, The Woman at the Store	549

## Contents

xix

SIDNEY HARTLEY JENKINSON, The Happiest Dog in the North Island	561
"ROBIN HYDE," The Thirsty Land	565
DOUGLAS STEWART, The Whare	569
ALLEN CURNOW, The Unhistoric Story	579

## V: AUSTRALIA

WILLIAM DAMPIER, The Natives of New Holland	583
CHARLES STURT, The Discovery of the Darling River	589
ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, The Sick Stockrider	597
MARCUS CLARKE, Michael Howe, the Demon Bushranger	601
ANDREW BARTON PATERSON, The Man from Snowy River	615
EDWARD G. DYSON, A Golden Shanty	621
HENRY LAWSON, The Loaded Dog	633
CHARLES E. W. BEAN, The Maker of a Continent	641
"HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON," Proem from <i>Australia Felix</i>	651
E. L. GRANT WATSON, Out There	661
JACK MCLAREN, The Natives Arrive	677
HUGH MCCRAE, Australian Spring	695
LANCE SKUTHORPE, The Champion Bullock Driver	697
WILLIAM RAMSAY SMITH, <i>translator</i> , The Confusion of Tongues	701
XAVIER HERBERT, Kaijek the Songman	705
JOHN MANIFOLD, Two Poems	713

## VI: MELANESIA

PETER DILLON, The Massacre at Fiji	719
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, The Rescue of Mrs. Thompson	733
LORIMER FISON, How the Fijians Learned to Build Their Canoes	737
JACK LONDON, Bêche de Mer English	741
C. A. W. MONCKTON, An Expedition Against the Dobudura Tribe	749
JOHN RUSSELL, The Fourth Man	763
"ASTERISK," Letters from the New Hebrides	783
CHARIS CROCKETT, Cannibals to Call	797
KARL SHAPIRO, New Guinea	815

## VII: MICRONESIA

ANTONIO PICAFETTA, <i>Magellan Discovers the Marianas</i>	821
GEORGE KEATE, <i>The King of Palau Visits Captain Wilson</i>	825
CHARLES WILKES, <i>The U.S. Exploring Expedition at Utiroa</i>	833
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, <i>The King of Apemama</i>	845
LOUIS BECKE, <i>The Rangers of Tia Kau</i>	855
ROLAND BURRAGE DIXON, <i>translator, The Exploits of Olofat</i>	861
WILLARD PRICE, <i>Buccaneers from Boston</i>	867

## VIII: THE PHILIPPINES

ANTONIO PICAFETTA, <i>The Death of Magellan</i>	879
ANTONIO DE MORCA, <i>The Founding of the Philippines</i>	883
RICHARD WALTER, <i>The Centurion and the Manila Galleon</i>	889
JOSÉ RIZAL, <i>Heretic and Filibuster</i>	897
JOSEPH CONRAD, <i>Karain's Kingdom</i>	905
DEAN SPRUILL FANSIER, <i>translator, Three Filipino Folk Tales</i>	911
JOSÉ GARCÍA VILLA, <i>The Son of Rizal</i>	917
CARLOS BULOSAN, <i>My Father Goes to Court</i>	927
IRA WOLFERT, <i>Guerrilla Episode</i>	933

## **1: THE SEA**





## The Mutiny of the *Bounty*

By WILLIAM BLIGH, 1758–1817. In his youth Bligh served as master of the *Resolution* on Captain Cook's second voyage to the Pacific. With this experience and a record showing unusual ability as an officer in the British Navy, he was chosen at the age of twenty-nine to command the *Bounty*, which set sail from England in 1787 bound for Tahiti, there to load a cargo of young breadfruit trees to be transplanted in the West Indies. After a stay of five months in Tahiti, the *Bounty* was sailing homeward through the Tongan Group when part of the crew, led by the first mate Fletcher Christian, suddenly rose in mutiny. Captain Bligh and eighteen loyal men were cast off in the ship's launch, a boat twenty-three feet long, leaking and perilously overloaded. After forty-one days of danger and privation, sailing 3600 miles, they reached the Dutch outpost at Timor. After his return to England, Bligh continued to serve with the Royal Navy, fighting under Lord Nelson in the battle at Copenhagen and eventually attaining the rank of vice-admiral. In 1805 he was appointed governor of New South Wales, but he soon made so many determined enemies among the colonists that a revolt broke out and he was deposed. Captain Bligh told his story of the *Bounty* episode and the subsequent open-boat voyage in two books: in *Narrative of the Mutiny on Board His Majesty's Ship Bounty* (1790) and, more extensively, in *A Voyage to the South Sea* (1792).



■

**A**BOUT three weeks were spent among the small islands which lie scattered round Otaheite, at some of which we touched. According to my instructions, my course was now through Endeavour Straits to Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda. On the 27th of April, at noon, we were between the islands of Tofoa and Kotoo. Latitude observed, 19° 18' S.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with many circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. A very different scene was now to be experienced.

Monday, 27th April, 1789. The wind being northerly in the evening, we steered to the westward, to pass to the south of Tofoa. I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr. Christian the morning watch.

Tuesday, 28th. Just before sunrising, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however, called as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance, but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was pulled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, the surgeon, Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below, and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and

From *Chambers' Miscellany*, no. 122, vol. 14 (Edinburgh, 1846), an abridgement of William Bligh's *Narrative of the Mutiny on Board His Majesty's Ship Bounty* (London, George Nicol, 1790).

carpenter, and also the clerk, Mr. Samuel, were allowed to come upon deck. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat if he did not do it instantly to take care of himself.

When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order and endeavored to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect. Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and holding me with a strong grip by the cord that tied my hands, he with many oaths threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side, whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of water, and Mr. Samuel got a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, timekeeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from everyone abaft the mizzen-mast.

Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return. The armorer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

It appeared to me that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was per-

mitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool chest. The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian; who then said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death." And without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also four cutlasses; and it was then that the armorer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

I had eighteen persons with me in the boat. There remained on board the *Bounty* twenty-five hands, the most able men of the ship's company. Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards Tofoa, which bore NE about ten leagues from us. While the ship was in sight, she steered to the WNW; but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away, "Huza for Otaheite!" was frequently heard among the mutineers.

It will very naturally be asked, what could be the reason for such a revolt? In answer to which, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connections, most probably occasioned the whole transaction. The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labor, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived.

My first determination was to seek a supply of breadfruit and water at Tofoa, and afterwards to sail for Tongataboo, and there risk a solicitation to Poulaho, the king, to equip our boat, and grant us a supply of water and provisions, so as to enable us to reach the East Indies. The quantity of provisions I found in the boat was a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each piece weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barrecoes.

We got to Tofoa when it was dark, but found the shore so steep and rocky that we could not land. We were obliged, therefore, to remain all night in the boat, keeping it on the lee-side of the island with two oars. Next day (Wednesday, April 29) we found a cove, where we landed. I observed the latitude of this cove to be  $19^{\circ} 41'$  S. This is the northwest part of Tofoa, the northwesternmost of the Friendly Islands. As I was resolved to spare the small stock of provisions we had in the boat, we endeavored to procure something towards our support on the island itself. For two days we ranged through the island in parties, seeking for water and anything in the shape of provisions, subsisting, meanwhile, on morsels of what we had brought with us. The island at first seemed uninhabited, but on Friday, May 1, one of our exploring parties met with two men, a woman, and a child: the men came with them to the cove, and brought two coconut shells of water. I endeavored to make friends of these people, and sent them away for breadfruit, plantains, and water. Soon after, other natives came to us; and by noon there were thirty about us, from whom we obtained a small supply. I was much puzzled in what manner to account to the natives for the loss of my ship: I knew they had too much sense to be amused with a story that the ship was to join me, when she was not in sight from the hills. I was at first doubtful whether I should tell the real fact, or say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that we only were saved: the latter appeared to be the most proper and advantageous for us, and I accordingly instructed my people, that we might all agree in one story. As I expected, inquiries were made about the ship, and they seemed readily satisfied with our account; but there did not appear the least symptom of joy or sorrow in their faces, although I fancied I discovered some marks of surprise. Some of the natives were coming and going the whole afternoon.

Towards evening, I had the satisfaction to find our stock of provisions somewhat increased; but the natives did not appear to have much to spare. What they brought was in such small quantities that

I had no reason to hope we should be able to procure from them sufficient to stock us for our voyage. At night, I served a quarter of a breadfruit and a coconut to each person for supper; and a good fire being made, all but the watch went to sleep.

Saturday, 2d. As there was no certainty of our being supplied with water by the natives, I sent a party among the gullies in the mountains, with empty shells, to see what could be found. In their absence the natives came about us, as I expected, and in greater numbers; two canoes also came in from round the north side of the island. In one of them was an elderly chief, called Macca-ackavow. Soon after, some of our foraging party returned, and with them came a good-looking chief, called Egiecefow, or Eefow.

Their affability was of short duration, for the natives began to increase in number, and I observed some symptoms of a design against us. Soon after, they attempted to haul the boat on shore, on which I brandished my cutlass in a threatening manner, and spoke to Eefow to desire them to desist; which they did, and everything became quiet again. My people, who had been in the mountains, now returned with about three gallons of water. I kept buying up the little breadfruit that was brought to us, and likewise some spears to arm my men with, having only four cutlasses, two of which were in the boat. As we had no means of improving our situation, I told our people I would wait till sunset, by which time, perhaps, something might happen in our favor; for if we attempted to go at present, we must fight our way through, which we could do more advantageously at night; and that, in the meantime, we would endeavor to get off to the boat what we had bought. The beach was lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. At noon I served a coconut and a breadfruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me, if I gave them such an opportunity. Keeping, therefore, constantly on our guard, we were suffered to eat our uncomfortable meal in some quietness.

After dinner, we began, by little and little, to get our things into the boat, which was a troublesome business, on account of the surf. I carefully watched the motions of the natives, who continued to increase in number; and found that, instead of their intention being to

leave us, fires were made, and places fixed on for their stay during the night. Consultations were also held among them, and everything assured me we should be attacked. I sent orders to the master that, when he saw us coming down, he should keep the boat close to the shore, that we might the more readily embark.

The sun was near setting when I gave the word, on which every person who was on shore with me boldly took up his proportion of things and carried them to the boat. The chiefs asked me if I would not stay with them all night. I said, "No, I never sleep out of my boat; but in the morning we will again trade with you, and I shall remain till the weather is moderate, that we may go, as we have agreed, to see Poulaho, at Tonga-taboo." Macca-ackavow then got up and said, "You will not sleep on shore, then, Mattie?" (which directly signifies, we will kill you); and he left me. The onset was now preparing: every one, as I have described before, kept knocking stones together; and Eefow quitted me. All but two or three things were in the boat, when we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. We all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the sternfast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about two hundred men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope, and were near hauling the boat on shore; which they would certainly have effected, if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapnel, every one being more or less hurt. At this time I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands.

We had no time to reflect, for, to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones, and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack; which they did so effectually as nearly to disable us all. We were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat. I adopted the expedient of throwing overboard some clothes, which, as I expected, they stopped to pick up; and as it was by this time almost dark, they gave over the attack, and returned towards the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation.

The poor man killed by the natives was John Norton: this was his

second voyage with me as a quartermaster, and his worthy character made me lament his loss very much. He has left an aged parent, I am told, whom he supported.

We set our sails, and steered along shore by the west side of the island of Tofoa, the wind blowing fresh from the eastward. My mind was employed in considering what was best to be done, when I was solicited by all hands to take them towards home; and when I told them that no hopes of relief for us remained, except what might be found at New Holland, till I came to Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, where there was a Dutch settlement, but in what part of the island I knew not, they all agreed to live on one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. Therefore, after examining our stock of provisions, and recommending to them, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise, we bore away across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat, twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deep laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself.

Our stock of provisions consisted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. The difference between this and the quantity we had on leaving the ship was principally owing to our loss in the bustle and confusion of the attack. A few coconuts were in the boat, and some breadfruit, but the latter was trampled to pieces.

Sunday, 3d. At daybreak the gale increased; the sun rose very fiery and red—a sure indication of a severe gale of wind. At eight it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed, and when on the top of the sea, it was too much to have set; but we could not venture to take in the sail, for we were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, which obliged us to bail with all our might. A situation more distressing has perhaps seldom been experienced.

Our bread was in bags, and in danger of being spoiled by the wet: to be starved to death was inevitable, if this could not be prevented. I therefore began to examine what clothes there were in the boat, and what other things could be spared; and having determined that only two suits should be kept for each person, the rest was thrown overboard, with some rope and spare sails, which lightened the boat considerably, and we had more room to bail the water out. Fortunately

the carpenter had a good chest in the boat, in which we secured the bread the first favorable moment. His tool chest also was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, so that this became a second convenience.

I served a teaspoonful of rum to each person (for we were very wet and cold), with a quarter of a breadfruit, which was scarce eatable, for dinner. Our engagement was now strictly to be carried into execution, and I was fully determined to make our provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

Monday, 4th. At daylight our limbs were so benumbed that we could scarcely find the use of them. At this time I served a teaspoonful of rum to each person, from which we all found great benefit. Just before noon, we discovered a small flat island, of a moderate height, bearing west-southwest four or five leagues. I observed our latitude to be  $18^{\circ} 58' S.$ ; our longitude was, by account,  $3^{\circ} 4' W.$  from the island of Tofoa, having made a N.  $72^{\circ} W.$  course, distance ninety-five miles, since yesterday noon. I divided five small coconuts for our dinner, and every one was satisfied. During the rest of that day we discovered ten or twelve other islands, none of which we approached. At night I served a few broken pieces of breadfruit for supper, and performed prayers.

Tuesday, 5th. The night having been fair, we awoke after a tolerable rest, and contentedly breakfasted on a few pieces of yams that were found in the boat. After breakfast we examined our bread, a great deal of which was damaged and rotten; this, nevertheless, we were glad to keep for use. We passed two islands in the course of the day. For dinner I served some of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water.

Wednesday, 6th. We still kept our course in the direction of the north of New Holland, passing numerous islands of various sizes, at none of which I ventured to land. Our allowance for the day was a quarter of a pint of coconut milk, and the meat, which did not exceed two ounces to each person. It was received very contentedly, but we suffered great drought. To our great joy we hooked a fish, but we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat.

As our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room, I endeavored to remedy the latter defect by putting ourselves at watch and watch; so that one half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the



heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and we so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, we could scarcely move.

Thursday, 7th. Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast. We still kept sailing among islands, from one of which two large canoes put out in chase of us; but we left them behind. Whether these canoes had any hostile intention against us must remain a doubt: perhaps we might have benefited by an intercourse with them; but, in our defenseless situation, to have made the experiment would have been risking too much.

I imagine these to be the islands called Feejee, as their extent, direction, and distance from the Friendly Islands answers to the description given of them by those islanders. Heavy rain came on at four o'clock, when every person did their utmost to catch some water, and we increased our stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching our thirst for the first time since we had been at sea; but an attendant consequence made us pass the night very miserably, for, being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover us, we experienced cold shiverings scarcely to be conceived. Most fortunately for us, the forenoon, Friday 8th, turned out fair, and we stripped and dried our clothes. The allowance I issued today was an ounce and a half of pork, a teaspoonful of rum, half a pint of coconut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, was of the greatest service. A fishing line was generally towing from the stern of the boat, but though we saw great numbers of fish, we could never catch one.

In the afternoon we cleaned out the boat, and it employed us till sunset to get everything dry and in order. Hitherto I had issued the allowance by guess, but I now made a pair of scales with two coconut shells, and having accidentally some pistol balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound, or sixteen ounces, I adopted one as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that, in case any accident happened to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper.

Saturday, 9th. About nine in the evening the clouds began to gather, and we had a prodigious fall of rain, with severe thunder and

lightning. By midnight we caught about twenty gallons of water. Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a teaspoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressed situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind increased; we spent a very miserable night, without sleep except such as could be got in the midst of rain. The day brought no relief but its light. The sea broke over us so much that two men were constantly bailing; and we had no choice how to steer, being obliged to keep before the waves, for fear of the boat filling.

The allowance now regularly served to each person was one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. Today I gave about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered it only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

All Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the wet weather continued, with heavy seas and squalls. As there was no prospect of getting our clothes dried, my plan was to make every one strip, and wring them through the salt water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain, they could not have. We were constantly shipping seas and bailing, and were very wet and cold during the night. The sight of the islands which we were always passing served only to increase the misery of our situation. We were very little better than starving, with plenty in view; yet to attempt procuring any relief was attended with so much danger that prolonging of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount our hardships. For my own part, I consider the general run of cloudy and wet weather to be a blessing of Providence. Hot weather would have caused us to have died with thirst, and probably being so constantly covered with rain or sea protected us from that dreadful calamity.

Saturday, 16th. The sun breaking out through the clouds gave us hopes of drying our wet clothes; but the sunshine was of short duration. We had strong breezes at SE by S, and dark gloomy weather, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The night was truly horrible, and not a star to be seen, so that our steerage was uncertain.

Sunday, 17th. At dawn of day I found every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet, and suffering extreme cold during the night, without the least shelter from the weather.

Being constantly obliged to bail, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned an evil, as it gave us exercise.

The little rum we had was of great service. When our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person; and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions.

The night was dark and dismal, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make to New Holland, to the southward of Endeavour Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments.

Monday and Tuesday were terrible days, heavy rain with lightning. We were always bailing. On Wednesday the 20th, at dawn of day, some of my people seemed half dead. Our appearance was horrible, and I could look no way but I caught the eye of someone in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink—that desire, perhaps, being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we were in the same distressed condition, and I began to fear that such another night or two would put an end to us. On Saturday, however, the wind moderated in the morning, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold.

Sunday, 24th. A fine morning, I had the pleasure to see; produced some cheerful countenances; and the first time, for fifteen days past, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped, and hung our clothes up to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare that they would not keep out either wet or cold.

This afternoon we had many birds about us which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies. As the sea began to run fair, and we shipped but little water, I took the opportunity to examine into the state of our bread, and found that, according to the present mode of issuing, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for

twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time I hoped we should be able to reach Timor; but as this was very uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, we might be obliged to go to Java, I determined to proportion the allowance so as to make our stock hold out six weeks. I was apprehensive that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some, who were less patient than their companions, I expected would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned in our voyage by contrary winds or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal. It was accordingly settled that every person should receive one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner; so that, by omitting the proportion for supper, we had forty-three days' allowance.

Monday, 25th. At noon some noddies came so near to us that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. I divided it, with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and by a well-known method at sea, of "Who shall have this?" \* it was distributed, with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and ate up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. I observed that latitude  $13^{\circ} 32' S.$ ; longitude made  $35^{\circ} 19' W.$ ; course  $N. 89^{\circ} W.$ , distance one hundred and eight miles.

In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good fortune to catch one of them. This bird is as large as a duck. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and, with an allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper, compared with our usual fare.

Sailing on, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I at length became satisfied that we were approaching New Holland. This was actually the case; and after passing the reefs which bound that part of the coast, we found ourselves in smooth water. Two islands lay about four miles to the west by north, and appeared eligible for a resting place,

\* One person turns his back on the object that is to be divided; another then points separately to the portions, at each of them asking aloud, "Who shall have this?", to which the first answers by naming somebody. This impartial method of division gives every man an equal chance of the best share. [BLIGH'S NOTE.]

if for nothing more; but on our approach to the nearest island, it proved to be only a heap of stones, and its size too inconsiderable to shelter the boat. We therefore proceeded to the next, which was close to it, and towards the main. We landed to examine if there were any signs of the natives being near us: we saw some old fire-places, but nothing to make me apprehend that this would be an unsafe situation for the night. Everyone was anxious to find something to eat, and it was soon discovered that there were oysters on these rocks, for the tide was out; but it was nearly dark, and only a few could be gathered. I determined, therefore, to wait till the morning, when I should know better how to proceed.

Friday, 29th. As there were no appearances to make me imagine that any of the natives were near us, I sent out parties in search of supplies, while others of the people were putting the boat in order. The parties returned, highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. I had also made a fire by the help of a small magnifying glass; and, what was still more fortunate, we found among the few things which had been thrown into the boat, and saved, a piece of brimstone and a tinderbox, so that I secured fire for the future.

One of the people had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot: by being in possession of this article, we were enabled to make a proper use of the supply we now obtained; for, with a mixture of bread, and a little pork, we made a stew that might have been relished by people of far more delicate appetites, and of which each person received a full pint. The general complaints of disease among us were a dizziness in the head, great weakness of the joints, and violent tenesmus.

The oysters which we found grew so fast to the rocks that it was with difficulty they could be broken off, and at length we discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed. They were of a good size, and well tasted. To add to this happy circumstance, in the hollow of the land there grew some wire grass, which indicated a moist situation. On forcing a stick about three feet long into the ground, we found water, and with little trouble dug a well, which produced as much as our necessities required.

As the day was the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II, I named the island Restoration Island. Our short stay there, with the supplies which it afforded us, made a visible alteration for the better in our appearance. Next day, Saturday the 30th, at four o'clock, we were preparing to embark, when about twenty of the natives ap-

peared, running and hallooing to us, on the opposite shore. They were each armed with a spear or lance, and a short weapon which they carried in their left hand. They made signs for us to come to them, but I thought it prudent to make the best of our way. They were naked, and apparently black, and their hair or wool bushy and short.

Sunday, 31st. Many small islands were in sight to the northeast. We landed at one of a good height, bearing north one-half west. The shore was rocky, but the water was smooth, and we landed without difficulty. I sent two parties out, one to the northward, and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for me to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; therefore, to prevent such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command, or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself, on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet. We here procured some oysters and clams, also some dogfish caught in the holes of the rocks, and a supply of water.

Leaving this island, which I named Sunday Island, we continued our course towards Endeavour Straits. During our voyage Nelson became very ill, but gradually recovered. Next day we landed at another island, to see what we could get. There were proofs that the island was occasionally visited by natives from New Holland. Encamping on the shore, I sent out one party to watch for turtle, and another to try to catch birds. About midnight the bird party returned, with only twelve noddies, birds which I have already described to be about the size of pigeons; but if it had not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the other two, and disturbed the birds, they might have caught a great number. I was so much provoked at my plans being thus defeated that I gave this offender a good beating. This man afterwards confessed that, wandering away from his companions, he had eaten nine birds raw. Our turtling party had no success.

Tuesday and Wednesday we still kept our course NW, touching at an island or two for oysters and clams. We had now been six days on the coast of New Holland, and but for the refreshment which our visits to its shores afforded us, it is all but certain that we must have perished. Now, however, it became clear that we were leaving it behind, and were commencing our adventurous voyage through the open sea to Timor.

On Wednesday, June 3d, at eight o'clock in the evening, we once more launched into the open ocean. Miserable as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the WSW, to counteract the southerly winds in case they should blow strong. For six days our voyage continued; a dreary repetition of those sufferings which we had experienced before reaching New Holland. In the course of the night we were constantly wet with the sea, and exposed to cold and shiverings; and in the daytime we had no addition to our scanty allowance, save a booby and a small dolphin that we caught, the former on Friday the 5th, and the latter on Monday the 8th. Many of us were ill, and the men complained heavily. On Wednesday the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution.

Thursday, 11th. Everyone received the customary allowance of bread and water, and an extra allowance of water was given to those who were most in need. At noon I observed in latitude  $9^{\circ} 41' S.$ ; course  $S. 77^{\circ} W.$ , distance 109 miles; longitude made  $13^{\circ} 49' W.$  I had little doubt of having now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, which is laid down in  $128 E.$  This diffused universal joy and satisfaction.

Friday, 12th. At three in the morning, with an excess of joy, we discovered Timor bearing from west-southwest to west-northwest, and I hauled on a wind to the north-northeast till daylight, when the land bore from southwest by south to northeast by north; our distance from the shore two leagues. It is not possible for me to describe the

pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of 3618 miles, and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage.

I have already mentioned that I knew not where the Dutch settlement was situated, but I had a faint idea that it was at the southwest part of the island. I therefore, after daylight, bore away along shore to the south-southwest, which I was the more readily induced to do, as the wind would not suffer us to go towards the northeast without great loss of time.

We coasted along the island in the direction in which I conceived the Dutch settlement to lie, and next day, about two o'clock, I came to a grapnel in a small sandy bay, where we saw a hut, a dog, and some cattle. Here I learned that the Dutch governor resided at a place called Coupang, which was some distance to the northeast. I made signs for one of the Indians who came to the beach to go in the boat and show us the way; the man readily complied, and came into the boat. The Indians, who were of a dark tawny color, brought us a few pieces of dried turtle and some ears of Indian corn. This last was the most welcome, for the turtle was so hard that it could not be eaten without being first soaked in hot water. They offered to bring us some other refreshments, if I would wait; but, as the pilot was willing, I determined to push on. It was about half past four when we sailed.

Sunday, 14th. At one o'clock in the morning, after the most happy and sweet sleep that ever men enjoyed, we weighed, and continued to keep the east shore on board, in very smooth water. The report of two cannon that were fired gave new life to everyone; and soon after, we discovered two square-rigged vessels and a cutter at anchor to the eastward. After hard rowing, we came to a grapnel near daylight, off a small fort and town, which the pilot told me was Coupang.

On landing, I was surrounded by many people, Indians and Dutch, with an English sailor among them. A Dutch captain, named Spikerman, showed me great kindness, and waited on the governor, who was ill, to know at what time I could see him. Eleven o'clock having been appointed for the interview, I desired my people to come on shore, which was as much as some of them could do, being scarce able to walk; they, however, were helped to Captain Spikerman's house, and found tea, with bread and butter, provided for their breakfast.



The abilities of a painter, perhaps, could seldom have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many specters, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bone, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags; in this condition, with tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

The governor, Mr. William Adrian van Este, notwithstanding extreme ill health, became so anxious about us that I saw him before the appointed time. He received me with great affection, and gave me the fullest proofs that he was possessed of every feeling of a humane and good man. Though his infirmity was so great that he could not do the office of a friend himself, he said he would give such orders as I might be certain would procure us every supply we wanted. A house should be immediately prepared for me, and with respect to my people, he said that I might have room for them either at the hospital or on board of Captain Spikerman's ship, which lay in the road.

On returning to Captain Spikerman's house, I found that every kind relief had been given to my people. The surgeon had dressed their sores, and the cleaning of their persons had not been less attended to, several friendly gifts of apparel having been presented to them.

I desired to be shown to the house that was intended for me, which I found ready, with servants to attend. It consisted of a hall, with a room at each end, and a loft overhead, and was surrounded by a piazza, with an outer apartment in one corner, and a communication from the back part of the house to the street. I therefore determined, instead of separating from my people, to lodge them all with me; and I divided the house as follows:—One room I took to myself; the other I allotted to the master, surgeon, Mr. Nelson, and the gunner; the loft to the other officers; and the outer apartment to the men. The hall was common to the officers, and the men had the back piazza. Of this disposition I informed the governor, and he sent down chairs, tables, and benches, with bedding and other necessities for the use

of everyone. At noon a dinner was brought to the house, sufficiently good to make persons more accustomed to plenty eat too much. Yet I believe few in such a situation would have observed more moderation than my people did. Having seen everyone enjoy this meal of plenty, I dined myself with Mr. Wanjon, the governor's son-in-law; but I felt no extraordinary inclination to eat or drink. Rest and quiet I considered as more necessary to the reestablishment of my health, and therefore retired soon to my room, which I found furnished with every convenience. But instead of rest, my mind was disposed to reflect on our late sufferings, and on the failure of the expedition; but, above all, on the thanks due to Almighty God, who had given us power to support and bear such heavy calamities, and had enabled me at last to be the means of saving eighteen lives.

In our late situation, it was not the least of my distresses to be constantly assailed with the melancholy demands of my people for an increase of allowance, which it grieved me to refuse. The necessity of observing the most rigid economy in the distribution of our provisions was so evident that I resisted their solicitations, and never deviated from the agreement we made at setting out. The consequence of this care was that at our arrival we had still remaining sufficient for eleven days, at our scanty allowance: and if we had been so unfortunate as to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, we could have proceeded to Java, where I was certain that every supply we wanted could be procured.

We remained at Coupang about two months, during which time we experienced every possible kindness. On the 20th of July, David Nelson, who had been ill during our voyage, died of an inflammatory fever, and was buried in the European cemetery of the place. Having purchased a small schooner, and fitted her out under the name of his majesty's schooner *Resource*, I and my crew set out for Batavia on the 20th of August. We reached that settlement on the 1st of October, where I sold the schooner, and endeavored to procure our passage to England. We were obliged, however, to separate, and go home in different ships. On Friday the 16th October, before sunrise, I embarked on board the *Vlydte* packet, commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, bound for Middleburgh. With me likewise embarked Mr. John Samuel, clerk, and John Smith, seaman. Those of our company who stayed behind, the governor promised me should follow in the first ships, and be as little divided as possible. On the 13th of March, 1790, we saw the Bill of Portland, and on the evening of the next

day, Sunday, March 14th, I left the packet, and was landed at Portsmouth by an Isle of Wight boat.

Those of my officers and people whom I left at Batavia were provided with passages in the earliest ships, and, at the time we parted, were apparently in good health. Nevertheless, they did not all live to quit Batavia. Thomas Hull, a seaman, had died while I was there. Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, and Peter Linkletter, seaman, died within a fortnight after my departure, the hardships they had experienced having rendered them unequal to cope with so unhealthy a climate as that of Batavia. The remainder embarked on board the Dutch fleet for Europe, and arrived safe in this country, except Robert Lamb, who died on the passage, and Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, who has not yet been heard of. Thus, of nineteen who were forced by the mutineers into the launch, it has pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of the voyage, and live to revisit their native country.

■

## **Pitcairn's Island**

By **SIR JOHN BARROW**, 1764–1848. Born of a poor family in North Lancashire, John Barrow as a youth mastered mathematics and nautical science. After a Greenland whaling cruise and a few years as teacher of mathematics, he was employed by Lord Macartney, whom he accompanied on an embassy to China and later to the Cape of Good Hope. Having prepared an excellent map of the Cape Colony and assisted the administration in settling the disputes between the Boers and the natives, he was recognized as a man of unusual ability; and on his return to England he was made second secretary of the Admiralty, a post he held for forty years. He was made a baronet in 1835. Among his books are: *Travels in South Africa* (1801–1804), *Travels in China* (1804), *A Life of Lord Macartney* (1807), *A Chronological History of Arctic Voyages* (1818), and *A Life of Lord Howe* (1838). With access to the records of the Admiralty Office, he wrote *An Account of the Mutiny of the Bounty* (1831), still the best work on the subject. It was this book, picked up in a Paris bookshop, that inspired James Norman Hall with a desire to visit the South Seas and provided a source for the famous *Bounty* trilogy. The following account of the fate of the mutineers on Pitcairn's Island is taken from the last chapter of Sir John Barrow's narrative.

TWENTY years had passed away, and the *Bounty*, and Fletcher Christian, and the piratical crew that he had carried off with him in that ship, had long ceased to occupy a thought in the public mind. Throughout the whole of that eventful period, the attention of all Europe had been absorbed in the contemplation of "enterprises of great pith and moment,"—of the revolutions of empires—the bustle and business of warlike preparations—the movements of hostile armies—battles by sea and land, and of all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." If the subject of the *Bounty* was accidentally mentioned, it was merely to express an opinion that this vessel, and those within her, had gone down to the bottom, or that some savage islanders had inflicted on the mutineers that measure of retribution so justly due to their crime. It happened, however, some years before the conclusion of this war of unexampled duration, that an accidental discovery, as interesting as it was wholly unexpected, was brought to light, in consequence of an American trading vessel having by mere chance approached one of those numerous islands in the Pacific, against whose steep and ironbound shores the surf almost everlastingly rolls with such tremendous violence as to bid defiance to any attempt of boats to land, except at particular times and in very few places.

The first intimation of this extraordinary discovery was transmitted by Sir Sydney Smith from Rio de Janeiro, and received at the Admiralty 14th May, 1809. It was conveyed to him from Valparaiso by Lieutenant Fitzmaurice, and was as follows:—

"Captain Folger, of the American ship *Topaz*, of Boston, relates that, upon landing on Pitcairn's Island, in lat. 25° 2' S., long. 130° W., he found there an Englishman of the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of nine that escaped in his Majesty's late ship *Bounty*, Captain W. Bligh. Smith relates that, after putting Captain Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took

From *The Eventful History of the Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of H.M.S. Bounty* (London, John Murray, 1831).

command of the ship and went to Otaheite, where the great part of the crew left her, except Christian, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives and six Otaheitan menservants, and shortly after arrived at the said island (Pitcairn), where they ran the ship on shore, and broke her up; this event took place in the year 1790.

"About four years after their arrival (a great jealousy existing), the Otaheitans secretly revolted, and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded in the neck with a pistol ball. The same night, the widows of the deceased Englishmen arose and put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leaving Smith the only man alive upon the island, with eight or nine women and several small children. On his recovery, he applied himself to tilling the ground, so that it now produces plenty of yams, coconuts, bananas, and plantains; hogs and poultry in abundance. There are now some grown-up men and women, children of the mutineers, on the island, the whole population amounting to about thirty-five, who acknowledge Smith as father and commander of them all; they all speak English, and have been educated by him (as Captain Folger represents) in a religious and moral way.

"The second mate of the *Topaz* asserts that Christian, the ring-leader, became insane shortly after their arrival on the island, and threw himself off the rocks into the sea; another died of a fever before the massacre of the remaining six took place. The island is badly supplied with water, sufficient only for the present inhabitants, and no anchorage.

"Smith gave to Captain Folger a chronometer made by Kendall, which was taken from him by the Governor of Juan Fernandez.

"Extracted from the log-book of the *Topaz*, 29th Sept. 1808.

(Signed) "WM. FITZMAURICE, Lieut.

"Valparaiso, Oct. 10th, 1808."

This narrative stated two facts that established its general authenticity—the name of Alexander Smith, who was one of the mutineers, and the name of the maker of the chronometer, with which the *Bounty* was actually supplied. Interesting as this discovery was considered to be, it does not appear that any steps were taken in consequence of this authenticated information, the government being at that time probably too much engaged in the events of the war; nor was anything further heard of this interesting little society until the latter part of 1814, when a letter was transmitted by Rear Admiral

Hotham, then cruising off the coast of America, from Mr. Folger himself, to the same effect as the preceding extract from his log, but dated March, 1813.

In the first-mentioned year (1814) we had two frigates cruising in the Pacific,—the *Briton*, commanded by Sir Thomas Staines, and the *Tagus*, by Captain Pipon. . . . Captain Pipon, on being applied to, had the kindness to draw up the following narrative, which has all the freshness and attraction of a first communication with a new people.

Captain Pipon takes a more extended view, in his private letter, of the condition of this little society. He observes that when they first saw the island, the latitude, made by the *Tagus*, was  $24^{\circ} 40'$  S. and longitude  $130^{\circ} 24'$  W., the ships being then distant from it five or six leagues; and, as in none of the charts in their possession was any land laid down in or near this meridian, they were extremely puzzled to make out what island it could possibly be; for Pitcairn's Island, being the only one known in the neighborhood, was represented to be in longitude  $133^{\circ} 24'$  W. If this new discovery, as they supposed it to be, awakened their curiosity, it was still more excited when they ran in for the land the next morning, on perceiving a few huts, neatly built, amidst plantations laid out apparently with something like order and regularity; and these appearances confirmed them more than ever that it could not be Pitcairn's Island, because that was described by navigators to be uninhabited. Presently they observed a few natives coming down a steep descent with their canoes on their shoulders; and in a few minutes perceived one of those little vessels darting through a heavy surf, and paddling off towards the ships; but their astonishment was extreme when, on coming alongside, they were hailed in the English language with "Won't you heave us a rope now?"

The first young man that sprang, with extraordinary alacrity, up the side, and stood before them on the deck, said—in reply to the question, "Who are you?"—that his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian, by an Otaheitan mother; that he was the first born on the island, and that he was so called because he was brought into the world on a Thursday in October. Singularly strange as all this was to Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Pipon, this youth soon satisfied them that he was no other than the person he represented himself to be, and that he was fully acquainted with the whole history of the *Bounty*; and, in short, that the island

before them was the retreat of the mutineers of that ship. Young Christian was, at this time, about twenty-four years of age, a fine tall youth, full six feet high, with dark, almost black, hair, and a countenance open and extremely interesting. As he wore no clothes except a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat, ornamented with black cocks' feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage, and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned by exposure to the weather, and his countenance had a brownish cast, unmixed however with that tinge of red so common among the natives of the Pacific islands.

"Added to a great share of good humour, we were glad to trace," says Captain Pipon, "in his benevolent countenance, all the features of an honest English face." He told them he was married to a woman much older than himself, one of those that accompanied his father from Otaheite. The ingenuous manner in which he answered all questions put to him, and his whole deportment, created a lively interest among the officers of the ship, who, while they admired, could not but regard him with feelings of tenderness and compassion; his manner, too, of speaking English was exceedingly pleasing, and correct both in grammar and pronunciation. His companion was a fine handsome youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age, of the name of George Young, son of Young the midshipman.

If the astonishment of the two captains was great on making, as they thought, this first and extraordinary discovery of a people who had been so long forgotten, and in hearing the offspring of these offenders speaking their language correctly, their surprise and interest were still more highly excited when, on Sir Thomas Staines taking the two youths below, and setting before them something to eat, they both rose up, and one of them, placing his hands together in a posture of devotion, pronounced, distinctly and with emphasis, in a pleasing tone of voice, the words, "For what we are going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful."

The youths were themselves greatly surprised at the sight of so many novel objects—the size of the ship, of the guns, and everything around them. Observing a cow, they were at first somewhat alarmed, and expressed a doubt whether it was a huge goat or a horned hog, these being the only two species of quadrupeds they had ever seen. A little dog amused them much. "Oh! what a pretty little thing it is!" exclaimed Young. "I know it is a dog, for I have heard of such an animal."



These young men informed the two captains of many singular events that had taken place among the first settlers, but referred them for further particulars to an old man on shore, whose name, they said, was John Adams, the only surviving Englishman that came away in the *Bounty*, at which time he was called Alexander Smith.

This information induced the two captains to go on shore, desirous of learning correctly from this old man the fate, not only of Christian, but of the rest of his deluded accomplices, who had adhered to his fortunes. The landing they found to be difficult, and not wholly free from danger; but, with the assistance of their two able conductors, they passed the surf among many rocks, and reached the shore without any other inconvenience than a complete wetting. Old Adams, having ascertained that the two officers alone had landed, and without arms, concluded they had no intention to take him prisoner, and ventured to come down to the beach, from whence he conducted them to his house. He was accompanied by his wife, a very old woman, and nearly blind. It seems they were both at first considerably alarmed; the sight of the king's uniform, after so many years, having no doubt brought fresh to the recollection of Adams the scene that occurred in the *Bounty*, in which he bore so conspicuous a part. Sir Thomas Staines, however, to set his mind at ease, assured him that, so far from having come to the island with any intention to take him away, they were not even aware that such a person as himself existed. Captain Pipon observes "that although in the eye of the law they could only consider him in the light of a criminal of the deepest dye, yet that it would have been an act of the greatest cruelty and inhumanity to have taken him away from his little family, who, in such a case, would have been left to experience the greatest misery and distress, and ultimately, in all probability, would have perished of want."

Adams, however, pretended that he had no great share in the mutiny: said that he was sick in bed when it broke out, and was afterwards compelled to take a musket in his hand; and expressed his readiness to go in one of the ships to England, and seemed rather desirous to do so. On this being made known to the members of the little society, a scene of considerable distress was witnessed; his daughter, a fine young woman, threw her arms about his neck, entreating him not to think of leaving them and all his little children to perish. All the women burst into tears, and the young men stood motionless and absorbed in grief; but on their being assured that he should, on no account, be molested, "it is impossible," says Captain Pipon, "to

describe the universal joy that these poor people manifested, and the gratitude they expressed for the kindness and consideration shown to them."

They now learned from Adams that Fletcher Christian, on finding no good anchorage close to the island, and the *Bounty* being too weakly manned again to entrust themselves in her at sea, determined to run her into a small creek against the cliff, in order the more conveniently to get out of her such articles as might be of use, or necessary, for forming an establishment on the island, and to land the hogs, goats, and poultry, which they had brought from Otaheite; and having accomplished this point he ordered her to be set on fire, with the view, probably, of preventing any escape from the island, and also to remove an object that, if seen, might excite the curiosity of some passing vessel, and thus be the means of discovering his retreat. His plan succeeded, and by Adams' account, everything went on smoothly for a short time; but it was clear enough that this misguided and ill-fated young man was never happy after the rash and criminal step he had taken; that he was always sullen and morose; and committed so many acts of wanton oppression as very soon incurred the hatred and detestation of his companions in crime, over whom he practised that same overbearing conduct of which he accused his commander Bligh. The object he had in view when he last left Otaheite had now been accomplished; he had discovered an uninhabited island out of the common track of ships, and established himself and his associates; so far there was a chance that he had escaped all pursuit; but there was no escaping from

"Those rods of scorpions and those whips of steel  
Which conscience shakes."

The fate of this misguided young man, brought on by his ill-treatment both of his associates and the Indians he had carried off with him, was such as might be expected—he was shot by an Otaheitan while digging in his field, about eleven months after they had settled on the island, and his death was only the commencement of feuds and assassinations, which ended in the total destruction of the whole party, except Adams and Young. By the account of the former, the settlers from this time became divided into two parties, and their grievances and quarrels proceeded to such a height that each took every opportunity of putting the other to death. Old John Adams was himself shot through the neck, but the ball having entered the fleshy part only, he was enabled to make his escape, and avoid the fury of

his assailants. The immediate cause of Christian's murder was his having forcibly seized on the wife of one of the Otaheite men, which so exasperated the rest that they not only sought the life of the offender, but of others also, who might, as they thought, be disposed to pursue the same course.

This interesting little colony was now found to contain about forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, with a few infants. The young men all born on the island were finely formed, athletic and handsome—their countenances open and pleasing, indicating much benevolence and goodness of heart, but the young women particularly were objects of attraction, being tall, robust, and beautifully formed, their faces beaming with smiles, and indicating unruffled good humour; while their manners and demeanor exhibited a degree of modesty and bashfulness that would have done honor to the most virtuous and enlightened people on earth. Their teeth are described as beautifully white, like the finest ivory, and perfectly regular, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the marked expression of English features, though not exactly the clear red and white that distinguish English skins, theirs being the color of what we call *brunette*. Captain Pipon thinks that from such a race of people, consisting of fine young men and handsome well-formed women, there may be expected to arise hereafter, in this little colony, a race of people possessing in a high degree the physical qualifications of great strength, united with symmetry of form and regularity of feature.

But their personal qualifications, attractive as they were, excited less admiration than the account which Adams gave of their virtuous conduct. He assured his visitors that not one instance of debauchery or immoral conduct had occurred among these young people since their settlement on the island; nor did he ever hear, or believe, that any one instance had occurred of a young woman having suffered indecent liberties to be taken with her. Their native modesty, assisted by the precepts of religion and morality, instilled into their young minds by John Adams, had hitherto preserved these interesting people from every kind of debauchery. The young women told Captain Pipon, with great simplicity, that they were not married, and that their father, as they called Adams, had told them it was right they should wait with patience till they had acquired sufficient property to bring up a young family, before they thought of marrying; and that they always followed his advice because they knew it to be good.

It appeared that, from the time when Adams was left alone on the island, the sole survivor of all the males that had landed from the *Bounty*, European and Otaheitan, the greatest harmony had prevailed in their little society; they all declared that no serious quarrels ever occurred among them, though a few hasty words might now and then be uttered, but, to make use of their own expression, they were only quarrels of the mouth. Adams assured his visitors that they were all strictly honest in all their dealings, lending or exchanging their various articles of livestock or produce with each other, in the most friendly manner; and if any little dispute occurred, he never found any difficulty to rectify the mistake or misunderstanding that might have caused it, to the satisfaction of both parties. In their general intercourse they speak the English language commonly; and even the old Otaheitan women have picked up a good deal of this language. The young people, both male and female, speak it with a pleasing accent, and their voices are extremely harmonious.

The little village of Pitcairn is described as forming a pretty square; the house of John Adams, with its outhouses, occupying the upper corner, near a large banyan tree, and that of Thursday October Christian the lower corner opposite to it. The center space is a fine open lawn, where the poultry wander, and is fenced round so as to prevent the intrusion of the hogs and goats. It was obviously visible, from the manner in which the grounds were laid out and the plantations formed, that, in this little establishment, the labor and ingenuity of European hands had been employed. In their houses they have a good deal of decent furniture, consisting of beds and bedsteads, with coverings. They have also tables and large chests for their clothing; and their linen is made from the bark of a certain tree, and the manufacture of it is the employment of the elderly portion of the women. The bark is first soaked, then beaten with square pieces of wood, of the breadth of one's hand, hollowed out into grooves, and the labor is continued until it is brought to the breadth required, in the same manner as the process is conducted in Otaheite.

The younger part of the females are obliged to attend, with old Adams and their brothers, to the culture of the land, and Captain Pipon thinks this may be one reason why this old director of the work does not countenance too early marriages, for, as he very properly observed, when once they become mothers they are less capable of hard labor, being obliged to attend to their children; and, judging from appearance, "one may conclude," says the Captain, "they would

be prolific"; that "he did not see how it could be otherwise, considering the regularity of their lives, their simple and excellent though abstemious mode of living, their meals consisting chiefly of a vegetable diet, with now and then good pork and occasionally fish."

The young girls, although they have only the example of the Otaheitan mothers to follow in their dress, are modestly clothed, having generally a piece of cloth of their own manufacture, reaching from the waist to the knees, and a mantle, or something of that nature, thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging sometimes as low as the ankles: this mantle, however, is frequently thrown aside, being used rather as a shelter for their bodies from the heat of the sun, or the severity of the weather, than for the sake of attaching any idea of modesty to the upper part of the person being uncovered; and it is not possible, he says, to behold finer forms than are exhibited by this partial exposure. Captain Pipon observes "it was pleasing to see the good taste and quickness with which they form little shades or parasols of green leaves, to place over the head, or bonnets, to keep the sun from their eyes. A young girl made one of these in my presence, with such neatness and alacrity as to satisfy me that a fashionable dressmaker of London would be delighted with the simplicity and elegant taste of these untaught females." The same young girl, he says, accompanied them to the boat, carrying on her shoulders, as a present, a large basket of yams, "over such roads and down such precipices as were scarcely passable by any creatures except goats, and over which we could scarcely scramble with the help of our hands. Yet with this load on her shoulders, she skipped from rock to rock like a young roe.

"But," says Captain Pipon, "what delighted us most was the conviction which John Adams had impressed on the minds of these young people, of the propriety and necessity of returning thanks to the Almighty for the many blessings they enjoy. They never omit saying grace before and after meals, and never think of touching food without asking a blessing from Him who gave it. The Lord's Prayer and the Creed they repeat morning and evening."

Captain Pipon imagines the island to be about six miles long, and perhaps three or four miles broad, covered with wood; the soil apparently very rich, and the variety of products great and valuable, but much labor would seem to be required to clear away the woods. The dimensions here given, however, are much greater than they have subsequently been found to be.

The visitors having supplied these poor people with some tools, kettles, and other articles, such as the high surf would allow them, with the assistance of the natives, to land, but to no great extent, the two officers again passed through the surf, with the same assistance, and took leave of these interesting people—satisfied that the island is so well fortified by nature as to oppose an invincible barrier to an invading enemy; that there was no spot apparently where a boat could land with safety, and perhaps not more than one where it could land at all; an everlasting swell of the ocean, rolling in on every side, is dashed into foam against its rocky and ironbound shores.

Such were the first details that were received respecting this young settlement. It may here be remarked that, at the time when Folger visited the island, Alexander Smith went by his proper name, and that he had changed it to John Adams in the intermediate time between his visit and that of Sir Thomas Staines; but it does not appear, in any of the accounts which have been given of this interesting little colony, when or for what reason he assumed the latter name. It could not be with any view to concealment, for he freely communicated his history to Folger, and equally so to every subsequent visitor.

The interesting account of Captains Sir Thomas Staines and Pipon, in 1814, produced as little effect on the government as that of Folger; and nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for twelve years nearly, when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery, paid a visit to Pitcairn's Island. Some whale-fishing ship, however, had touched there in the intermediate time, and left on the island a person of the name of John Buffet. "In this man," says Captain Beechey, "they have very fortunately found an able and willing schoolmaster; he had belonged to a ship which visited the island, and was so infatuated with the behavior of the people, being himself naturally of a devout and serious turn of mind, that he resolved to remain among them; and, in addition to the instruction of the children, has taken upon himself the duty of clergyman, and is the oracle of the community."

On the approach of the *Blossom* towards the island, a boat was observed, under all sail, hastening towards the ship, which they considered to be the boat of some whaler, but were soon agreeably undeceived by the singular appearance of her crew, which consisted of old Adams and many of the young men belonging to the island. They did not venture at once to lay hold of the ship till they had first inquired if they might come on board; and on permission being granted,

they sprang up the side and shook every officer by the hand with undisguised feelings of gratification.

The activity of the young men, ten in number, outstripped that of old Adams, who was in his sixty-fifth year, and somewhat corpulent. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a low-crowned hat, which he held in his hand until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's manners, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald forehead whenever he was addressed by the officers of the *Blossom*.

The young men were tall, robust, and healthy, with good-natured countenances, and a simplicity of manner, and a fear of doing something that might be wrong, which at once prevented the possibility of giving offence. Their dresses were whimsical enough; some had long coats without trousers, and others trousers without coats, and others again waistcoats without either. None of them had either shoes or stockings, and there were only two hats among them, "neither of which," Captain Beechey says, "seemed likely to hang long together."

Captain Beechey procured from Adams a history of the broils and disputes which led to the violent death of all these misguided men (with the exception of Young and Adams), who accompanied Christian in the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island.

It may be recollected that the *Bounty* was carried away from Otaheite by nine of the mutineers. Their names were:—

1. FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, Acting Lieutenant.
2. EDWARD YOUNG, Midshipman.
3. ALEXANDER SMITH (*alias* JOHN ADAMS), Seaman.
4. WILLIAM M'KOY
5. MATTHEW QUINTAL
6. JOHN WILLIAMS
7. ISAAC MARTIN
8. JOHN MILLS, Gunner's Mate.
9. WILLIAM BROWN, Botanist's Assistant.

} Seamen.

They brought with them six men and twelve women, natives of Tabouai and Otaheite. The first step after their arrival was to divide the whole island into nine equal portions, to the exclusion of those poor people whom they had seduced to accompany them, and some of whom are stated to have been carried off against their inclination. At first they were considered as the friends of the white men, but very soon became their slaves. They assisted in the cultivation of the soil, in building houses, and in fetching wood and water, without murmur.

ing or complaining; and things went on peaceably and prosperously for about two years, when Williams, who had lost his wife about a month after their arrival, by a fall from a rock while collecting birds' eggs, became dissatisfied, and insisted on having another wife, or threatened to leave the island in one of the *Bounty's* boats. Being useful as an armorer, the Europeans were unwilling to part with him, and he, still persisting in his unreasonable demand, had the injustice to compel one of the Otaheitans to give up his wife to him.

By this act of flagrant oppression his countrymen made common cause with their injured companion, and laid a plan for the extermination of the Europeans; but the women gave a hint of what was going forward in a song, the burden of which was, "Why does black man sharpen axe?—to kill white man." The plot being thus discovered, the husband who had his wife taken from him, and another whom Christian had shot at (though, it is stated, with powder only), fled into the woods, and were treacherously murdered by their countrymen, on the promise of pardon for the perpetration of this foul deed.

Tranquillity being thus restored, matters went on tolerably well for a year or two longer; but the oppression and ill-treatment which the Otaheitans received, more particularly from Quintal and M'Koy, the most active and determined of the mutineers, drove them to the formation of another plot for the destruction of their oppressors, which but too successfully succeeded. A day was fixed for attacking and putting to death all the Englishmen while at work in their respective plantations. Williams was the first man that was shot. They next proceeded to Christian, who was working at his yam-plot, and shot him. Mills, confiding in the fidelity of his Otaheitan friend, stood his ground, and was murdered by him and another. Martin and Brown were separately attacked and slain, one with a maul, the other with a musket. Adams was wounded in the shoulder, but succeeded in making terms with the Otaheitans; and was conducted by them to Christian's house, where he was kindly treated. Young, who was a great favorite of the women, was secreted by them during the attack, and afterwards carried to Christian's house. M'Koy and Quintal, the worst of the gang, escaped to the mountains. "Here," says Captain Beechey, "this day of bloodshed ended, leaving only four Englishmen alive out of nine. It was a day of emancipation to the blacks, who were now masters of the island, and of humiliation and retribution to the whites."

The men of color now began to quarrel about choosing the women



whose European husbands had been murdered; the result of which was the destruction of the whole of the former, some falling by the hands of the women, and one of them by Young, who it would seem coolly and deliberately shot him. Adams now proceeded into the mountains to communicate the fatal intelligence to the two Europeans, M'Koy and Quintal, and to solicit their return to the village. All these events are stated to have happened so early as October, 1793.

From this time to 1798, the remnant of the colonists would appear to have gone on quietly with the exception of some quarrels these four men had with the women, and the latter among themselves; ten of them were still remaining, who lived promiscuously with the men, frequently changing their abode from one house to another. Young, being a man of some education, kept a kind of journal, but it is a document of very little interest, containing scarcely anything more than the ordinary occupations of the settlers, the loan or exchange of provisions, the dates when the sows farrowed, the number of fish caught, etc., and it begins only at the time when Adams and he were sole masters of the island; and the truth, therefore, of all that has been told rests solely on the degree of credit that is due to Adams.

M'Koy, it appears, had formerly been employed in a Scotch distillery, and being much addicted to ardent spirits set about making experiments on the tee-root (*Draccœna terminalis*), and at length unfortunately succeeded in producing an intoxicating liquor. This success induced his companion Quintal to turn his kettle into a still. The consequence was that these two men were in a constant state of drunkenness, particularly M'Koy, on whom, it seems, it had the effect of producing fits of delirium; and in one of these he threw himself from a cliff and was killed on the spot. Captain Beechey says, "The melancholy fate of this man created so forcible an impression on the remaining few that they resolved never again to touch spirits; and Adams has, I believe, to this day kept his vow."

Some time in the following year, that is, about 1799, "we learned from Adams," says Captain Beechey, "that Quintal lost his wife by a fall from the cliff, while in search of birds' eggs; that he grew discontented, and, though there were several disposable women on the island, and he had already experienced the fatal effects of a similar demand, nothing would satisfy him but the wife of one of his companions. Of course neither of them felt inclined to accede to this unreasonable demand; and he sought an opportunity of putting them

both to death. He was fortunately foiled in his first attempt, but swore openly he would speedily repeat it. Adams and Young, having no doubt he would follow up his intention, and fearing he might be more successful in the next attempt, came to the resolution that, as their own lives were not safe while he was in existence, they were justified in putting him to death, which they did by felling him, as they would an ox, with a hatchet.

"Such was the melancholy fate of seven of the leading mutineers, who escaped from justice only to add murder to their former crimes"; and such, it may be added, was the polluted source, thus stained with the guilt of mutiny, piracy, and murder, from which the present simple and innocent race of islanders has proceeded; and what is most of all extraordinary, the very man from whom they have received their moral and religious instruction is one who was among the first and foremost in the mutiny, and deeply implicated in all the deplorable consequences that were the results of it. This man and Young were now the sole survivors out of the fifteen males that had landed upon the island. Young, as has been stated, was a man of some education, and of a serious turn of mind, and, as Beechey says, it would have been wonderful, after the many dreadful scenes at which they had assisted, if the solitude and tranquillity that ensued had not disposed them to repentance. They had a Bible and a Prayer Book, which were found in the *Bounty*, and they read the Church Service regularly every Sunday. They now resolved to have morning and evening family prayers, and to instruct the children, who amounted to nineteen, many of them between the ages of seven and nine years. Young, however, was not long suffered to survive his repentance: An asthmatic complaint terminated his existence about a year after the death of Quintal; and Adams was now left the sole survivor of the guilty and misguided mutineers of the *Bounty*.

■



## **The Wreck of the *Essex***

By OWEN CHASE. The first authentic account of the ramming and sinking of a ship by a whale was written by Owen Chase, first mate of the whaler *Essex* of Nantucket, and published in New York in 1821. His narrative relates not only the attack by the bellicose whale in the equatorial Pacific, but describes an open-boat voyage twice as long as that made by Captain William Bligh, amid "unparalleled sufferings" that did not even omit cannibalism. Herman Melville, who used the *Essex* incident as material for the climax of his novel *Moby-Dick*, mentioned in that book the fate of Chase's ship and stated that he had talked to Chase and his son.

■

ON THE 20th of November [1819] (cruising in latitude  $0^{\circ} 40' S.$ , longitude  $119^{\circ} 0' W.$ ), a shoal of whales was discovered off the lee-bow.

The weather at this time was extremely fine and clear, and it was about eight o'clock in the morning that the man at the masthead gave the usual cry of "There she blows." The ship was immediately put away, and we ran down in the direction for them. When we had got within half a mile of the place where they were observed, all our boats were lowered down, manned, and we started in pursuit of them. The ship, in the mean time, was brought to the wind, and the main-topsail hove aback, to wait for us. I had the harpoon in the second boat; the captain preceded me in the first.

When I arrived at the spot where we calculated they were, nothing was at first to be seen. We lay on our oars in anxious expectation of discovering them come up somewhere near us. Presently one rose, and spouted a short distance ahead of my boat; I made all speed towards it, came up with, and struck it; feeling the harpoon in him, he threw himself, in an agony, over towards the boat (which at that time was up alongside of him), and giving a severe blow with his tail, struck the boat near the edge of the water, amidships, and stove a hole in her.

I immediately took up the boat hatchet, and cut the line, to disengage the boat from the whale, which by this time was running off with great velocity. I succeeded in getting clear of him, with the loss of the harpoon and line; and finding the water to pour fast in the boat, I hastily stuffed three or four of our jackets in the hole, ordered one man to keep constantly bailing, and the rest to pull immediately for the ship; we succeeded in keeping the boat free, and shortly gained the ship.

The captain and the second mate, in the other two boats, kept up the pursuit, and soon struck another whale. They being at this time

*From Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-Ship "Essex," of Nantucket (New York, 1821).*

a considerable distance to leeward, I went forward, braced around the mainyard, and put the ship off in a direction for them; the boat which had been stove was immediately hoisted in, and after examining the hole, I found that I could, by nailing a piece of canvas over it, get her ready to join in a fresh pursuit, sooner than by lowering down the other remaining boat which belonged to the ship.

I accordingly turned her over upon the quarter, and was in the act of nailing on the canvas when I observed a very large spermaceti whale, as well as I could judge, about eighty-five feet in length; he broke water about twenty rods off our weather bow, and was lying quietly, with his head in a direction for the ship. He spouted two or three times, and then disappeared. In less than two or three seconds he came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots. The ship was then going with about the same velocity.

His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm; but while I stood watching his movements, and observing him but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I involuntarily ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up; intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, before he came down upon us with full speed, and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the fore-chains; he gave us such an appalling and tremendous jar as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few seconds like a leaf.

We looked at each other with perfect amazement, deprived almost of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident; during which time he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside of her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water (apparently stunned with the violence of the blow) for the space of a minute; he then suddenly started off, in a direction to leeward.

After a few moments' reflection, and recovering, in some measure, from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I of course concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than one minute, before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water; I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, which, scarcely had I despatched, before I again discovered the whale, apparently in con-

vulsions, on the top of the water, about one hundred rods to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam of the sea, that his continual and violent thrashing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him smite his jaws together, as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great velocity, across the bows of the ship, to windward.

By this time the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up as lost. I however ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and endeavored to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with an intention of clearing them away, and getting all things ready to embark in them, if there should be no other resource left; and while my attention was thus engaged for a moment, I was aroused with the cry of a man at the hatchway, "Here he is—he is making for us again!"

I turned around, and saw him about one hundred rods directly ahead of us, coming down apparently with twice his ordinary speed, and to me at that moment, it appeared, with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The surf flew in all directions about him, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam of a rod in width, which he made with the continual violent thrashing of his tail; his head was about half out of water, and in that way he came upon, and again struck the ship.

I was in hopes, when I descried him making for us, that by a dexterous movement of putting the ship away immediately, I should be able to cross the line of his approach, before he could get up to us, and thus avoid what I knew, if he should strike us again, would prove our inevitable destruction. I bawled out to the helmsman, "Hard up!", but she had not fallen off more than a point before we took the second shock. I should judge the speed of the ship to have been at this time about three knots, and that of the whale about six. He struck her to windward, directly under the cathead, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him.

Our situation at this juncture can be more readily imagined than described. The shock to our feelings was such as I am sure none can have an adequate conception of, that were not there: the misfortune befell us at a moment when we least dreamt of any accident; and

from the pleasing anticipations we had formed, of realizing the certain profits of our labor, we were dejected by a sudden, most mysterious, and overwhelming calamity.

Not a moment, however, was to be lost in endeavoring to provide for the extremity to which it was now certain we were reduced. We were more than a thousand miles from the nearest land, and with nothing but a light open boat, as the resource of safety for myself and companions.

I ordered the men to cease pumping, and every one to provide for himself; seizing a hatchet at the same time, I cut away the lashings of the spare boat, which lay bottom up across two spars directly over the quarter-deck, and cried out to those near me to take her as she came down. They did so accordingly, and bore her on their shoulders as far as the waist of the ship.

The steward had in the mean time gone down into the cabin twice, and saved two quadrants, two practical navigators, and the captain's trunk and mine; all which were hastily thrown into the boat, as she lay on the deck, with the two compasses which I snatched from the binnacle. He attempted to descend again; but the water by this time had rushed in, and he returned without being able to effect his purpose.

By the time we had got the boat to the waist, the ship had filled with water, and was going down on her beam-ends: we shoved our boat as quickly as possible from the plank-shear into the water, all hands jumping in her at the same time, and launched off clear of the ship. We were scarcely two boats' lengths distant from her when she fell over to windward, and settled down in the water.

Amazement and despair now wholly took possession of us. We contemplated the frightful situation the ship lay in, and thought with horror upon the sudden and dreadful calamity that had overtaken us. We looked upon each other, as if to gather some consolatory sensation from an interchange of sentiments, but every countenance was marked with the paleness of despair. Not a word was spoken for several minutes by any of us; all appeared to be bound in a spell of stupid consternation; and from the time we were first attacked by the whale, to the period of the fall of the ship, and of our leaving her in the boat, more than ten minutes could not certainly have elapsed! God only knows in what way, or by what means, we were enabled to accomplish in that short time what we did; the cutting away and



transporting the boat from where she was deposited would of itself, in ordinary circumstances, have consumed as much time as that, if the whole ship's crew had been employed in it.

My companions had not saved a single article but what they had on their backs; but to me it was a source of infinite satisfaction, if any such could be gathered from the horrors of our gloomy situation, that we had been fortunate enough to have preserved our compasses, navigators, and quadrants. After the first shock of my feelings was over, I enthusiastically contemplated them as the probable instruments of our salvation; without them all would have been dark and hopeless.

Gracious God! what a picture of distress and suffering now presented itself to my imagination. The crew of the ship were saved, consisting of twenty human souls. All that remained to conduct these twenty beings through the stormy terrors of the ocean, perhaps many thousand miles, were three open light boats. The prospect of obtaining any provisions or water from the ship, to subsist upon during the time, was at least now doubtful. How many long and watchful nights, thought I, are to be passed? How many tedious days of partial starvation are to be endured, before the least relief or mitigation of our sufferings can be reasonably anticipated?

We lay at this time in our boat, about two ships' lengths off from the wreck, in perfect silence, calmly contemplating her situation, and absorbed in our own melancholy reflections, when the other boats were discovered rowing up to us. They had but shortly before discovered that some accident had befallen us, but of the nature of which they were entirely ignorant. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of the ship was first discovered by the boat-steerer in the captain's boat, and with a horror-struck countenance and voice, he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, my God! where is the ship?" Their operations upon this were instantly suspended, and a general cry of horror and despair burst from the lips of every man, as their looks were directed for her, in vain, over every part of the ocean.

They immediately made all haste towards us. The captain's boat was the first that reached us. He stopped about a boat's length off, but had no power to utter a single syllable: he was so completely overpowered with the spectacle before him that he sat down in his boat, pale and speechless. I could scarcely recognise his countenance, he appeared to be so much altered, awed, and overcome with the oppression of his feelings, and the dreadful reality that lay before him.

He was in a short time however enabled to address the inquiry to me, "My God, Mr. Chase, what is the matter?"

I answered, "We have been stove by a whale." I then briefly told him the story.

After a few moments' reflection he observed that we must cut away her masts, and endeavor to get something out of her to eat.

Our thoughts were now all accordingly bent on endeavors to save from the wreck whatever we might possibly want, and for this purpose we rowed up and got on to her. Search was made for every means of gaining access to her hold; and for this purpose the lanyards were cut loose, and with our hatchets we commenced to cut away the masts, that she might right up again, and enable us to scuttle her decks. In doing which we were occupied about three quarters of an hour, owing to our having no axes, nor indeed any other instruments but the small hatchets belonging to the boats. After her masts were gone she came up about two thirds of the way upon an even keel.

While we were employed about the masts the captain took his quadrant, shoved off from the ship, and got an observation. We found ourselves in latitude  $0^{\circ} 40'$  S., longitude,  $119^{\circ}$  W.

We now commenced to cut a hole through the planks, directly above two large casks of bread, which most fortunately were between decks, in the waist of the ship, and which being in the upper side, when she upset, we had strong hopes was not wet. It turned out according to our wishes, and from these casks we obtained six hundred pounds of hard bread. Other parts of the deck were then scuttled, and we got without difficulty as much fresh water as we dared to take in the boats, so that each was supplied with about sixty-five gallons; we got also from one of the lockers a musket, a small canister of powder, a couple of files, two rasps, about two pounds of boat nails, and a few turtle.

In the afternoon the wind came on to blow a strong breeze; and having obtained every thing that occurred to us could then be got out, we began to make arrangements for our safety during the night. A boat's line was made fast to the ship, and to the other end of it one of the boats was moored, at about fifty fathoms to leeward; another boat was then attached to the first one, about eight fathoms astern; and the third boat, the like distance astern of her.

Night came on just as we had finished our operations; and such a night as it was to us! so full of feverish and distracting inquietude, that we were deprived entirely of rest. The wreck was constantly be-

fore my eyes. I could not, by any effort, chase away the horrors of the preceding day from my mind: they haunted me the livelong night. My companions—some of them were like sick women; they had no idea of the extent of their deplorable situation. One or two slept unconcernedly, while others wasted the night in unavailing murmurs.

I now had full leisure to examine, with some degree of coolness, the dreadful circumstances of our disaster. The scenes of yesterday passed in such quick succession in my mind that it was not until after many hours of severe reflection that I was able to discard the idea of the catastrophe as a dream. Alas! it was one from which there was no awaking; it was too certainly true, that but yesterday we had existed as it were, and in one short moment had been cut off from all the hopes and prospects of the living! I have no language to paint out the horrors of our situation. To shed tears was indeed altogether unavailing, and withal unmanly; yet I was not able to deny myself the relief they served to afford me.

After several hours of idle sorrow and repining I began to reflect upon the accident, and endeavored to realize by what unaccountable destiny or design (which I could not at first determine) this sudden and most deadly attack had been made upon us: by an animal, too, never before suspected of premeditated violence, and proverbial for its insensibility and inoffensiveness. Every fact seemed to warrant me in concluding that it was anything but chance which directed his operations; he made two several attacks upon the ship, at a short interval between them, both of which, according to their direction, were calculated to do us the most injury, by being made ahead, and thereby combining the speed of the two objects for the shock; to effect which, the exact maneuvers which he made were necessary. His aspect was most horrible, and such as indicated resentment and fury. He came directly from the shoal which we had just before entered, and in which we had struck three of his companions, as if fired with revenge for their sufferings. But to this it may be observed that the mode of fighting which they always adopt is either with repeated strokes of their tails, or snapping of their jaws together; and that a case, precisely similar to this one, has never been heard of amongst the oldest and most experienced whalers. To this I would answer that the structure and strength of the whale's head is admirably designed for this mode of attack; the most prominent part of which is almost as hard and as tough as iron; indeed, I can compare it to nothing else but the inside of a horse's hoof, upon which a lance or harpoon would not

make the slightest impression. The eyes and ears are removed nearly one third the length of the whole fish, from the front part of the head, and are not in the least degree endangered in this mode of attack. At all events, the whole circumstances taken together, all happening before my own eyes, and producing, at the time, impressions in my mind of decided, calculating mischief on the part of the whale (many of which impressions I cannot now recall), induce me to be satisfied that I am correct in my opinion. It is certainly, in all its bearings, a hitherto unheard of circumstance, and constitutes, perhaps, the most extraordinary one in the annals of the fishery.

■



## **The *Town-Ho's* Story**

By HERMAN MELVILLE, 1819–1891. No other American writer who wrote of the sea and the islands of the Pacific has so high a place as Herman Melville. He was born in New York, spent a few years in school, tried such occupations as clerking in a bank and teaching school, and at seventeen shipped as a cabin boy on a voyage to Liverpool. In 1841, restless and again hankering for the sea, he sailed on the whaleship *Acushnet*, bound for the whaling grounds of the Pacific. After eighteen months, weary of his life as a whaleman, he deserted the ship at Nukuhiva, one of the Marquesas Islands. Here he remained for four or five weeks, living with the natives in Typee Valley. He was taken off the island by an Australian whaler, and after a short and turbulent voyage with a mutinous crew he was put ashore at Tahiti. Later, having made his way to Hawaii, where he lived for several months, he enlisted as an ordinary seaman on the naval frigate *United States*, which after a long cruise in the Pacific was on its way around the Horn to Boston. Thus Melville returned home after nearly four years of adventurous life at sea and on the islands of Polynesia. Out of this experience came his best books: *Typee* (1846), an account of his sojourn with the natives of Typee Valley; *Omoo* (1847), which recounts his beachcombing life on Tahiti and Eimeo; *White-Jacket* (1850), the story of his cruise on the *United States*; and *Moby-Dick* (1851), his masterpiece, a great philosophical novel of whaling. “The *Town-Ho's* Story,” one of the interspersed narratives in *Moby-Dick*, forms a short story complete in itself.

**F**OR my humor's sake, I shall preserve the style in which I once narrated the tale at Lima, to a lounging circle of my Spanish friends, one saint's eve, smoking upon the thick-gilt tiled piazza of the Golden Inn. Of those fine cavaliers, the young dons, Pedro and Sebastian, were on the closer terms with me; and hence the interluding questions they occasionally put, and which are duly answered at the time.

"Some two years prior to my first learning the events which I am about rehearsing to you, gentlemen, the *Town-Ho*, sperm whaler of Nantucket, was cruising in your Pacific here, not very many days' sail eastward from the eaves of this good Golden Inn. She was somewhere to the northward of the Line. One morning upon handling the pumps, according to daily usage, it was observed that she made more water in her hold than common. They supposed a swordfish had stabbed her, gentlemen. But the captain, having some unusual reason for believing that rare good luck awaited him in those latitudes and therefore being very averse to quit them, and the leak not being then considered at all dangerous, though, indeed, they could not find it after searching the hold as low down as was possible in rather heavy weather, the ship still continued her cruising, the mariners working at the pumps at wide and easy intervals; but no good luck came; more days went by, and not only was the leak yet undiscovered, but it sensibly increased. So much so, that now taking some alarm, the captain, making all sail, stood away for the nearest harbor among the islands, there to have his hull hove out and repaired.

"Though no small passage was before her, yet, if the commonest chance favored, he did not at all fear that his ship would founder by the way, because his pumps were of the best, and being periodically relieved at them, those six-and-thirty men of his could easily keep the ship free; never mind if the leak should double on her. In truth, well nigh the whole of this passage being attended by very prosperous breezes, the *Town-Ho* had all but certainly arrived in perfect safety at

her port without the occurrence of the least fatality, had it not been for the brutal overbearing of Radney, the mate, a Vineyarder, and the bitterly provoked vengeance of Steerkilt, a Lakeman and desperado from Buffalo.

“‘Lakeman!—Buffalo! Pray, what is a Lakeman, and where is Buffalo?’ said Don Sebastian, rising in his swinging mat of grass.

“On the eastern shore of our Lake Erie, Don; but—I crave your courtesy—may be, you shall soon hear further of all that. Now, gentlemen, in square-sail brigs and three-masted ships, well nigh as large and stout as any that ever sailed out of your old Callao to far Manila, this Lakeman, in the land-locked heart of our America, had yet been nurtured by all those agrarian free-booting impressions popularly connected with the open ocean. For in their interflowing aggregate, those grand freshwater seas of ours—Erie, and Ontario, and Huron, and Superior, and Michigan—possess an ocean-like expansiveness, with many of the ocean’s noblest traits; with many of its rimmed varieties of races and of climes. They contain round archipelagoes of romantic isles, even as the Polynesian waters do; in large part are shored by two great contrasting nations, as the Atlantic is; they furnish long maritime approaches to our numerous territorial colonies from the East, dotted all round their banks; here and there are frowned upon by batteries, and by the goat-like craggy guns of lofty Mackinaw; they have heard the fleet thunderings of naval victories; at intervals, they yield their beaches to wild barbarians, whose red-painted faces flash from out their peltry wigwams; for leagues and leagues are flanked by ancient and unentered forests, where the gaunt pines stand like serried lines of kings in Gothic genealogies; those same woods harboring wild Afric beasts of prey, and silken creatures whose exported furs give robes to Tartar emperors; they mirror the paved capitals of Buffalo and Cleveland, as well as Winnebago villages; they float alike the full-rigged merchant ship, the armed cruiser of the State, the steamer, and the beech canoe; they are swept by borean and dismasting blasts as direful as any that lash the salted wave; they know what shipwrecks are, for out of sight of land, however inland, they have drowned full many a midnight ship with all its shrieking crew. Thus, gentlemen, though an inlander, Steerkilt was wild-ocean born, and wild-ocean nurtured; as much of an audacious mariner as any. And for Radney, though in his infancy he may have laid him down on the lone Nantucket beach, to nurse at his maternal sea; though in after life he had long followed our austere Atlantic and your contemplative Pacific;



yet was he quite as vengeful and full of social quarrel as the backwoods seaman, fresh from the latitudes of buckhorn-handled bowie knives. Yet was this Nantucketer a man with some goodhearted traits; and this Lakeman, a mariner who, though a sort of devil indeed, might yet by inflexible firmness, only tempered by that common decency of human recognition which is the meanest slave's right; thus treated, this Steelkilt had long been retained harmless and docile. At all events, he had proved so thus far; but Radney was doomed and made mad, and Steelkilt—but, gentlemen, you shall hear.

"It was not more than a day or two at the furthest after pointing her prow for her island haven that the *Town-Ho's* leak seemed again increasing, but only so as to require an hour or more at the pumps every day. You must know that in a settled and civilized ocean like our Atlantic, for example, some skippers think little of pumping their whole way across it; though of a still, sleepy night, should the officer of the deck happen to forget his duty in that respect, the probability would be that he and his shipmates would never again remember it, on account of all hands gently subsiding to the bottom. Nor in the solitary and savage seas far from you to the westward, gentlemen, is it altogether unusual for ships to keep clanging at their pumphandles in full chorus even for a voyage of considerable length; that is, if it lie along a tolerably accessible coast, or if any other reasonable retreat is afforded them. It is only when a leaky vessel is in some very out-of-the-way part of those waters, some really landless latitude, that her captain begins to feel a little anxious.

"Much this way had it been with the *Town-Ho*; so when her leak was found gaining once more, there was in truth some small concern manifested by several of her company; especially by Radney the mate. He commanded the upper sails to be well hoisted, sheeted home anew, and every way expanded to the breeze. Now this Radney, I suppose, was as little of a coward, and as little inclined to any sort of nervous apprehensiveness touching his own person, as any fearless, unthinking creature on land or on sea that you can conveniently imagine, gentlemen. Therefore when he betrayed this solicitude about the safety of the ship, some of the seamen declared that it was only on account of his being a part owner in her. So when they were working that evening at the pumps, there was on this head no small gamesomeness slyly going on among them, as they stood with their feet continually overflowed by the rippling clear water; clear as any mountain spring, gentlemen—that bubbling from the pumps ran across the deck, and poured itself out in steady spouts at the lee scupper-holes.

"Now, as you well know, it is not seldom the case in this conventional world of ours—watery or otherwise—that when a person placed in command over his fellow men finds one of them to be very significantly his superior in general pride of manhood, straightway against that man he conceives an unconquerable dislike and bitterness; and if he have a chance he will pull down and pulverize that subaltern's tower, and make a little heap of dust of it. Be this conceit of mine as it may, gentlemen, at all events Steelkilt was a tall and noble animal with a head like a Roman, and a flowing golden beard like the tasseled housings of your last viceroy's snorting charger; and a brain, and a heart, and a soul in him, gentlemen, which had made Steelkilt Charlemagne, had he been born son to Charlemagne's father. But Radney, the mate, was ugly as a mule; yet as hardy, as stubborn, as malicious. He did not love Steelkilt, and Steelkilt knew it.

"Espying the mate drawing near as he was toiling at the pump with the rest, the Lakeman affected not to notice him, but unawed, went on with his gay banterings.

" 'Aye, aye, my merry lads, it's a lively leak this; hold a cannikin, one of ye, and let's have a taste. By the Lord, it's worth bottling! I tell ye what, men, old Rad's investment must go for it! He had best cut away his part of the hull and tow it home. The fact is, boys, that swordfish only began the job; he's come back again with a gang of ship carpenters, sawfish, and filefish, and what not; and the whole posse of 'em are now hard at work cutting and slashing at the bottom; making improvements, I suppose. If old Rad were here now, I'd tell him to jump overboard and scatter 'em. They're playing the devil with his estate, I can tell him. But he's a simple old soul—Rad, and a beauty too. Boys, they say the rest of his property is invested in looking glasses. I wonder if he'd give a poor devil like me the model of his nose.'

" 'Damn your eyes! What's that pump stopping for?' roared Radney, pretending not to have heard the sailors' talk. 'Thunder away at it!'

" 'Aye, aye, sir,' said Steelkilt, merry as a cricket. 'Lively, boys, lively, now!' And with that the pump clanged like fifty fire engines; the men tossed their hats off to it, and ere long that peculiar gasping of the lungs was heard which denotes the fullest tension of life's utmost energies.

"Quitting the pump at last, with the rest of his band, the Lakeman went forward all panting, and sat himself down on the windlass; his face fiery red, his eyes bloodshot, and wiping the profuse sweat from

his brow. Now what cozening fiend it was, gentlemen, that possessed Radney to meddle with such a man in that corporeally exasperated state, I know not; but so it happened. Intolerably striding along the deck, the mate commanded him to get a broom and sweep down the planks, and also a shovel, and remove some offensive matters consequent upon allowing a pig to run at large.

"Now, gentlemen, sweeping a ship's deck at sea is a piece of household work which in all times but raging gales is regularly attended to every evening; it has been known to be done in the case of ships actually foundering at the time. Such, gentlemen, is the inflexibility of sea usages and the instinctive love of neatness in seamen; some of whom would not willingly drown without first washing their faces. But in all vessels this broom business is the prescriptive province of the boys, if boys there be aboard. Besides, it was stronger men in the *Town-Ho* that had been divided into gangs, taking turns at the pumps; and being the most athletic seaman of them all, Steerkilt had been regularly assigned captain of one of the gangs; consequently he should have been freed from any trivial business not connected with truly nautical duties, such being the case with his comrades. I mention all these particulars so that you may understand exactly how this affair stood between the two men.

"But there was more than this: the order about the shovel was almost as plainly meant to sting and insult Steerkilt as though Radney had spat in his face. Any man who has gone sailor in a whaleship will understand this; and all this and doubtless much more, the Lakeman fully comprehended when the mate uttered his command. But as he sat still for a moment, and as he steadfastly looked into the mate's malignant eye and perceived the stacks of powder casks heaped up in him and the slow match silently burning along towards them; as he instinctively saw all this, that strange forbearance and unwillingness to stir up the deeper passionateness in any already irritable being—a repugnance most felt, when felt at all, by really valiant men even when aggrieved—this nameless phantom feeling, gentlemen, stole over Steerkilt.

"Therefore, in his ordinary tone, only a little broken by the bodily exhaustion he was temporarily in, he answered him saying that sweeping the deck was not his business, and he would not do it. And then, without at all alluding to the shovel, he pointed to three lads as the customary sweepers; who, not being billeted at the pumps, had done little or nothing all day. To this, Radney replied with an oath, in a

most domineering and outrageous manner unconditionally reiterating his command; meanwhile advancing upon the still seated Lakeman with an uplifted cooper's club hammer which he had snatched from a cask near by.

"Heated and irritated as he was by his spasmodic toil at the pumps, for all his first nameless feeling of forbearance the sweating Steelkilt could but ill brook this bearing in the mate; but somehow still smothering the conflagration within him, without speaking he remained doggedly rooted to his seat, till at last the incensed Radney shook the hammer within a few inches of his face, furiously commanding him to do his bidding.

"Steelkilt rose, and slowly retreating round the windlass, steadily followed by the mate with his menacing hammer, deliberately repeated his intention not to obey. Seeing, however, that his forbearance had not the slightest effect, by an awful and unspeakable intimation with his twisted hand he warned off the foolish and infatuated man; but it was to no purpose. And in this way the two went once slowly round the windlass, when, resolved at last no longer to retreat, bethinking him that he had now forborne as much as comported with his humor, the Lakeman paused on the hatches and thus spoke to the officer

" 'Mr. Radney. I will not obey you. Take that hammer away, or look to yourself.' But the predestinated mate coming still closer to him, where the Lakeman stood fixed, now shook the heavy hammer within an inch of his teeth; meanwhile repeating a string of insufferable maledictions. Retreating not the thousandth part of an inch; stabbing him in the eye with the unflinching poniard of his glance, Steelkilt, clenching his right hand behind him and creepingly drawing it back, told his persecutor that if the hammer but grazed his cheek he (Steelkilt) would murder him. But, gentlemen, the fool had been branded for the slaughter by the gods. Immediately the hammer touched the cheek; the next instant the lower jaw of the mate was stove in his head; he fell on the hatch spouting blood like a whale.

"Ere the cry could go aft Steelkilt was shaking one of the backstays leading far aloft to where two of his comrades were standing their mastheads. They were both Canallers.

" 'Canallers!' cried Don Pedro. 'We have seen many whaleships in our harbors, but never heard of your Canallers. Pardon: who and what are they?'

“‘Canallers, Don, are the boatmen belonging to our grand Erie Canal. You must have heard of it.’

“‘Nay, Señor; hereabouts in this dull, warm, most lazy, and hereditary land, we know but little of your vigorous North.’

“‘Aye? Well then, Don, refill my cup. Your chicha’s very fine; and ere proceeding further I will tell ye what our Canallers are; for such information may throw side light upon my story.’

“For three hundred and sixty miles, gentlemen, through the entire breadth of the state of New York; through numerous populous cities and most thriving villages; through long, dismal uninhabited swamps, and affluent, cultivated fields, unrivalled for fertility; by billiard room and barroom; through the holy of holies of great forests, on Roman arches over Indian rivers; through sun and shade; by happy hearts or broken; through all the wide contrasting scenery of those noble Mohawk counties; and especially, by rows of snow-white chapels, whose spires stand almost like milestones, flows one continual stream of Venetianly corrupt and often lawless life. There’s your true Ashantee, gentlemen; there howl your pagans; where you ever find them, next door to you; under the long-flung shadow, and the snug patronizing lee of churches. For by some curious fatality, as it is often noted of your metropolitan freebooters that they ever encamp around the halls of justice, so sinners, gentlemen, most abound in holiest vicinities.

“‘Is that a friar passing?’ said Don Pedro, looking downwards into the crowded plaza with humorous concern.

“‘Well for our northern friend, Dame Isabella’s Inquisition wanes in Lima,’ laughed Don Sebastian. ‘Proceed señor.’

“‘A moment! Pardon!’ cried another of the company. ‘In the name of all us Limecese, I but desire to express to you, sir sailor, that we have by no means overlooked your delicacy in not substituting present Lima for distant Venice in your corrupt comparison. Oh! do not bow and look surprised; you know the proverb all along the coast—“Corrupt as Lima.” It but bears out your saying, too; churches more plentiful than billiard tables, and forever open—and “Corrupt as Lima.” So, too, Venice; I have been there; the holy city of the blessed evangelist St. Mark!—St. Dominic, purge it! Your cup! Thanks: here I refill; now, you pour out again.’

“Freely depicted in his own vocation, gentlemen, the Canaller would make a fine dramatic hero, so abundantly and picturesquely wicked is he. Like Mark Antony, for days and days along his green-

turfed, flowery Nile, he indolently floats, openly toying with his red-checked Cleopatra, ripening his apricot thigh upon the sunny deck. But ashore, all this effeminacy is dashed. The brigandish guise which the Canaller so proudly sports; his slouched and gaily-ribboned hat betoken his grand features. A terror to the smiling innocence of the villages through which he floats; his swart visage and bold swagger are not unshunned in cities. Once a vagabond on his own canal, I have received good turns from one of these Canallers; I thank him heartily; would fain be not ungrateful; but it is often one of the prime redeeming qualities of your man of violence that at times he has as stiff an arm to back a poor stranger in a strait as to plunder a wealthy one. In sum, gentlemen, what the wildness of this canal life is, is emphatically evinced by this; that our wild whale fishery contains so many of its most finished graduates and that scarce any race of mankind, except Sydney men, are so much distrusted by our whaling captains. Nor does it at all diminish the curiousness of this matter that, to many thousands of our rural boys and young men born along its line, the probationary life of the Grand Canal furnishes the sole transition between quietly reaping in a Christian cornfield and recklessly ploughing the waters of the most barbaric seas.

“ ‘I see! I see!’ impetuously exclaimed Don Pedro, spilling his chicha upon his silvery ruffles. ‘No need to travel! The world’s one Luna. I had thought, now, that at your temperate North the generations were cold and holy as the hills.—But the story.’ ”

“I left off, gentlemen, where the Lakeman shook the backstay. Hardly had he done so, when he was surrounded by the three junior mates and the four harpooneers, who all crowded him to the deck. But sliding down the ropes like baleful comets, the two Canallers rushed into the uproar and sought to drag their man out of it towards the forecastle. Others of the sailors joined with them in this attempt, and a twisted turmoil ensued; while standing out of harm’s way, the valiant captain danced up and down with a whale pike, calling upon his officers to manhandle that atrocious scoundrel, and smoke him along to the quarterdeck. At intervals, he ran close up to the revolving border of the confusion, and prying into the heart of it with his pike, sought to prick out the object of his resentment. But Steelkilt and his desperadoes were too much for them all; they succeeded in gaining the forecastle deck, where, hastily slewing about three or four large casks in a line with the windlass, these sea-Parisians entrenched themselves behind the barricade.

“ ‘Come out of that, ye pirates!’ roared the captain, now menacing them with a pistol in each hand, just brought to him by the steward. ‘Come out of that, ye cutthroats!’

“Steelkilt leaped on the barricade, and striding up and down there, defied the worst the pistols could do; but gave the captain to understand distinctly that his (Steelkilt’s) death would be the signal for a murderous mutiny on the part of all hands. Fearing in his heart lest this might prove but too true, the captain a little desisted, but still commanded the insurgents instantly to return to their duty.

“ ‘Will you promise not to touch us, if we do?’ demanded their ringleader.

“ ‘Turn to! turn to—I make no promise—to your duty! Do you want to sink the ship, by knocking off at a time like this? ‘Turn to!’ and he once more raised a pistol.

“ ‘Sink the ship?’ cried Steelkilt. ‘Aye, let her sink. Not a man of us turns to unless you swear not to raise a rope yarn against us. What say ye, men?’ turning to his comrades. A fierce cheer was their response.

“The Lakeman now patrolled the barricade, all the while keeping his eye on the captain, and jerking out such sentences as these: ‘It’s not our fault; we didn’t want it; I told him to take his hammer away; it was boy’s business; he might have known me before this; I told him not to prick the buffalo; I believe I have broken a finger here against his cursed jaw; ain’t those mincing knives down in the forecastle there, men? look to those handspikes, my hearties. Captain, by God, look to yourself; say the word; don’t be a fool; forget it all; we are ready to turn to; treat us decently, and we’re your men; but we won’t be flogged.’

“ ‘Turn to! I make no promises; turn to, I say!’

“ ‘Look ye, now,’ cried the Lakeman, flinging out his arm towards him, ‘there are a few of us here (and I am one of them) who have shipped for the cruise, d’ye see; now as you well know, sir, we can claim our discharge as soon as the anchor is down; so we don’t want a row; it’s not our interest; we want to be peaceable; we are ready to work, but we won’t be flogged.’

“ ‘Turn to!’ roared the captain.

“Steelkilt glanced round him a moment, and then said: ‘I tell you what it is now, Captain, rather than kill ye, and be hung for such a shabby rascal, we won’t lift a hand against ye unless ye attack us; but

till you say the word about not flogging us, we don't do a hand's turn.'

"Down into the forecandle then, down with ye, I'll keep ye there till ye're sick of it. Down ye go.'

"Shall we?" cried the ringleader to his men. Most of them were against it; but at length, in obedience to Steelkilt, they preceded him down into their dark den, growlingly disappearing, like bears into a cave.

"As the Lakeman's bare head was just level with the planks, the captain and his posse leaped the barricade, and rapidly drawing over the slide of the scuttle, planted their group of hands upon it, and loudly called for the steward to bring the heavy brass padlock belonging to the companionway. Then opening the slide a little, the captain whispered something down the crack, closed it, and turned the key upon them—ten in number—leaving on deck some twenty or more, who thus far had remained neutral.

"All night a wideawake watch was kept by all the officers, forward and aft, especially about the forecandle scuttle and forehatchway; at which last place it was feared the insurgents might emerge, after breaking through the bulkhead below. But the hours of darkness passed in peace; the men who still remained at their duty toiling hard at the pumps, whose clinking and clanking at intervals through the dreary night dismally resounded through the ship.

"At sunrise the captain went forward, and knocking on the deck, summoned the prisoners to work, but with a yell they refused. Water was then lowered down to them, and a couple of handfuls of biscuit were tossed after it; when again turning the key upon them and pocketing it, the captain returned to the quarterdeck. Twice every day for three days this was repeated; but on the fourth morning a confused wrangling, and then a scuffling was heard, as the customary summons was delivered; and suddenly four men burst up from the forecandle, saying they were ready to turn to. The fetid closeness of the air and a famishing diet, united perhaps to some fears of ultimate retribution, had constrained them to surrender at discretion. Emboldened by this, the captain reiterated his demand to the rest, but Steelkilt shouted up to him a terrific hint to stop his babbling and betake himself where he belonged. On the fifth morning three others of the mutineers bolted up into the air from the desperate arms below that sought to restrain them. Only three were left.

"Better turn to, now?" said the captain with a heartless jeer.



“ ‘Shut us up again, will ye!’ cried Steelkilt.

“ ‘Oh! certainly,’ said the captain, and the key clicked.

“It was at this point, gentlemen, that enraged by the defection of seven of his former associates, and stung by the mocking voice that had last hailed him, and maddened by his long entombment in a place as black as the bowels of despair; it was then that Steelkilt proposed to the two Canallers, thus far apparently of one mind with him, to burst out of their hole at the next summoning of the garrison; and armed with their keen mincing knives (long, crescentic, heavy implements with a handle at each end) run amuck from the bowsprit to the taffrail; and if by any devilishness of desperation possible, seize the ship. For himself, he would do this, he said, whether they joined him or not. That was the last night he should spend in that den. But the scheme met with no opposition on the part of the other two; they swore they were ready for that or for any other mad thing, for anything in short but a surrender. And what was more, they each insisted upon being the first man on deck when the time to make the rush should come. But to this their leader as fiercely objected, reserving that priority for himself; particularly as his two comrades would not yield, the one to the other, in the matter; and both of them could not be first, for the ladder would but admit one man at a time. And here, gentlemen, the foul play of these miscreants must come out.

“Upon hearing the frantic project of their leader, each in his own separate soul had suddenly lighted, it would seem, upon the same piece of treachery, namely: to be foremost in breaking out, in order to be the first of the three, though the last of the ten, to surrender; and thereby secure whatever small chance of pardon such conduct might merit. But when Steelkilt made known his determination still to lead them to the last, they in some way, by some subtle chemistry of villany, mixed their before secret treacheries together; and when their leader fell into a doze, verbally opened their souls to each other in three sentences; and bound the sleeper with cords, and gagged him with cords; and shrieked out for the captain at midnight.

“Thinking murder at hand, and smelling in the dark for the blood, he and all his armed mates and harpooners rushed for the forecabin. In a few minutes the scuttle was opened, and, bound hand and foot, the still struggling ringleader was shoved up into the air by his perfidious allies, who at once claimed the honor of securing a man who had been fully ripe for murder. But all these were collared and dragged along the deck like dead cattle; and, side by side, were seized

up into the mizzen rigging, like three quarters of meat, and there they hung till morning. 'Damn ye,' cried the captain, pacing to and fro before them, 'the vultures would not touch ye, ye villains!'

"At sunrise he summoned all hands; and separating those who had rebelled from those who had taken no part in the mutiny, he told the former that he had a good mind to flog them all round—thought, upon the whole, he would do so—he ought to—justice demanded it; but for the present, considering their timely surrender, he would let them go with a reprimand, which he accordingly administered in the vernacular.

"'But as for you, ye carrion rogues,' turning to the three men in the rigging—'for you, I mean to mince ye up for the try-pots'; and, seizing a rope, he applied it with all his might to the backs of the two traitors, till they yelled no more, but lifelessly hung their heads sideways, as the two crucified thieves are drawn.

"'My wrist is sprained with ye!' he cried, at last; 'but there is still rope enough left for you, my fine bantam that wouldn't give up. Take that gag from his mouth, and let us hear what he can say for himself.'

"For a moment the exhausted mutineer made a tremulous motion of his cramped jaws, and then painfully twisting round his head, said in a sort of hiss, 'What I say is this—and mind it well—if you flog me, I murder you!'

"'Say ye so? then see how ye frighten me'—and the captain drew off with the rope to strike.

"'Best not,' hissed the Lakeman.

"'But I must'—and the rope was once more drawn back for the stroke.

"Steelkilt here hissed out something, inaudible to all but the captain: who, to the amazement of all hands, started back, paced the deck rapidly two or three times, and then suddenly throwing down his rope, said, 'I won't do it—let him go—cut him down: d'ye hear?'

"But as the junior mates were hurrying to execute the order, a pale man, with a bandaged head, arrested them—Radney the chief mate. Ever since the blow, he had lain in his berth; but that morning, hearing the tumult on the deck, he had crept out, and thus far had watched the whole scene. Such was the state of his mouth that he could hardly speak; but mumbling something about his being willing and able to do what the captain dared not attempt, he snatched the rope and advanced to his pinioned foe.

"'You are a coward!' hissed the Lakeman.

“‘So I am, but take that.’ The mate was in the very act of striking, when another hiss stayed his uplifted arm. He paused: and then pausing no more, made good his word, spite of Steelkilt’s threat, whatever that might have been. The three men were then cut down, all hands were turned to, and, sullenly worked by the moody seamen, the iron pumps clanged as before.

“Just after dark that day, when one watch had retired below, a clamor was heard in the forecabin; and the two trembling traitors running up, besieged the cabin door, saying they durst not consort with the crew. Entreaties, cuffs, and kicks could not drive them back, so at their own instance they were put down in the ship’s run for salvation. Still, no sign of mutiny reappeared among the rest. On the contrary, it seemed that, mainly at Steelkilt’s instigation, they had resolved to maintain the strictest peacefulness, obey all orders to the last, and, when the ship reached port, desert her in a body. But in order to insure the speediest end to the voyage, they all agreed to another thing—namely, not to sing out for whales in case any should be discovered. For, spite of her leak and spite of all her other perils, the *Town-Ho* still maintained her mastheads, and her captain was just as willing to lower for a fish that moment as on the day his craft first struck the cruising ground; and Radney the mate was quite as ready to change his berth for a boat, and with his bandaged mouth seek to gag in death the vital jaw of the whale.

“But though the Lakeman had induced the seamen to adopt this sort of passiveness in their conduct, he kept his own counsel (at least till all was over) concerning his own proper and private revenge upon the man who had stung him in the ventricles of his heart. He was in Radney the chief mate’s watch; and as if the infatuated man sought to run more than half way to meet his doom, after the scene at the rigging, he insisted, against the express counsel of the captain, upon resuming the head of his watch at night. Upon this, and one or two other circumstances, Steelkilt systematically built the plan of his revenge.

“During the night, Radney had an unseamanlike way of sitting on the bulwarks of the quarterdeck and leaning his arm upon the gunwale of the boat which was hoisted up there, a little above the ship’s side. In this attitude, it was well known, he sometimes dozed. There was considerable vacancy between the boat and the ship, and down between this was the sea. Steelkilt calculated his time, and found that his next trick at the helm would come round at two o’clock, in the

morning of the third day from that in which he had been betrayed. At his leisure, he employed the interval in braiding something very carefully in his watches below.

"What are you making there?" said a shipmate.

"What do you think? What does it look like?"

"Like a lanyard for your bag; but it's an odd one, seems to me."

"Yes, rather oddish," said the Lakeman, holding it at arm's length before him; "but I think it will answer. Shipmate, I haven't enough twine—have you any?"

"But there was none in the forecabin."

"Then I must get some from old Rad"; and he rose to go aft.

"You don't mean to go a begging to him!" said a sailor.

"Why not? Do you think he won't do me a turn, when it's to help himself in the end, shipmate?" and going to the mate, he looked at him quietly and asked him for some twine to mend his hammock. It was given him—neither twine nor lanyard were seen again; but the next night an iron ball, closely netted, partly rolled from the pocket of the Lakeman's monkey jacket as he was tucking the coat into his hammock for a pillow. Twenty-four hours after, his trick at the silent helm—nigh to the man who was apt to doze over the grave always ready dug to the seaman's hand—that fatal hour was then to come; and in the foreordained soul of Steelkilt, the mate was already stark and stretched as a corpse, with his forehead crushed in.

"But, gentlemen, a fool saved the would-be murderer from the bloody deed he had planned. Yet complete revenge he had, and without being the avenger. For by a mysterious fatality, Heaven itself seemed to step in to take out of his hands into its own the damning thing he would have done."

"It was just between daybreak and sunrise of the morning of the second day, when they were washing down the decks, that a stupid Teneriffe man, drawing water in the main chains, all at once shouted out, 'There she rolls! there she rolls!' Jesu, what a whale! It was Moby Dick."

"Moby Dick!" cried Don Sebastian; "St. Dominic! Sir Sailor, but do whales have christenings? Whom call you Moby Dick?"

"A very white, and famous, and most deadly immortal monster, Don—but that would be too long a story."

"How? how?" cried all the young Spaniards, crowding.

"Nay, dons, dons—nay, nay! I cannot rehearse that now. Let me get more into the air, sirs."

"'The chicha! the chicha!' cried Don Pedro; 'our vigorous friend looks faint—fill up his empty glass!'

"No need, gentlemen; one moment, and I proceed.—Now, gentlemen, so suddenly perceiving the snowy whale within fifty yards of the ship—forgetful of the compact among the crew—in the excitement of the moment, the Teneriffe man had instinctively and involuntarily lifted his voice for the monster, though for some little time past it had been plainly beheld from the three sullen mastheads. All was now a frenzy. 'The White Whale—the White Whale!' was the cry from captain, mates, and harpooneers, who, undeterred by fearful rumors, were all anxious to capture so famous and precious a fish; while the dogged crew eyed askance, and with curses, the appalling beauty of the vast milky mass, that lit up by a horizontal spangling sun, shifted and glistened like a living opal in the blue morning sea. Gentlemen, a strange fatality pervades the whole career of these events, as if verily mapped out before the world itself was charted. The mutineer was the bowsman of the mate, and when fast to a fish, it was his duty to sit next him, while Radney stood up with his lance in the prow, and haul in or slacken the line at the word of command. Moreover, when the four boats were lowered, the mate's got the start; and none howled more fiercely with delight than did Steelkilt, as he strained at his oar. After a stiff pull, their harpooneer got fast, and, spear in hand, Radney sprang to the bow. He was always a furious man, it seems, in a boat. And now his bandaged cry was, to beach him on the whale's topmost back. Nothing loath, his bowsman hauled him up and up, through a blinding foam that blent two whitenesses together; till of a sudden the boat struck as against a sunken ledge, and keeling over, spilled out the standing mate. That instant, as he fell on the whale's slippery back, the boat righted and was dashed aside by the swell, while Radney was tossed over into the sea, on the other flank of the whale. He struck out through the spray, and, for an instant, was dimly seen through that veil, wildly seeking to remove himself from the eye of Moby Dick. But the whale rushed round in a sudden maelstrom; seized the swimmer between his jaws; and rearing high up with him, plunged headlong again, and went down.

"Meantime, at the first tap of the boat's bottom, the Lakeman had slackened the line so as to drop astern from the whirlpool; calmly looking on, he thought his own thoughts. But sudden, terrific, downward jerking of the boat quickly brought his knife to the line. He cut it; and the whale was free. But, at some distance, Moby Dick rose

again, with some tatters of Radney's red woollen shirt caught in the teeth that had destroyed him. All four boats gave chase again; but the whale eluded them and finally wholly disappeared.

"In good time, the *Town-Ho* reached her port—a savage, solitary place—where no civilized creature resided. There, headed by the Lakeman, all but five or six of the foremastmen deliberately deserted among the palms; eventually, as it turned out, seizing a large double war canoe of the savages, and setting sail for some other harbor.

"The ship's company being reduced to but a handful, the captain called upon the islanders to assist him in the laborious business of heaving down the ship to stop the leak. But to such unrelenting vigilance over their dangerous allies was this small band of whites necessitated, both by night and by day, and so extreme was the hard work they underwent, that upon the vessel being ready again for sea, they were in such a weakened condition that the captain durst not put off with them in so heavy a vessel. After taking counsel with his officers, he anchored the ship as far off shore as possible; loaded and ran out his two cannon from the bows; stacked his muskets on the poop; and warning the islanders not to approach the ship at their peril, took one man with him, and setting the sail of his best whaleboat, steered straight before the wind for Tahiti, five hundred miles distant, to procure a reinforcement to his crew.

"On the fourth day of the sail, a large canoe was descried, which seemed to have touched at a low isle of corals. He steered away from it; but the savage craft bore down on him; and soon the voice of Steelkilt hailed him to heave to, or he would run him under water. The captain presented a pistol. With one foot on each prow of the yoked war canoes, the Lakeman laughed him to scorn; assuring him that if the pistol so much as clicked in the lock, he would bury him in bubbles and foam.

" 'What do you want of me?' cried the captain.

" 'Where are you bound? and for what are you bound?' demanded Steelkilt; 'no lies.'

" 'I am bound to Tahiti for more men.'

" 'Very good. Let me board you a moment—I come in peace.' With that he leaped from the canoe, swam to the boat; and climbing the gunwale, stood face to face with the captain.

" 'Cross your arms, sir; throw back your head. Now, repeat after me. As soon as Steelkilt leaves me, I swear to beach this boat on yonder

island, and remain there six days. If I do not, may lightnings strike me!

"‘A pretty scholar,’ laughed the Lakeman. ‘Adios, señor!’ and leaping into the sea, he swam back to his comrades.

"Watching the boat till it was fairly beached, and drawn up to the roots of the coconut trees, Steelkilt made sail again, and in due time arrived at Tahiti, his own place of destination. There luck befriended him; two ships were about to sail for France and were providentially in want of precisely that number of men which the sailor headed. They embarked; and so forever got the start of their former captain, had he been at all minded to work them legal retribution.

"Some ten days after the French ships sailed, the whaleboat arrived, and the captain was forced to enlist some of the more civilized Tahitians, who had been somewhat used to the sea. Chartering a small native schooner, he returned with them to his vessel; and finding all right there, again resumed his cruising.

"Where Steelkilt now is, gentlemen, none know; but upon the island of Nantucket, the widow of Radney still turns to the sea which refuses to give up its dead; still in dreams sees the awful White Whale that destroyed him. . . .

"‘Are you through?’ said Don Sebastian, quietly.

"‘I am, don.’

"‘Then I entreat you, tell me if to the best of your own convictions, this your story is in substance really true? It is so passing wonderful! Did you get it from an unquestionable source? Bear with me if I seem to press.’

"‘Also bear with all of us, sir sailor; for we all join in Don Sebastian’s suit,’ cried the company, with exceeding interest.

"‘Is there a copy of the Holy Evangelists in the Golden Inn, gentlemen?’

"‘Nay,’ said Don Sebastian; ‘but I know a worthy priest near by, who will quickly procure one for me. I go for it; but are you well advised? This may grow too serious.’

"‘Will you be so good as to bring the priest also, Don?’

"‘Though there are no auto-da-fés in Lima now,’ said one of the company to another, ‘I fear our sailor friend runs risk of the archiepiscopacy. Let us withdraw more out of the moonlight. I see no need of this.’

"‘Excuse me for running after you, Don Sebastian; but may I also

beg that you will be particular in procuring the largest sized Evangelists you can.'

" 'This is the priest, he brings you the Evangelists,' said Don Sebastian, gravely, returning with a tall and solemn figure.

" 'Let me remove my hat. Now, venerable priest, further into the light, and hold the Holy Book before me that I may touch it.

" 'So help me Heaven, and on my honor the story I have told ye, gentlemen, is in substance and its great items, true. I know it to be true; it happened on this ball; I trod the ship; I knew the crew; I have seen and talked with Steelkilt since the death of Radney.' "





## The Burning of the Clipper Ship *Hornet*

By MARK TWAIN, 1835-1910. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, in 1866, not yet famous as Mark Twain, spent four months in the Hawaiian Islands as a roving reporter writing a series of articles for the *Sacramento Weekly Union*. During his visit, news came to Honolulu of one of the most remarkable occurrences in the annals of the sea: Captain Josiah Mitchell and fourteen of his men, whose ship, the *Hornet*, had burned on the line near the Galapagos Group, arrived at Laupahoeoe on the island of Hawaii, after a voyage of four thousand miles in the ship's longboat. When some of the rescued men were brought to a hospital in Honolulu, Mark Twain interviewed them, spent the night writing, and finished his account next morning just in time to have the manuscript thrown aboard a schooner clearing for San Francisco. Printed in the *Sacramento Union*, it was a "grand scoop," being the first full report of the *Hornet* disaster to reach the mainland. Mark Twain later used the episode as the subject of two other articles: "Forty-three Days in an Open Boat," which appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, December, 1866; and "My Debut As a Literary Person," in *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg and Other Stories and Sketches* (1900).

■

Honolulu, June 25, 1866.

**I**N THE postscript to a letter which I wrote two or three days ago, and sent by the ship *Live Yankee*, I gave you the substance of a letter received here from Hilo by Walker, Allen & Co., informing them that a boat containing fifteen men, in a helpless and starving condition, had drifted ashore at Laupahoehoe, Island of Hawaii, and that they had belonged to the clipper ship *Hornet*, Mitchell master, and had been afloat on the ocean since the burning of that vessel, about one hundred miles north of the equator, on the 3d of May—forty-three days.

The third mate and ten of the seamen have arrived here and are now in the hospital. Captain Mitchell, one seaman named Antonio Passene, and two passengers (Samuel and Henry Ferguson, of New York city, young gentlemen, aged respectively eighteen and twenty-eight) are still at Hilo, but are expected here within the week.

In the captain's modest epitome of this terrible romance, which you have probably published, you detect the fine old hero through it. It reads like Grant.

I have talked with the seamen and with John S. Thomas, third mate, but their accounts are so nearly alike in all substantial points that I will merely give the officer's statement and weave into it such matters as the men mentioned in the way of incidents, experiences, emotions, etc. Thomas is a very intelligent and a very cool and self-possessed young man, and seems to have kept a pretty accurate log of his remarkable voyage in his head. He told his story, of three hours' length, in a plain, straightforward way, and with no attempt at display and no straining after effect. Wherever any incident may be noted in this paper where any individual has betrayed any emotion, or enthusiasm, or has departed from strict, stoical self-possession, or had a solitary thought that was not an utterly unpoetical and essentially practical one, remember that Thomas, the third mate, was

From *The Sacramento Weekly Union*, July 21, 1866.

not that person. He has been eleven days on shore, and already looks sufficiently sound and healthy to pass almost anywhere without being taken for an invalid. He has the marks of a hard experience about him though, when one looks closely. He is very much sunburned and weather-beaten, and looks thirty-two years old. He is only twenty-four, however, and has been a sailor fifteen years. He was born in Richmond, Maine, and still considers that place his home.

The following is the substance of what Thomas said: The *Hornet* left New York on the 15th of January last, unusually well manned, fitted and provisioned—as fast and as handsome a clipper ship as ever sailed out of that port. She had a general cargo—a little of everything; a large quantity of kerosene oil in barrels; several hundred cases of candles; also four hundred tons Pacific Railroad iron and three engines. The third mate thinks they were dock engines, and one of the seamen thought they were locomotives. Had no gales and no bad weather; nothing but fine sailing weather, and she went along steadily and well—fast, very fast, in fact. Had uncommonly good weather off Cape Horn; he had been around that Cape seven times—each way—and had never seen such fine weather there before. On the 12th of April, in latitude, say,  $35^{\circ}$  S. and longitude  $95^{\circ}$  W., signaled a Prussian bark; she set Prussian ensign, and the *Hornet* responded with her name, expressed by means of Merritt's system of signals. She was sailing west—probably bound for Australia. This was the last vessel ever seen by the *Hornet*'s people until they floated ashore at Hawaii in the long boat—a space of sixty-four days.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May, the chief mate and two men started down into the hold to draw some "bright varnish" from a cask. The captain told him to bring the cask on deck—that it was dangerous to have it where it was, in the hold. The mate, instead of obeying the order, proceeded to draw a can full of the varnish first. He had an "open light" in his hand, and the liquid took fire; the can was dropped, the officer in his consternation neglected to close the bung, and in a few seconds the fiery torrent had run in every direction, under bales of rope, cases of candles, barrels of kerosene, and all sorts of freight, and tongues of flame were shooting upward through every aperture and crevice toward the deck.

The ship was moving along under easy sail, the watch on duty were idling here and there in such shade as they could find, and the listlessness and repose of morning in the tropics was upon the vessel and her belongings. But as six bells chimed, the cry of "Fire!" rang through

the ship, and woke every man to life and action. And following the fearful warning, and almost as fleetly, came the fire itself. It sprang through hatchways, seized upon chairs, table, cordage, anything, everything—and almost before the bewildered men could realize what the trouble was and what was to be done the cabin was a hell of angry flames. The mainmast was on fire—its rigging was burnt asunder! One man said all this had happened within eighteen or twenty minutes after the first alarm—two others say in ten minutes. All say that one hour after the alarm, the main and mizzenmasts were burned in two and fell overboard.

Captain Mitchell ordered the three boats to be launched instantly, which was done—and so hurriedly that the longboat (the one he left the vessel in himself) had a hole as large as a man's head stove in her bottom. A blanket was stuffed into the opening and fastened to its place. Not a single thing was saved, except such food and other articles as lay about the cabin and could be quickly seized and thrown on deck. Thomas was sent into the longboat to receive its proportion of these things, and, being barefooted at the time, and bareheaded, and having no clothing on save an undershirt and pantaloons, of course he never got a chance afterward to add to his dress. He lost everything he had, including his logbook, which he had faithfully kept from the first. Forty minutes after the fire alarm the provisions and passengers were on board the three boats, and they rowed away from the ship—and to some distance, too, for the heat was very great. Twenty minutes afterward the two masts I have mentioned, with their rigging and their broad sheets of canvas wreathed in flames, crashed into the sea.

All night long the thirty-one unfortunates sat in their frail boats and watched the gallant ship burn; and felt as men feel when they see a tried friend perishing and are powerless to help him. The sea was illuminated for miles around, and the clouds above were tinged with a ruddy hue; the faces of the men glowed in the strong light as they shaded their eyes with their hands and peered out anxiously upon the wild picture, and the gunwales of the boats and the idle oars shone like polished gold.

At five o'clock on the morning after the disaster, in latitude 2° 20' N., longitude 112° 8' W., the ship went down, and the crew of the *Hornet* were alone on the great deep, or, as one of the seamen expressed it, "We felt as if somebody or something had gone away—as if we hadn't any home any more."

Captain Mitchell divided his boat's crew into two watches and gave the third mate charge of one and took the other himself. He had saved a studding sail from the ship, and out of this the men fashioned a rude sail with their knives; they hoisted it, and taking the first and second mates' boats in tow, they bore away upon the ship's course (northwest) and kept in the track of vessels bound to or from San Francisco, in the hope of being picked up.

I have said that in the few minutes' time allowed him, Captain Mitchell was only able to seize upon the few articles of food and other necessities that happened to lie about the cabin. Here is the list: Four hams, seven pieces of salt pork (each piece weighed about four pounds), one box of raisins, one hundred pounds of bread (about one barrel), twelve two-pound cans of oysters, clams and assorted meats; six buckets of raw potatoes (which rotted so fast they got but little benefit from them), a keg with four pounds of butter in it, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon tierce or "scuttle-butt," four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy, the property of passengers; some pipes, matches and a hundred pounds of tobacco; had no medicines. That was all these poor fellows had to live on for forty-three days—the whole thirty-one of them!

Each boat had a compass, a quadrant, a copy of Bowditch's Navigator and a nautical almanac, and the captain's and chief mate's boats had chronometers.

Of course, all hands were put on short allowance at once. The day they set sail from the ship each man was allowed a small morsel of salt pork—or a little piece of potato, if he preferred it—and half a sea biscuit three times a day. To understand how very light this ration of bread was, it is only necessary to know that it takes seven of these sea biscuits to weigh a pound. The first two days they only allowed one gill of water a day to each man; but for nearly a fortnight after that the weather was lowering and stormy, and frequent rain squalls occurred. The rain was caught in canvas, and whenever there was a shower the forty-gallon cask and every other vessel that would hold water was filled—even all the boots that were watertight were pressed into this service, except such as the matches and tobacco were deposited in to keep dry. So for fourteen days. There were luxurious occasions when there was plenty of water to drink. But after that how they suffered the agonies of thirst for four long weeks!

For seven days the boats sailed on, and the starving men ate their

fragment of biscuit and their morsel of raw pork in the morning, and hungrily counted the tedious hours until noon and night should bring their repetitions of it. And in the long intervals they looked mutely into each other's faces, or turned their wistful eyes across the wild sea in search of the succoring sail that was never to come.

"Didn't you talk?" I asked one of the men.

"No; we were too downhearted—that is, the first week or more. We didn't talk—we only looked at each other and over the ocean."

And thought, I suppose, thought of home—of shelter from storms—of food, and drink, and rest.

The hope of being picked up hung to them constantly—was ever present to them, and in their thoughts, like hunger. And in the captain's mind was the hope of making the Clarion Islands, and he clung to it many a day.

The nights were very dark. They had no lantern and could not see the compass, and there were no stars to steer by. Thomas said, of the boat, "She handled easy, and we steered by the feel of the wind in our faces and the heave of the sea." Dark, and dismal, and lonesome work was that! Sometimes they got a fleeting glimpse of the sailor's friend, the north star, and then they lighted a match and hastened anxiously to see if their compass was faithful to them—for it had to be placed close to an iron ringbolt in the stern, and they were afraid, during those first nights, that this might cause it to vary. It proved true to them, however.

On the fifth day a notable incident occurred. They caught a dolphin! and while their enthusiasm was still at its highest over this stroke of good fortune, they captured another. They made a trifling fire in a tin plate and warmed the prizes—to cook them was not possible—and divided them equitably among all hands and ate them.

On the sixth day two more dolphins were caught.

Two more were caught on the seventh day, and also a small bonita, and they began to believe they were always going to live in this extravagant way; but it was not to be; these were their last dolphins, and they never could get another bonita, though they saw them and longed for them often afterward.

On the eighth day the rations were reduced about one half. Thus—breakfast, one fourth of a biscuit, an ounce of ham and a gill of water to each man; dinner, same quantity of bread and water, and four oysters or clams; supper, water and bread the same, and twelve large raisins or fourteen small ones, to a man. Also, during the first twelve

or fifteen days, each man had one spoonful of brandy a day; then it gave out.

This day, as one of the men was gazing across the dull waste of waters as usual, he saw a small, dark object rising and falling upon the waves. He called attention to it, and in a moment every eye was bent upon it in intensest interest. When the boat had approached a little nearer, it was discovered that it was a small green turtle, fast asleep. Every noise was hushed as they crept upon the unconscious slumberer. Directions were given and hopes and fears expressed in guarded whispers. At the fateful moment—a moment of tremendous consequence to these famishing men—the expert selected for the high and responsible office stretched forth his hand, while his excited comrades bated their breath and trembled for the success of the enterprise, and seized the turtle by the hind leg and handed him aboard! His delicate flesh was carefully divided among the party and eagerly devoured—after being “warmed” like the dolphins which went before him.

After the eighth day I have ten days unaccounted for—no notes of them save that the men say they had their two or three ounces of food and their gill of water three times a day—and then the same weary watching for a saving sail by day and by night, and the same sad “hope deferred that maketh the heart sick,” was their monotonous experience. They talked more, however, and the captain labored without ceasing to keep them cheerful. (They have always a word of praise for the “old man.”)

The eighteenth day was a memorable one to the wanderers on the lonely sea. On that day the boats parted company. The captain said that separate from each other there were three chances for the saving of some of the party where there could be but one chance if they kept together.

The magnanimity and utter unselfishness of Captain Mitchell (and through his example, the same conduct in his men) throughout this distressing voyage are among its most amazing features. No disposition was ever shown by the strong to impose upon the weak, and no greediness, no desire on the part of any to get more than his just share of food, was ever evinced. On the contrary, they were thoughtful of each other and always ready to care for and assist each other to the utmost of their ability. When the time came to part company, Captain Mitchell and his crew, although theirs was much the more numerous party (fifteen men to nine and seven respectively in the other boats), took only one third of the meager amount of provisions still



left, and passed over the other two thirds to be divided up between the other crews; these men could starve, if need be, but they seem not to have known how to be mean.

After the division the Captain had left for his boat's share two thirds of the ham, one fourth of a box of raisins, half a bucket of biscuit crumbs, fourteen gallons of water, three cans of "soup-and-bully." [That last expression of the third mate's occurred frequently during his narrative, and bothered me so painfully with its mysterious incomprehensibility, that at length I begged him to explain to me what this dark and dreadful "soup-and-bully" might be. With the consul's assistance he finally made me understand the French dish known as "soup bouillon" is put up in cans like preserved meats, and the American sailor is under the impression that its name is a sort of general title which describes any description of edible whatever which is hermetically sealed in a tin vessel, and with that high contempt for trifling conventionalities which distinguishes his class, he has seen fit to modify the pronunciation into "soup-and-bully."—MARK.]

The captain told the mates he was still going to try to make the Clarion Isles, and that they could imitate his example if they thought best, but he wished them to freely follow the dictates of their own judgment in the matter. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the boats were all cast loose from each other, and then, as friends part from friends whom they expect to meet no more in life, all hands hailed with a fervent "God bless you, boys; good-bye!" and the two cherished sails drifted away and disappeared from the longing gaze that followed them so sorrowfully.

On the afternoon of this eventful eighteenth day two "boobies" were caught—a bird about as large as a duck, but all bone and feathers—not as much meat as there is on a pigeon—not nearly so much, the men say. They ate them raw—bones, entrails and everything—no single morsel was wasted; they were carefully apportioned among the fifteen men. No fire could be built for cooking purposes—the wind was so strong and the sea ran so high that it was all a man could do to light his pipe.

At eventide the wanderers missed a cheerful spirit—a plucky, strong-hearted fellow, who never drooped his head or lost his grip—a staunch and true good friend, who was always at his post in storm or calm, in rain or shine—who scorned to say die, and yet was never afraid to die—a little trim and taut old rooster, he was, who starved with the rest, but came on watch in the stern sheets promptly every

day at four in the morning and six in the evening for eighteen days and crowed like a maniac! Right well they named him Richard of the Lion Heart! One of the men said with honest feeling: "As true as I'm a man, Mr. Mark Twain, if that rooster was here today and any man dared to abuse the bird, I'd break his neck!" Richard was esteemed by all and by all his rights were respected. He received his little ration of bread crumbs every time the men were fed, and, like them, he bore up bravely and never grumbled and never gave way to despair. As long as he was strong enough, he stood in the stern sheets or mounted the gunwale as regularly as his watch came round, and crowed his two-hour talk, and when at last he grew feeble in the legs and had to stay below, his heart was still stout and he slapped about in the water on the bottom of the boat and crowed as bravely as ever! He felt that under circumstances like these America expects every rooster to do his duty, and he did it. But is it not to the high honor of that boat's crew of starving men that, tortured day and night by the pangs of hunger as they were, they refused to appease them with the blood of their humble comrade? Richard was transferred to the chief mate's boat and sailed away on the eighteenth day.

The third mate does not remember distinctly, but thinks morning and evening prayers were begun on the nineteenth day. They were conducted by one of the young Fergusons, because the captain could not read the prayer book without his spectacles, and they had been burned with the ship. And ever after this date, at the rising and the setting of the sun, the storm-tossed mariners reverently bowed their heads while prayers went up for "they that are helpless and far at sea."

On the morning of the twenty-first day, while some of the crew were dozing on the thwarts and others were buried in reflection, one of the men suddenly sprang to his feet and cried, "A sail! a sail!" Of course, sluggish blood bounded then and eager eyes were turned to seek the welcome vision. But disappointment was their portion, as usual. It was only the chief mate's boat drifting across their path after three days' absence. In a short time the two parties were abreast each other and in hailing distance. They talked twenty minutes; the mate reported "all well" and then sailed away, and they never saw him afterward.

On the twenty-fourth day Captain Mitchell took an observation and found that he was in latitude 16° N. and longitude 117° W.—about 1000 miles from where his vessel was burned. The hope he had cherished so long that he would be able to make the Clarion Isles de-

serted him at last; he could only go before the wind, and he was now obliged to attempt the best thing the southeast trades could do for him—blow him to the “American group” or to the Sandwich Islands—and therefore he reluctantly and with many misgivings turned his prow towards those distant archipelagoes. Not many mouthfuls of food were left, and these must be economized. The third mate said that under this new program of proceedings “we could see that we were living too high; we had got to let up on them raisins, or the soup-and-bullies, one, because it stood to reason that we warn’t going to make land soon, and so they wouldn’t last.” It was a matter which had few humorous features about it to them, and yet a smile is almost pardonable at this idea, so gravely expressed, of “living high” on fourteen raisins at a meal.

The rations remained the same as fixed on the eighth day, except that only two meals a day were allowed, and occasionally the raisins and oysters were left out.

What these men suffered during the next three weeks no mortal man may hope to describe. Their stomachs and intestines felt to the grasp like a couple of small tough balls, and the gnawing hunger pains and the dreadful thirst that was consuming them in those burning latitudes became almost insupportable. And yet, as the men say, the captain said funny things and talked cheerful talk until he got them to conversing freely, and then they used to spend hours together describing delicious dinners they had eaten at home, and earnestly planning interminable and preposterous bills of fare for dinners they were going to eat on shore, if they ever lived through their troubles to do it, poor fellows. The captain said plain bread and butter would be good enough for him all the days of his life, if he could only get it.

But the saddest things were the dreams they had. An unusually intelligent young sailor named Cox said: “In those long days and nights we dreamed all the time—not that we ever slept, I don’t mean—no, we only sort of dozed—three fourths of the faculties awake and the other fourth benumbed into the counterfeit of a slumber; oh, no—some of us never slept for twenty-three days, and no man ever saw the captain asleep for upward of thirty minutes. But we barely dozed that way and dreamed—and always of such feasts! bread, and fowls, and meat—everything a man could think of, piled upon long tables, and smoking hot! And we sat down and seized upon the first dish in our reach, like ravenous wolves, and carried it to our lips, and—and

then we woke up and found the same starving comrades about us, and the vacant sky and the desolate sea!"

These things are terrible even to think of.

*Rations Still Further Reduced.* It even startles me to come across that significant heading so often in my note-book, notwithstanding I have grown so familiar with its sound by talking so much with these unfortunate men.

On the twenty-eighth day the rations were: one teaspoonful of bread crumbs and about an ounce of ham for the morning meal; a spoonful of bread crumbs alone for the evening meal, and one gill of water three times a day! A kitten would perish eventually under such sustenance.

At this point the third mate's mind reverted painfully to an incident of the early stages of their sufferings. He said there were two between decks, on board the *Hornet*, who had been lying there sick and helpless for he didn't know how long; but when the ship took fire they turned out as lively as any one under the spur of the excitement. One was a "Portyghee," he said, and always of a hungry disposition; when all the provisions that could be got had been brought aft and deposited near the wheel to be lowered into the boats, "that sick Portyghee watched his chance, and when nobody was looking he harnessed the provisions and ate up nearly a quarter of a bar'l of bread before the old man caught him, and he had more than two notions to put his light out." The third mate dwelt upon this circumstance as upon a wrong he could not fully forgive, and intimated that the Portyghee stole bread enough, if economised in twenty-eighth-day rations, to have run the longboat party three months.

Four little flying fish, the size of the sardines of these latter days, flew into the boat on the night of the twenty-eighth day. They were divided among all hands and devoured raw. On the twenty-ninth day they caught another, and divided it into fifteen pieces, less than a teaspoonful apiece.

On the thirtieth day they caught a third flying fish and gave it to the revered old captain—a fish of the same poor little proportions as the others—four inches long—a present a king might be proud of under such circumstances—a present whose value, in the eyes of the men who offered it, was not to be found in the Bank of England—yea, whose vaults were not able to contain it! The old captain refused to take it; the men insisted; the captain said no—he would take his

fifteenth—they must take the remainder. They said in substance, though not in words, that they would see him in Jericho first! So the captain had to eat the fish.

I believe I have done the third mate some little wrong in the beginning of this letter. I have said he was as self-possessed as a statue—that he never betrayed emotion or enthusiasm. He never did except when he spoke of “the old man.” It always thawed through his ice then. The men were the same way; the captain is their hero—their true and faithful friend, whom they delight to honor. I said to one of these infatuated skeletons, “But you wouldn’t go quite so far as to die for him?” A snap of the finger—“As quick as that!—I wouldn’t be alive now if it hadn’t been for him.” We pursued the subject no further.

*Rations Still Further Reduced.* I still claim the public’s indulgence and belief. At least Thomas and his men do through me. About the thirty-second day the bread gave entirely out. There was nothing left, now, but mere odds and ends of their stock of provisions. Five days afterward, on the thirty-seventh day—latitude  $16^{\circ} 30' N.$ , and longitude  $170^{\circ} W.$ —kept off for the “American group”—“which don’t exist and never will, I suppose,” said the third mate. Ran directly over the ground said to be occupied by these islands—that is, between latitude  $16^{\circ}$  and  $17^{\circ} N.$ , and longitude  $133^{\circ}$  to  $136^{\circ} W.$  Ran over the imaginary islands and got into  $136^{\circ} W.$ , and then the captain made a dash for Hawaii, resolving that he would go till he fetched land, or at any rate as long as he and his men survived.

On Monday, the thirty-eighth day after the disaster, “we had nothing left,” said the third mate, “but a pound and a half of ham—the bone was a good deal the heaviest part of it—and one soup-and-bully tin.” These things were divided among the fifteen men, and they ate it all—two ounces of food to each man. I do not count the ham bone, as that was saved for next day. For some time, now, the poor wretches had been cutting their old boots into small pieces and eating them. They would also pound wet rags to a sort of pulp and eat them.

On the thirty-ninth day the ham bone was divided up into rations, and scraped with knives and eaten. I said: “You say the two sick men remained sick all through, and after awhile two or three had to be relieved from standing watch; how did you get along without medicines!”

The reply was: “Oh, we couldn’t have kept them if we’d had them; if we’d had boxes of pills, or anything like that, we’d have eaten them.

It was just as well—we couldn't have kept them, and we couldn't have given them to the sick men alone—we'd have shared them around all alike, I guess." It was said rather in jest, but it was a pretty true jest, no doubt.

After apportioning the ham bone, the captain cut the canvas cover that had been around the ham into fifteen equal pieces, and each man took his portion. This was the last division of food the captain made. The men broke up the small oaken butter tub and divided the staves among themselves, and gnawed them up. The shell of the little green turtle, heretofore mentioned, was scraped with knives and eaten to the last shaving. The third mate chewed pieces of boots and spit them out, but ate nothing except the soft straps of two pairs of boots—ate three on the thirty-ninth day and saved one for the fortieth.

The men seem to have thought in their own minds of the shipwrecked mariner's last dreadful resort—cannibalism; but they do not appear to have conversed about it. They only thought of the casting lots and killing one of their number as a possibility; but even when they were eating rags, and bone, and boots, and shell, and hard oak wood, they seem to have still had a notion that it was remote. They felt that some one of the company must die soon—which one they well knew; and during the last three or four days of their terrible voyage they were patiently but hungrily waiting for him. I wonder if the subject of these anticipations knew what they were thinking of? He must have known it—he must have felt it. They had even calculated how long he would last; they said to themselves, but not to each other, I think they said, "He will die Saturday—and then!"

There was one exception to the spirit of delicacy I have mentioned—a Frenchman, who kept an eye of strong personal interest upon the sinking man and noted his failing strength with untiring care and some degree of cheerfulness. He frequently said to Thomas: "I think he will go off pretty soon, now, sir. And then we'll eat him!" This is very sad.

Thomas and also several of the men state that the sick "Portygree," during the five days that they were entirely out of provisions, actually ate two silk handkerchiefs and a couple of cotton shirts, besides his share of the boots, and bones, and lumber.

Captain Mitchell was fifty-six years old on the 12th of June—the fortieth day after the burning of the ship and the third day before the boat's crew reached land. He said it looked somewhat as if it might be the last one he was going to enjoy. He had no birthday feast

except some bits of ham-canvas—no luxury but this, and no substantial save the leather and oaken bucket staves.

Speaking of the leather diet, one of the men told me he was obliged to eat a pair of boots which were so old and rotten that they were full of holes; and then he smiled gently and said he didn't know, though, but what the holes tasted about as good as the balance of the boot. This man was still very feeble, and after saying this he went to bed.

At eleven o'clock on the 15th of June, after suffering all that men may suffer and live for forty-three days, in an open boat, on a scorching tropical sea, one of the men feebly shouted the glad tidings, "Land ho!" The "watch below" were lying in the bottom of the boat. What do you suppose they did? They said they had been cruelly disappointed over and over again, and they dreaded to risk another experience of the kind—they could not bear it—they lay still where they were. They said they would not trust to an appearance that might not be land after all. They would wait.

Shortly it was proven beyond question that they were almost to land. Then there was joy in the party. One man is said to have swooned away. Another said the sight of the green hills was better to him than a day's rations, a strange figure for a man to use who had been fasting for forty days and forty nights.

The land was the island of Hawaii, and they were off Laupahoeloe and could see nothing inshore but breakers. I was there a week or two ago, and it is a very dangerous place. When they got pretty close to shore they saw cabins, but no human beings. They thought they would lower the sail and try to work in with the oars. They cut the ropes and the sail came down, and then they found they were not strong enough to ship the oars. They drifted helplessly toward the breakers, but looked listlessly on and cared not a straw for the violent death which seemed about to overtake them after all their manful struggles, their privations, and their terrible sufferings. They said "it was good to see the green fields again." It was all they cared for. The "green fields" were a haven of rest for the weary wayfarers; it was sufficient; they were satisfied; it was nothing to them that Death stood in their pathway; they had long been familiar to him; he had no terrors for them.

Two of Captain Spencer's natives saw the boat, knew by the appearance of things that it was in trouble, and dashed through the surf and swam out to it. When they climbed aboard there were only

five yards of space between the poor sufferers and a sudden and violent death. Fifteen minutes afterward the boat was beached upon the shore and a crowd of natives (who are the very incarnation of generosity, unselfishness, and hospitality) were around the strangers dumping bananas, melons, taro, poi—anything and everything they could scrape together that could be eaten—on the ground by the cartload; and if Mr. Jones, of the station, had not hurried down with his steward, they would soon have killed the starving men with kindness. As it was, the sick "Portyglhee" really ate six bananas before Jones could get hold of him and stop him. This is a fact. And so are the stories of his previous exploits. Jones and the Kanaka girls and men took the mariners in their arms like so many children and carried them up to the house, where they received kind and judicious attention until Sunday evening, when two whaleboats came from Hilo, Jones furnished a third, and they were taken in these to the town just named, arriving there at two o'clock Monday morning.

Each of the young Fergusons kept a journal from the day the ship sailed from New York until they got on land once more at Hawaii. The captain also kept a log every day he was adrift. These logs, by the captain's direction, were to be kept up faithfully as long as any of the crew were alive, and the last survivor was to put them in a bottle, when he succumbed, and lash the bottle to the inside of the boat. The captain gave a bottle to each officer of the other boats, with orders to follow his example. The old gentleman was always thoughtful.

The hardest berth in that boat, I think, must have been that of provision-keeper. This office was performed by the captain and the third mate; of course they were always hungry. They always had access to the food, and yet must not gratify their craving appetites.

The young Fergusons are very highly spoken of by all the boat's crew, as patient, enduring, manly and kindhearted gentlemen. The captain gave them a watch to themselves—it was the duty of each to bail the water out of the boat three hours a day. Their home is in Stamford, Connecticut, but their father's place of business is New York.

In the chief mate's boat was a passenger—a gentlemanly young fellow of twenty years, named William Lang, son of a stockbroker in New York.

The chief mate, Samuel Hardy, lived at Chatham, Massachusetts; second mate belonged in Shields, England; the cook, George Wash-



ington (negro), was in the chief mate's boat, and also the steward (negro); the carpenter was in the second mate's boat.

*Captain Mitchell.* To this man's good sense, cool judgment, perfect discipline, close attention to the smallest particulars which could conduce to the welfare of his crew or render their ultimate rescue more probable, that boat's crew owe their lives. He has shown brain and ability that make him worthy to command the finest frigate in the United States, and a genuine unassuming heroism that entitles him to a Congressional medal. I suppose some of the citizens of San Francisco who know how to appreciate this kind of a man will not let him go on hungry forever after he gets there. In the above remarks I am only echoing the expressed opinions of numbers of persons here who have never seen Captain Mitchell, but who judge him by his works—among others the Hon. Anson Burlingame and our minister to Japan, both of whom have called at the hospital several times and held long conversations with the men. Burlingame speaks in terms of the most unqualified praise of Captain Mitchell's high and distinguished abilities as evinced at every point throughout his wonderful voyage.

Captain Mitchell, one sailor, and the two Fergusons are still at Hilo. The two first mentioned are pretty feeble, from what I can learn. The captain's sense of responsibility kept him strong and awake all through the voyage; but as soon as he landed, and that fearful strain upon his faculties was removed, he was prostrated—became the feeblest of the boat's company.

The seamen here are doing remarkably well, considering all things. They already walk about the hospital a little; and very stiff-legged, because of the long inaction their muscles have experienced.

When they came ashore at Hawaii no man in the party had had any movement of his bowels for eighteen days, several not for twenty-five or thirty, one not for thirty-seven, and one not for forty-four days. As soon as any of these men can travel they will be sent to San Francisco.

I have written this lengthy letter in a great hurry in order to get it off by the bark *Milton Badger*, if the thing be possible, and I may have made a good many mistakes, but I hardly think so. All the statistical information in it comes from Thomas, and he may have made mistakes, because he tells his story entirely from memory, and although he has naturally a most excellent one, it might well be pardoned for inaccuracies concerning events which transpired during a

series of weeks that never saw his mind strongly fixed upon any thought save the weary longing for food and water. But the logbooks of the captain and the two passengers will tell the terrible romance from the first day to the last in faithful detail, and these I shall forward by the next mail if I am permitted to copy them.

MARK TWAIN



## Polynesian Sea Chants

Translated by SIR PETER H. BUCK ("Te Rangi Hiroa"), 1880— . Born in Urenui, New Zealand, of an Irish father and a Maori mother, Sir Peter H. Buck is today one of the foremost authorities on Polynesian ethnology. In 1927, after rendering distinguished service in his native country as a physician, as a member of Parliament, and as an ethnologist, he joined the staff of the Bishop Museum, in Honolulu, and at present is director of that institution. He was knighted in 1946 for his outstanding work in anthropology. He has written numerous scientific monographs on the Polynesian people and their culture, as well as *Vikings of the Sunrise* (1938), an absorbing, non-technical book on the migrations of the early Polynesians. In the two translated poems that follow, there is suggested something of the anxiety and awe that the primitive Pacific navigators must have felt as they faced the open sea on the long voyages made in their sailing canoes. Introducing his translation of the Maori sea poem "Chant of Kahu-koka," Sir Peter Buck writes as follows: "The early Polynesians had acquired from their ocean environment a practical knowledge of prevailing winds and their seasons. The cardinal points, termed kaveinga, were named after the various winds which blew through holes in the horizon. During a long sea voyage, the holes of the adverse winds were plugged with the aid of Raka, God of the Winds. In New Zealand, the god of the winds was Tawhiri-matea. In the chant of the voyager Kahu-koka, the god was invoked to close his eye that looked to the south so that a safe voyage might be made from west to east."

## *Polynesian Deep-Sea Chantey*

The handle of my steering paddle thrills to action,  
My paddle named Kautu-ki-te-rangi.  
It guides to the horizon but dimly discerned.  
To the horizon that lifts before us,  
To the horizon that ever recedes,  
To the horizon that ever draws near,  
To the horizon that causes doubt,  
To the horizon that instils dread,  
The horizon with unknown power,  
The horizon not hitherto pierced.  
The lowering skies above,  
The raging seas below,  
Oppose the untraced path  
Our ship must go.

## *Chant of Kahu-koka*

Now do I direct the bow of my canoe  
To the opening whence arises the sun god,  
Tama-nui-te-ra, Great-son-of-the-sun.  
Let me not deviate from the course  
But sail direct to the land, the Homeland.

Blow, blow, O Tawhiri-matea, God of the Winds  
Arouse thy westerly wind to waft us direct  
By the sea road to the Homeland, to Hawaiki.

"Polynesian Deep-Sea Chantey" and "Chant of Kahu-koka" are reprinted by permission of the author from *Vikings of the Sunrise* (Philadelphia, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1938).

Close, close thine eye that looks to the south,  
That thy southerly wind may sleep.  
Allow us to sail o'er the Sea of Maui,  
And impede us not on our course.

She stirs, she moves, she sails!  
Ah, now shall speed Tane-kaha,  
The gallant canoe of Kahu-koka,  
Back to the bays of Hawaiki-nui,  
And so to Home.



## **'Two Poems of the Pacific**

By CLIFFORD GESSLER, 1893- . Gessler, born in Milton Junction, Wisconsin, obtained an M.A. degree at the University of Wisconsin and served for a time as a high school teacher. He entered newspaper work, which in time took him to Honolulu; from 1924 to 1934 he was literary editor of the Star-Bulletin. He accompanied the Mangarevan Expedition of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum in 1934, sailing on the ninety-foot sampan Islander throughout southeastern Polynesia, a journey which resulted in his book *Road My Body Goes* (1937). He has contributed to various magazines, and since 1937 has been with the editorial department of the Oakland, California, Tribune. His collected verse is found in *Kanaka Moon* (1927) and *Tropic Earth* (1944). Books of prose about the Pacific include *Hawaii, Isles of Enchantment* (1937), *Tropic Landfall: The Port of Honolulu* (1942), and *The Leaning Wind* (1943). Some of his verse, such as "The Navel of God," reveals his deep interest in Polynesian myths and figures of speech.



## *Chart of the Pacific*

This paper flatness, yellow-isled and neat  
with parallel, meridian complete,  
is not the Pacific. Here is not the sting  
of blown spume hurtling in the face, the ring  
of anchor-links against the chocks, the slosh  
surging on tilted deck, the phosphor wash  
streaming astern, or the small voice of bells  
tinkling the sea's half-hours, between the swells.  
The sea is no dead thing of deftly drawn  
latitudes, longitudes, but live as dawn  
and cruel as absolute zero; it is kind  
as food, and as indifferent as the stars  
that weave cold-patterned webs between the spars.

## *The Navel of God*

Days sailing, and the valleyed sea  
about us, the same, yet ever-changing face;  
days in the sun; the humped backs  
of porpoises rolling ahead, and the dark banners  
of shark fins . . .  
                    and deep spangled nights  
cool with the wind, and at the wheel  
two hands and one bare foot gripping the spokes,  
swinging the sharp tall prow against the push  
of obstinate waves, holding her hard and true

"Chart of the Pacific" and "The Navel of God" are reprinted by permission of author and publisher from *Tropic Earth* (West Los Angeles, Calif., Wagon & Star Publishers and Dion O'Donnol, editor of Destiny Editions, 1944). "Chart of the Pacific" first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*.

where the Southern Cross blooms like a stalked flower  
and the clouds sculpture a long-beaked ancient god  
swallowing the oval moon.

And all these days no sail, nor any land:  
only the wide uptilted plane of sea  
to the dark edge of the sky. . . This  
is the Navel of God, where the sacred star-paths cross  
and the ocean streams curl back, and the winds halt.

Reach back into memory older than ships like this;  
call out the sailing directions learned of the brown gods!

Here is the Great Divide  
where the Firm Canoe Star sinks in the north, behind,  
and the keel plows on, furrowing straight south  
to the White Stars That Spring From the World's Root.  
Only the sea birds know this place, and the spirits  
of sailing gods, ancestral voyagers  
who followed those birds to the sun-drenched ancient islands  
and established there the foundations of the land.



## Discovery

By ALLEN CURNOW, 1911– . Thomas Allen Monro Curnow, contemporary poet, was born at Timaru, New Zealand. After high school he entered St. John's College, Auckland, to study for holy orders, which studies were completed in 1934. He began contributing to newspapers and minor magazines, and joined the staff of the Christchurch Press in 1935. His volumes of verse—*Valley of Decision* (1933), *Enemies* (1934), *Three Poems* (1936), and *Not In Narrow Seas* (1939)—have shown a steady increase in mastery of technique and idea. He has also published essays in *Poetry and Language* (1935) and has edited *A Book of New Zealand Verse. 1923-45* (1945).

## *Discovery*

How shall I compare the discovery of islands?  
History had many instinctive processes  
Past reason's range, green innocence of nerves,  
Now all destroyed by self-analysis.

Or, out of God the separate streams  
Down honeyed valleys, Minoan, Egyptian,  
And latterly Polynesia like ocean rains,  
Flowing, became one flood, one swift corruption;

Or, the mad bar-beating bird of the mind  
Still finding the unknown intolerable  
Burst into a vaster cage, contained by seas,  
Prisoned by planets within the measurable;

Or, Gulliver with needles, guns, and glass,  
Thrusting trinkets up from the amazing hatches,  
Allured with samples the doll kings and priests,  
Sold them the Age of Reason from the beaches:

Dazzle no more in the discoverer's eye  
When his blind chart unglazes, foam and flower  
Suddenly spilt on the retreating mirror,  
Landfall undreamed or anchorage unsure.

Compare, compare, now horrible untruth  
Rings true in our obliterating season:  
Our islands lost again, all earth one island,  
And all our travel circumnavigation.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *A Book of New Zealand Verse*  
(Christchurch, N.Z., The Caxton Press, 1945).

## **Five Visions of Captain Cook**

By KENNETH SLESSOR, 1901– . Prominent in the advance guard of modern Australian poetry is Kenneth Slessor. Born at Orange, New South Wales, and educated in Sydney, he served as a journalist and editor. At first his verse leaned heavily on symbolism; later it attained a rough strength and approached a sardonic realism. Avoiding localism in his subjects, he nevertheless voices a devotion to Australia and an understanding of seafaring men. He has published half a dozen small volumes of verse, collected in *One Hundred Poems, 1919–1939* (1947). “Five Visions of Captain Cook” first appeared in 1931.

## Five Visions of Captain Cook

### I

Cook was a captain of the Admiralty  
When sea captains had the evil eye,  
Or should have, what with beating krakens off  
And casting nativities of ships;  
Cook was a captain of the powder days  
When captains, you might have said, if you had been  
Fixed by their glittering stare, half-down the side,  
Or gaping at them up companionways,  
Were more like warlocks than a humble man—  
And men were humble then who gazed at them,  
Poor horn-eyed sailors, bullied by devils' fists  
Of wind or water, or the want of both,  
Childlike and trusting, filled with eager trust—  
Cook was a captain of the sailing days  
When sea captains were kings like this,  
Not cold executives of company rules  
Cracking their boilers for a dividend  
Or bidding their engineers go wink  
At bells and telegraphs, so plates would hold  
Another pound. Those captains drove their ships  
By their own blood, no laws of schoolbook steam,  
Till yards were sprung, and masts went overboard—  
Daemons in periwigs, doling magic out,  
Who read fair alphabets in stars  
Where humbler men found but a mess of sparks,  
Who steered their crews by mysteries  
And strange, half-dreadful sortilege with books,  
Used medicines that only gods could know

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *One Hundred Poems*, 1919–  
1939 (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1947).

The sense of, but sailors drank  
In simple faith. That was the captain  
Cook was when he came to the Coral Sea  
And chose a passage into the dark.

How many mariners had made that choice  
Paused on the brink of mystery. "Choose now!"  
The winds roared, blowing home, blowing home,  
Over the Coral Sea. "Choose now!" the trades  
Cried once to Tasman, throwing him for choice  
Their teeth or shoulders, and the Dutchman chose  
The wind's way, turning north. "Choose, Bougainville!"  
The wind cried once, and Bougainville had heard  
The voice of God, calling him prudently  
Out of a dead lee shore, and chose the north,  
The wind's way. So, too, Cook made choice,  
Over the brink, into the devil's mouth,  
With four months' food, and sailors wild with dreams  
Of English beer, the smoking barns of home.  
So Cook made choice, so Cook sailed westabout,  
So men write poems in Australia.

## II

Flowers turned to stone! Not all the botany  
Of Joseph Banks, hung pensive in a porthole  
Could find the Latin for this loveliness,  
Could put the Barrier Reef in a glass box  
Tagged by the horrid Gorgon squint  
Of horticulture. Stone turned to flowers  
It seemed—you'd snap a crystal twig,  
One petal even of the water-garden,  
And have it dying like a cherry bough.

They'd sailed all day outside a coral hedge,  
And half the night. Cook sailed at night,  
Let there be reefs a fathom from the keel  
And empty charts. The sailors didn't ask,  
Nor Joseph Banks. Who cared? It was the spell  
Of Cook that lulled them, bade them turn below,  
Kick off their sea boots, puff themselves to sleep,



Though there were more shoals outside  
Than teeth in a shark's head. Cook snored loudest himself.  
One day, a morning of light airs and calms,  
They slid towards a reef that would have knifed  
Their boards to mash, and murdered every man.  
So close it sucked them, one wave shook their keel,  
The next blew past the coral. Three officers,  
In gilt and buttons, languidly on deck  
Pointed their sextants at the sun. One yawned,  
One held a pencil, one put eye to lens:  
Three very peaceful English mariners  
Taking their sights for longitude.

I've never heard  
Of sailors aching for the longitude  
Of shipwrecks before or since. It was the spell  
Of Cook did this, the phylacteries of Cook.  
Men who ride broomsticks with a mesmerist  
Mock the typhoon. So, too, it was with Cook.

### III

Two chronometers the captain had,  
One by Arnold that ran like mad,  
One by Kendal in a walnut case,  
Poor devoted creature with a hangdog face.

Arnold always hurried with a crazed click-click,  
Dancing over Greenwich like a lunatic,  
Kendal panted faithfully his watchdog beat,  
Climbing out of Yesterday with sticky little feet.

Arnold choked with appetite to wolf up time,  
Madly round the numerals his hands would climb,  
His cogs rushed over and his wheels ran miles,  
Dragging Captain Cook to the Sandwich Isles.

But Kendal dawdled in the tombstoned past,  
With a sentimental prejudice to going fast,  
And he thought very often of a haberdasher's door  
And a yellow-haired boy who would knock no more.

All through the nighttime, clock talked to clock,

In the captain's cabin, tock-tock-tock,  
One ticked fast and one ticked slow,  
And Time went over them a hundred years ago.

IV

Sometimes the god would fold his wings  
And, stone of Caesars turned to flesh,  
Talk of the most important things  
That serious-minded midshipmen could wish,

Of plantains, and the lack of rum,  
Or spearing sea cows—things like this  
That hungry schoolboys, five days dumb,  
In jolly boats are wonted to discuss.

What midshipman would pause to mourn  
The sun that beat about his ears,  
Or curse the tide, if he could horn  
His fists by tugging on those lumbering oars?

Let rum-tanned mariners prefer  
To hug the weather side of yards;  
“Cats to catch mice” before they purr,  
Those were the captain's enigmatic words.

Here, in this jolly boat they graced,  
Were food and freedom, wind and storm,  
While, fowling piece across his waist,  
Cook mapped the coast, with one eye cocked for game.

V

After the candles had gone out, and those  
Who listened had gone out, and a last wave  
Of chimney-haloes caked their smoky rings  
Like fish scales on the ceiling, a Yellow Sea  
Of swimming circles, the old man,  
Old Captain-in-the-Corner, drank his rum  
With friendly gestures to four chairs. They stood  
Empty, still warm from haunches, with rubbed nails  
And leather glazed, like aged servingmen  
Feeding a king's delight, the sticky, drugged

Sweet agony of habitual anecdotes.  
But these, his chairs, could bear an old man's tongue,  
Sleep when he slept, be flattering when he woke,  
And wink to hear the same eternal name  
From lips new-dipped in rum.

"Then Captain Cook,  
I heard him, told them they could go  
If so they chose, but he would get them back,  
Dead or alive, he'd have them,"  
The old man screeched, half thinking to hear "Cook!  
Cook again! Cook! It's other cooks he'll need,  
Cooks who can bake a dinner out of pence,  
That's what he lives on, talks on, half-a-crown  
A day, and sits there full of Cook.  
Who'd do your cooking now, I'd like to ask,  
If someone didn't grind her bones away?  
But that's the truth, six children and half-a-crown  
A day, and a man gone daft with Cook."  
That was his wife,  
Elizabeth, a noble wife but brisk,  
Who lived in a present full of kitchen fumes  
And had no past. He had not seen her  
For seven years, being blind, and that of course  
Was why he'd had to strike a deal with chairs,  
Not knowing when those who chafed them had gone to sleep  
Or stolen away, for they would always sleep  
Or steal away. Darkness and empty chairs,  
This was the port that Alexander Home  
Had come to with his useless cutlass wounds  
And tales of Cook, and half-a-crown a day—  
This was the creek he'd run his timbers to,  
Where grateful countrymen repaid his wounds  
At half-a-crown a day. Too good, too good,  
This eloquent offering of bird cages  
To gulls and Greenwich Hospital to Cook,  
Britannia's mission to the sea fowl.  
It was not blindness picked his flesh away,  
Nor want of sight made penny-blank the eyes  
Of Captain Home, but that he lived like this

In one place, and gazed elsewhere. His body moved  
In Scotland, but his eyes were dazzle full  
Of skies and water farther round the world—

Air soaked with blue, so thick it dripped like snow  
On spice-tree boughs, and water diamond-green,  
Beaches wind-glittering with crumbs of gilt,  
And birds more scarlet than a duchy's seal  
That had come whistling long ago, and far  
Away. His body had gone back,  
Here it sat drinking rum in Berwickshire,  
But not his eyes—they were left floating there  
Half round the earth, blinking at beaches milked  
By suck-mouth tides, foaming with ropes of bubbles  
And huge half-moons of surf. Thus it had been  
When Cook was carried on a sailor's back,  
Vengeance in a cocked hat, to claim his price,  
A prince in barter for a longboat.

And then the trumpery springs of fate—a stone.  
A musket shot, a round of gunpowder,  
And puzzled animals, killing they knew not what  
Or why, but killing . . . the surge of goatish flanks  
Armored in feathers, like cruel birds:  
Wild, childish faces, killing; a moment seen.  
Marines with crimson coats and puffs of smoke  
Toppling face down; and a knife of English iron.  
Forged aboard ship, that had been changed for pigs,  
Given back to Cook between the shoulder blades.  
There he had dropped, and the old floundering sea,  
'The old, fumbling, witless lover-enemy,  
I had taken his breath, last office of salt water.

Cook died. The body of Alexander Home  
Flowed round the world and back again, with eyes  
Marooned already, and came to English coasts,  
The vague ancestral darkneses of home,  
Seeing them faintly through a glass of gold,  
Dim fog-shapes, ghosted like the ribs of trees  
Against his blazing waters and blue air.

But soon *they faded*, and there was nothing left,  
Only the sugar cane and the wild granaries  
Of sand, and palm trees and the flying blood  
Of cardinal birds; and putting out one hand  
Tremulously in the direction of the beach  
He felt a chair in Scotland. And sat down.

## **The Sea Faring**

By LOUIS O. COXE, 1918—. A young poet whose work is marked with a deep feeling for the sea, Louis Coxe was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, and grew up in Salem, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Princeton in 1940, taught at Brooks School, North Andover, Massachusetts, and in 1942 entered the navy. For two years during the war he served on a PC boat in the Pacific, half of the time as the ship's commander. Directly out of this experience have come several of the best poems in his first book, *The Sea Faring and Other Poems* (1947).

## *The Sea Faring*

We have seen birds since yesterday  
But not named them. The masthead lookout sweeps  
Slow sectors now that light returns  
And the equator is charted overhead.  
We swing in the long trough gently now  
After days at a lost storm's fringe  
Wishing the landloom, competitors  
For sight of haven. It will be hard  
To learn the gait of landsman, swing legs  
Together in stride not rolling the body to the deck  
As the seas go.

—Object at three one five.

Land on the port bow.

—Object of this design

This convoy this deliverance up to water  
A purple sinear commends itself to such  
Voyagers as find it.

—Call the captain.—

A new island is an old name on a chart  
A scenario, grave, a way of life  
Various to various seekers. From this land  
Our war shall take new enterprise  
But now this morning it weaves only  
A spell of quiet, release from bitter ocean.

Blue turns green at the hill's feet,  
Over the reefs' coil.

—Signalman, request

Permission to enter.—

From *The Sea Faring and Other Poems* by Louis O. Coxé. Copyright, 1947,  
by Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

Enter between such mountains  
Not formerly believed in, on the level ride  
Of the fairway. The old travelers knew:  
The eighteenth-century woodcut gorges, black  
Incisions in the vicious jungle green  
And most of all through exhaust smoke there is  
Blossoming odor of flowers not known.  
We are cork light with our fuel gone now  
And crab in the channel where the tide pushes.  
—All engines ahead one third. Left easy.—  
Swinging wide on a curve of headland  
We straighten to an estuary. There they lie  
Blue-grey standing on their anchor chains  
Huge as war the capital ships.  
Miles past the luckless atolls  
To implausible session in the sound we are come  
Bringing smokeless powder. Escort carriers—  
Santee Sangman Chenango—  
Nuzzle the ammunition ship  
And leave the tired spit kits to their rust,  
Poor escorts stained like continental travelers.

We left at late light, E. T. D.  
Seventeen hundred. Oahu  
Retreated into blackout as we covered  
The sortie, pinging the exit area.  
There are things certainly to be remembered of war:  
A vessel darkened for a wartime cruise  
Is purpose instinct, stealth unamenable  
To reason. Our uncomfortable charge  
On the endless drag to Pago Pago and west  
Bulks through the nets, peremptory on the light  
Commanding such and such a disposition.  
Discipline saith the ex cathedra magister  
Is good for Youth. We curvet to the tickle  
O throttled power, weaving the convoy's bows.  
Night Order Book: Steaming at standard speed  
Course one nine five. No aids to Navigation  
Expected. It is routine but the officer  
Of the deck must twist this piece of destiny,



This sixty-six-man-kit of salvaged steel,  
Somehow outside disaster into daylight

In the radar shack the blue bug in its sweep  
Conjures and wheels. Pips leap and are bright  
To the radarman, bogey or angel or bandit—  
Or you and me with three-sixteenth-inch skin  
Against the salt wound. Tell me what stranger  
Dying shows on your scope. Can your  
Identification Friend or Foe tell me  
Who drowns in a good cause, who burns  
Under a high capacity projectile  
With a grateful light?

—How does the convoy bear,  
Radarman?—You watcher at the dials  
At the tubes and gear of invention, find me love  
Leaping as the antenna rakes the sea.

Bridge signal bridge and pilot house are dark  
Under war's thumb. Sectors are assigned  
To the human eye and adequate machines.  
We have taken a land fix before total dark  
And shall not need the stars till dawn. Nighttime  
Is fierce in the white wash, in the wind-picked rigging  
It is a constant fear. Intricate fetish of efficiency  
Quickens the watch to vigil like a saint's.  
Night fear, death fear ride on the sleepless guns  
That kiss the brass case, cocked against alarm.  
Watch so, gentlemen. Till the relief comes:  
They blunder in the topside clutter unused to dark.  
Wait here while night blindness passes, until your eyes  
Can pick a hull's loom where the sea is luminous.  
—Steering course one nine five, searching on either bow  
Of the convoy. I relieve you, sir.—

A midwatch gone. Stand relieved. Grope down heaving ladders  
In the dim red of the blackout lamps. We sleep  
In our clothes now for the unforeseen  
Alarm, urgent terror squealing General Quarters.  
Sleep should be easy here, for the enemy  
Keeps his hate to westward.

You lie on your back and brace against the roll  
As the wind gathers to force three. There will be  
Hurricane weather till we cross the Line.

A morning convoy is a newborn creature.  
As the sun licks over horizontal clouds  
We look and count. New washed they come to life  
Ships stripped of night stretched out to the dawn ocean  
Where hope must follow though we leave home astern.  
Men come alive now. The bosun's mate bitches  
Idly with the signalman. Coffee for the watch.  
We are sun worshipers, bow to the fertile god  
Who promises and promises to each  
His private index of deliverance, and it is day.  
Never remember how this light shall stain  
And darken many times before we rest:  
Accept this convoy, steel and men like us  
Alive at morning waking into trust.

*Impossible return where on this civil morning  
Spring blandishes outside, yellow and green  
Over the forsythia trained on the stone. Collegiate  
Gothic crenelations fake their outlines peaceably.  
It is hard to remember war and sea and fear  
In such academies. Some have never known.  
Answers puzzle the elms. See how we risk  
Our sea-borne hopes in water, our lives in images  
That blur in the mirror of our home-coming.  
Many are dead, their names known in the coral  
Where the painted fish saunter in green silence.  
It is not asked that they be remembered who accepted  
An admirable colloquy with fathom curves,  
But for questions that their dying urges  
Other than slippered answers must be patent.  
Across the quadrangle scholarly deposits  
Lie in a stone defeat we ill afford.  
The dead pay dearly for household effects  
And spring softens the debt. The coast is miles from here.*

On the thirteenth evening—yawing still  
In long swells—a petrel found a perch  
Aft on the depth charge racks. We watched and at last  
Held him hesitantly, knowing how night and wind  
Have their way with the traveler.  
At morning the bird was gone from his uncharted refuge.

Noon pressed hot on the bridge as southern latitudes  
Flattened the seas out and bosun birds  
Came dipping the slenderest wings across the yardarm  
Like welcoming planes. According to our noon  
Position we can expect a landfall early  
Tomorrow. There will be time then for all hands  
To square away, strip the guns clean  
And scrape from decks and superstructure  
Streamers of rust that bleed along the hull.  
We are a weary vessel with a housekeeper's chores  
To do to keep us slick for enmity.  
But we have parceled out the time for writing  
Home and to strangers. Mail has leafed out like a growth  
And we can hope for letters, for such words  
As keep men tied by wishing to beliefs.

So after dawn's first treachery daylight  
Betrays us to an island. Date from the instant  
All faring wider, all that the enemy dares,  
For we are lost now, given quite to war,  
To sea, to what of fortitude we have  
Arming the little perishable heart.  
Green hills that hold this loch where the merry  
Sea turtles flounder, there is no disguise  
To be trusted in your posturing, nothing for us,  
Trouble's disciples, loving, salt-divided men.

## **II: POLYNESIA**



[illegible]

# POLYNESIA

**APPROXIMATE SCALE OF MILES**

19

*Andrew Elba*

## Tahiti—The New Cytherea

By LOUIS ANTOINE DE BOUGAINVILLE, 1729-1811. Born in Paris, De Bougainville was the first of the great French navigators who explored the Pacific. As a young man, although educated for the law, he entered the French Army. In 1756, a captain of dragoons, he was sent to Canada as aide-de-camp to General Montcalm and fought with him against the British at the siege of Quebec. At the close of the Seven Years' War he left the army with the rank of colonel and entered the navy. In 1766, in command of the ships *Boudeuse* and *Etoile*, he was commissioned to sail around the world on a voyage of discovery. Entering the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan, he visited the Tuamotus, Tahiti (where Captain Wallis had preceded him by eight months), Samoa, the New Hebrides, and the Solomon Islands. Returning to France in 1769, with many important geographical discoveries to his credit, he wrote his famous *Voyage Autour du Monde* (1771-72). At this time in France and England there was a widespread interest in Rousseau's doctrine of primitivism, which held that civilization corrupted human nature and that mankind could be noble and happy only in a primitive society. Since De Bougainville gave a detailed and colorful picture of a newly discovered primitive people, the Tahitians, living happily in the "state of nature," his narrative was eagerly read for its illustration of Rousseau's theories operating in practice. This and the fact that De Bougainville wrote with raciness and humor made the book one of the most popular of all Pacific voyages.

THE second of April, at ten in the morning, we perceived to the NNE a high and very steep mountain, seemingly surrounded by the sea. I called it the Boudoir, or the Peak of the Boudcuse. We stood to the northward, in order to make it plain, when we saw another land bearing W by N, the coast of which was not so high but afforded an indeterminate extent to our eyes. We had a very urgent necessity for touching at some place where we might get refreshments and wood, and we flattered ourselves to find them on this land. It was a calm almost the whole day. In the evening a breeze sprung up, and we stood toward the land till two in the morning, when we stood off shore again, for three hours together. The sun rose obscured by clouds and haze; and it was nine o'clock in the morning before we could see the land again, its southernmost point then bearing W by N. We could no longer see the Peak of Boudeuse, but from the masthead. The wind blew N and NNE and we stood as close upon it as we could, in order to fall in to the windward of the island. As we came nearer we saw, beyond its northernmost point, a distant land, still further to the northward, without being able at that time to distinguish whether it joined to the first isle, or whether it formed a second.

During the night, between the third and fourth, we turned to windward, in order to get more to the northward. With joy we saw fires burning on every part of the coast, and from thence concluded that it was inhabited.

The 4th, at daybreak, we discovered that the two lands, which before appeared separate, were united together by a low land, which was bent like a bow, and formed a bay open to the NE. We run with all sails set towards the land, standing to the windward of this bay, when we perceived a piragua coming from the offing, and standing for the land, and making use of her sail and paddles. She passed athwart us, and joined a number of others, which sailed ahead of us,

From *A Voyage Round the World*, translated by John Reinhold Forster (Dublin, printed for J. Exshaw and others, 1772).

from all parts of the island. One of them went before all the rest; it was manned by twelve naked men, who presented us with branches of bananas; and their demonstrations signified that this was their olive branch. We answered them with all the signs of friendship we could imagine; they then came alongside of our ship; and one of them, remarkable for his prodigious growth of hair, which stood like bristles divergent upon his head, offered us, together with his branch of peace, a little pig and a cluster of bananas. We accepted his present, which was fastened to a rope which was thrown over to him; we gave him caps and handkerchiefs; and these first presents were the pledges of our alliance with these people.

The two ships were soon surrounded with more than a hundred piraguas of different sizes, all of which had outriggers. They were laden with coconuts, bananas, and other fruits of the country. The exchange of these fruits, which were delicious to us, was made very honestly for all sorts of trifles; but without any of the islanders venturing to come aboard. We were obliged either to come into their piraguas, or show them at a distance what we offered in exchange; when both parties were agreed, a basket or a net was let down by a rope; they put their goods in it, and so we did ours; giving before they had received, or receiving before they gave indifferently, with a kind of confidence, which made us conceive a good opinion of their character. We further saw no kind of arms in their piraguas, in which there were no women at this first interview. The piraguas kept alongside of the ships, till the approach of night obliged us to stand off shore, when they all retired.

We endeavored, during night, to go to the northward, never standing further than three leagues from the land. All the shore was, till near midnight, covered as the night before, with little fires at a short distance from each other: it seemed as if it was an illumination made on purpose, and we accompanied it with several skyrockets from both our ships.

The 5th we spent in plying, in order to work to the windward of the island, and letting the boats sound for an anchoring place. The aspect of this coast, elevated like an amphitheater, offered us the most enchanting prospect. Notwithstanding the great height of the mountains, none of the rocks has the appearance of barrenness; every part is covered with woods. We hardly believed our eyes when we saw a peak covered with trees up to its solitary summit, which rises above the level of the mountains, in the interior parts of the southernmost



quarter of the island. Its apparent size seemed to be more than of thirty toises in diameter, and grew less in breadth as it rose higher. At a distance it might have been taken for a pyramid of immense height, which the hand of an able sculptor had adorned with garlands and foliage. The less elevated lands are interspersed with meadows and little woods; and all along the coast there runs a piece of low and level land, covered with plantations, touching on one side the sea, and on the other bordering the mountainous parts of the country. Here we saw the houses of the islanders amidst bananas, coconuts, and other trees loaded with fruit.

As we ran along the coast, our eyes were struck with the sight of a beautiful cascade, which came from the tops of the mountains and poured its foaming waters into the sea. A village was situated at the foot of this cascade, and there appeared to be no breakers in this part of the coast. We all wished to be able to anchor within reach of this beautiful spot; we were constantly sounding aboard the ships, and our boats took sounding close under the shore; but we found a bottom of nothing but rocks in this port, and were forced to go in search of another anchorage.

The piraguas returned to the ship at sun rising, and continued to make exchanges all the day. We likewise opened new branches of commerce; for, besides the fruits, which they brought the day before, and other refreshments, such as fowls and pigeons, the islanders brought with them several instruments for fishing; stone chisels, strange kinds of cloth, shells, etc. They wanted iron and earrings in exchange. This bartering trade was carried on very honestly, as the day before: this time some pretty and almost naked women came in the piraguas. One of the islanders went aboard the *Etoile* and stayed there all night, without being in the least uneasy.

This night was likewise spent in plying; and on the 6th in the morning we were got to the most northerly extremity of the island. Another isle came within sight; but seeing several breakers that seemed to obstruct the passage between the two isles, I determined to return in search of anchorage in the first bay, which we saw on the day of our landfall. Our boats which sounded ahead of us toward shore found the north side of the bay everywhere surrounded at a quarter of a league's distance, by a reef which appears at low water. However, about a league from the north point, they discovered a gap in the reef, of the width of twice a cable's length at most, where there was thirty and thirty-five fathoms of water, and within it a pretty extensive

road, where the bottom varied from nine to thirty fathoms. This road was bounded to the south by a reef, which, proceeding from the land, joined that which surrounded the shore. Our boats had constantly found a sandy bottom, and discovered several rivers fit for watering at. Upon the reef, on the north side, there are three little islands.

This account determined me to come to an anchor in the road, and we immediately made sail to enter into it. We ranged the point of the starboard reef in entering; and as soon as we were got within it, we let go our best bower at thirty-four fathoms, bottom of gray sand, shells, and gravel; and we immediately carried out the stream-anchor to the northwest, in order to let go our small bower there. The *Etoile* went to windward, and came to an anchor a cable's length to the northward of us. As soon as we were moored, we struck yards and topmasts.

As we came nearer the shore, the number of islanders surrounding our ships increased. The piraguas were so numerous all about the ships that we had much to do to warp in amidst the crowd of boats and noise. All these people came out crying *tayo*, which means friend, and gave a thousand signs of friendship; they all asked nails and earrings of us. The piraguas were full of females; who, for agreeable features, are not inferior to most European women; and who on the point of beauty of the body might, with much reason, vie with them all. Most of these fair females were naked; for the men and old women that accompanied them had stripped them of the garments which they generally dress themselves in. The glances which they gave us from the piraguas seemed to discover some degree of uneasiness, notwithstanding the innocent manner in which they were given; perhaps because nature has everywhere embellished their sex with a natural timidity; or because even in those countries where the ease of the golden age is still in use, women seem to least desire what they most wish for. The men, who were more plain, or rather more free, soon explained their meaning more clearly. They pressed us to choose a woman and to come on shore with her; and their gestures, which were nothing less than equivocal, denoted in what manner we should form an acquaintance with her. It was very difficult, amidst such a sight, to keep at their work four hundred young French sailors, who had seen no women for six months. In spite of all our precautions, a young girl came on deck and placed herself upon the quarterdeck, near one of the hatchways, which was open in order to give air to those who were heaving at the capstan below it. The girl carelessly dropped a

cloth, which covered her, and appeared to the eyes of all beholders, such as Venus showed herself to the Phrygian shepherd, having, indeed, the celestial form of that goddess. Both sailors and soldiers endeavored to come to the hatchway; and the capstan was never hove with more alacrity than on this occasion.

At last our cares succeeded in keeping these bewitched fellows in order, though it was no less difficult to keep the command of ourselves. One single Frenchman, who was my cook, having found means to escape against my orders, soon returned more dead than alive. He had hardly set his feet on shore, with the fair whom he had chosen, when he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of Indians, who undressed him from head to feet. He thought he was utterly lost, not knowing where the exclamation of these people would end, who were tumultuously examining every part of his body. After having considered him well, they returned him his clothes, put into his pockets whatever they had taken out of them, and brought the girl to him, desiring him to content those desires which had brought him on shore with her. All their persuasive arguments had no effect; they were obliged to bring the poor cook on board, who told me that I might reprimand him as much as I pleased, but that I could never frighten him so much as he had just been frightened on shore. . . .

I have pointed out the obstacles with which we met in coming to an anchor. When we were moored, I went on shore with several officers to survey the watering place. An immense crowd of men and women received us there, and could not be tired with looking at us; the boldest of them came to touch us; they even pushed aside our clothes with their hands, in order to see whether we were made exactly like them; none of them wore any arms, not so much as a stick. They sufficiently expressed their joy at our arrival. The chief of this district conducted and introduced us into his house, in which we found five or six women and a venerable old man. The women saluted us by laying their hands on their breasts and saying several times *tayo*. The old man was the father of our host. He had no other character of old age than that respectable one which is imprinted on a fine figure. His head adorned with white hair, and a long beard; all his body, nervous and fleshy, had neither wrinkles, nor showed any marks of decrepitude. This venerable man seemed to be rather displeased with our arrival; he even retired without answering our civilities, without giving any signs of fear, astonishment, or curiosity; very far from taking part in the raptures all this people was in at our sight, his

thoughtful and suspicious air seemed to show that he feared the arrival of a new race of men would trouble those happy days which he had spent in peace.

We were at liberty to examine the interior parts of the house. It had no furniture, no ornament to distinguish it from the common huts, except its extent. It was eighty feet long and twenty feet wide. In it we observed a cylinder of osier, three or four feet long, set with black feathers, which was suspended from the thatch; and besides it, there were two wooden figures which we took for idols. One, which was their god, stood upright against one of the pillars; the goddess was opposite, leaned against the wall, which she surpassed in height, and was fastened to the reeds, of which their walls are made. These figures, which were ill made and without any proportion, were about three feet high, but stood on a cylindrical pedestal, hollow within and carved right through. This pedestal was made in the shape of a tower, was six or seven feet high, and about a foot in diameter. The whole was made of a black and very hard wood.

The chief then proposed that we should sit down upon the grass in front of his house, where he ordered some fruit, broiled fish, and water to be set in front of us: during the meal he sent for several pieces of cloth, and for two great collars of gorgets of osiers, covered with black feathers and shark's teeth. They are pretty like in form to the immense ruffs worn in the time of Francis the First. One of these he put on the neck of Chevalier D'Oraison, another upon mine, and distributed the cloths. We were just going to return on board when the Chevalier de Suzannet missed a pistol, which had been very dexterously stolen out of his pocket. We informed the chief of it, who was immediately for searching all the people who surrounded us, and even treated some of them very harshly. We stopped his researches, endeavoring only to make him understand that the thief would fall a victim of his own crime and that what he had stolen could kill him.

The chief and all his people accompanied us to our boats. We were almost come to them when we were stopped by an islander of a fine figure who, lying under a tree, invited us to sit down by him on the grass. We accepted his offer: he leaned toward us, and with a tender air he slowly sung a song, without doubt of the Anacreontic kind, to the tune of a flute, which another Indian blew with his nose: this was a charming scene, and worthy the pencil of a Boucher. Four islanders came with great confidence to sup and lie on board. We let them hear the music of our flutes, bass viols, and violins, and we entertained

them with a firework of skyrockets and fire-snakes. This sight caused a mixture of surprise and horror in them.

On the 7th in the morning, the chief, whose name was Ereti, came on board. He brought us a hog, some fowls, and the pistol which had been stolen at his house the day before. This act of justice gave us a good opinion of him. However, we made everything ready in the morning for landing our sick people and our water casks, and leaving a guard for their defense. In the afternoon I went on shore with arms and implements, and we began to make a camp on the banks of a little brook, where we were to fill our water. Ereti saw the men under arms and the preparations for the encampment, without appearing at first surprised or discontented. However, some hours after he came to me, accompanied by his father and the principal people of the district, who had made remonstrances to him on this occasion, and gave me to understand that our stay on shore displeased them, that we might stay there during daytime as long as we pleased, but that we should lie on board our ships at night. I insisted upon establishing the camp, making him comprehend that it was necessary to us in order to get wood and water and to facilitate the exchange between both nations. They then held a second council, the result of which was that Ereti came to ask me whether we intended to stay here forever, or whether we intended to go away again, and how soon that would be. I told him that we should set sail in eighteen days, in sign of which I gave him eighteen little stones. Upon this they held a new conference, at which they desired that I would be present. A grave man, who seemed to have much weight with the members of the council, wanted to reduce the number of days of our encamping to nine; but as I insisted on the number that I had at first required, they at last gave their consent.

From that moment their joy returned; Ereti himself offered us an extensive building like a shed, close to the river, under which there were some piraguas, which he immediately got taken away. Under this shed we raised the tent for those who were ill of the scurvy, being thirty-four in number, twelve from the *Boudeuse* and twenty-two from the *Etoile*, and for some necessary hands. The guard consisted of thirty soldiers, and I likewise landed muskets enough to arm the workmen and the sick. I stayed on shore the first night, which Ereti likewise chose to pass under our tents. He ordered his supper to be brought, and joined it to ours, driving away the crowd that surrounded the camp, and retaining only five or six of his friends. After

supper he desired to see some skyrockets played off, and they frightened him at least as much as they gave him pleasure. Towards the end of night he sent for one of his wives, whom he sent to sleep in Prince Naffau's tent. She was old and ugly.

The next day was spent in completing our camp. The shed was well made and entirely covered over by a kind of mats. We left only one entrance to it, which we provided with a barrier, and placed a guard there. Ereti, his wives, and his friends alone were allowed to come in; the crowd kept on the outside of the shed, and only a single man of our people with a switch in his hand was sufficient to clear the way. Hither the natives from all sides brought fruits, fowls, hogs, fish, and pieces of cloth, which were exchanged for nails, tools, beads, buttons, and numberless other trifles, which were treasures to them. They were, upon the whole, very attentive to learn what would give us pleasure; they saw us gathering antiscorbutic plants and searching for shells: their women and children soon vied with each other in bringing us bundles of the same plants, which they had seen us collecting, and baskets full of shells of all sorts. Their trouble was paid at a small expense.

This same day I desired the chief to show me where I might cut wood. The low country where we were was covered only with fruit trees, and a kind of wood full of gum and of little consistence; the hardwood grows upon the mountains. Ereti pointed out to me the trees which I might cut down, and even showed towards which side I should fell them. The natives assisted us greatly in our works; our workmen cut down the trees and made them into faggots, which the islanders brought to the boats; they likewise gave us their assistance in making our provision of water, filling the caulks and bringing them to the boats. Their labor was paid in nails, of which the number was proportionate to the work they had done. The only constraint which their preference put upon us was that they obliged us to have our eyes upon everything that was brought on shore, and even to look to our pockets; for even in Europe itself one cannot see more expert filchers than the people of this country.

However, it does not appear that stealing is usual among themselves. Nothing is shut up in their houses; every piece of furniture lies on the ground or is hung up, without being under locks or under any person's care. Doubtless their curiosity for new objects excited violent desires in them; and besides that, there are always base-minded people everywhere. During the first two nights we had some things

stolen from us, notwithstanding our guards and patrols, at whom the thieves had even thrown stones. These thieves hid themselves in a marsh full of grass and reeds extending behind our camp. This marsh was partly cleared by my orders, and I commanded the officer upon duty to fire upon any thieves who should come in the future. Ercti himself told me to do it, but took great care to show me several times the spot where his house was situated, earnestly recommending it to me to fire toward the opposite quarter. I likewise sent every evening three of our boats, armed with pedereroes and swivel guns, to lie at anchor before the camp.

All our transactions were carried on in as friendly a manner as possible, if we except thieving. Our people were daily walking on the isle without arms, either quite alone, or in little companies. They were invited to enter the houses, where the people gave them to eat. Nor did the civility of their landlords stop at a slight collation; they offered them young girls. The hut was immediately filled with a curious crowd of men and women, who made a circle around the guest and the young victim of hospitality. The ground was spread with leaves and flowers, and their musicians sung an hymeneal song to the tune of their flutes. Here Venus is the goddess of hospitality, her worship does not permit of any mysteries, and every tribute paid to her is a feast for the whole nation. They were surprised at the confusion which our people appeared to be in, as our customs do not permit of these public proceedings. However, I would not answer for it that every one of our men had found it very hard to conquer their repugnance and conform to the custom of the country.

I have often, in the company of one or two of our people, been out walking in the interior parts of the isles. I thought I was transported into the garden of Eden. We crossed a turf covered with fine fruit trees and intersected with little rivulets, which keep up a pleasant coolness in the air, without any of those inconveniences which humidity occasions. A numerous people there enjoy the blessings which nature flowers liberally down upon them. We found companies of men and women sitting under the shade of their fruit trees: they all greeted us with signs of friendship: those who met us upon the road stood aside to let us pass by; everywhere we found hospitality, ease, innocent joy, and every appearance of happiness amongst them.

■

## The Massacre at Tutuila

By COMPTE DE LA PÉROUSE, 1741-1788. The most distinguished French navigator of the eighteenth century was Jean François de Galaup, Comte de la Pérouse. As a boy of sixteen, his imagination kindled by reading many accounts of voyages and travels, he entered the service of the French Navy as a royal cadet. The rest of his life was spent almost continuously upon the sea. Proving extraordinary ability in the wars against England, he was made a post captain in 1785. In the same year, when Louis XVI was fitting out the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe* to make explorations in the Pacific, La Pérouse was chosen as commander of the expedition. Entering the Pacific by way of Cape Horn, he visited Easter Island and Hawaii, whence he sailed to Alaska and down the coast of America to California. He then crossed the Pacific to Macao, and after exploring the Philippines, Formosa, and Kamchatka, sailed southward to the Samoan Group. At the island of Tutuila, or Mauna as he called it in his narrative, there occurred the massacre described in the selection that follows. With twelve of his men killed and many others wounded, the boats in need of repair and provisioning, La Pérouse sailed to Australia, just at the time the British were founding the colony at Botany Bay. On March 10, 1788, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe* sailed out of the bay, never to be seen again. Although the king of France sent a search expedition, the mystery remained unsolved for nearly forty years. In 1827 Captain Peter Dillon found the remnants of the two ships on the reefs of Vanikoro in the Santa Cruz Group, where La Pérouse and all his men doubtless had drowned or been killed by the natives. From dispatches La Pérouse had sent home to France before his death there was compiled the narrative of his voyage, published at Paris in 1797 and translated into English as *A Voyage Round the World, Performed in the Years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, by the "Boussole" and the "Astrolabe," under the Command of J. F. G. de la Pérouse . . .* (1799).



THE rising of the sun the next morning gave me the promise of a fine day; and of this I resolved to avail myself for the purpose of reconnoitring the country, observing the inhabitants at their own homes, taking in water, and then getting under way, as prudence forbade me to pass another night at this anchorage. Mr. de Langle likewise deemed this anchoring ground too unsafe to remain longer there: thus we agreed to get under way in the afternoon, and employ the morning, which was very fine, partly in trading for hogs and fruits. As soon as day broke, the islanders had come round the two ships in a hundred canoes, laden with different kinds of provision, which they would exchange for nothing but beads. These were diamonds of the highest value to them; while they despised our hatchets, cloths, and other articles of barter. While part of the crew was employed in keeping the Indians in order, and trading with them, the rest were filling the boats with empty casks for fetching water. At five o'clock in the morning Messrs. de Clonard and Colinet set off with two of our boats, manned and armed, for this purpose, and Messrs. de Monti and Bellegarde with two of the *Astrolabe's*, for a bay about a league off, and a little to windward, which rendered it convenient for them to sail back to the ships when laden. I followed Messrs. de Clonard and de Monti very soon in my pinnace, and landed at the same time as they did. Unfortunately, Mr. de Langle thought proper to go in his jolly boat to visit a second cove, about a league from our watering place; and this excursion, from which he returned delighted, and enchanted with the beauty of the village he had visited, was, as will appear, the cause of our misfortune. The cove towards which we steered with our large boats was spacious and convenient. They lay afloat in it at low water within half a pistol shot of the shore. The water was fine and easily obtained: and Messrs. de Clonard and de

From *A Voyage Round the World, Performed in the Years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, by the "Boussole" and "Astrolabe," under the Command of J. F. G. de la Pérouse . . . Translated from the French* (London, G. G. and J. Robinson, 1799).

Monti conducted everything with great order. A line of marines was drawn up between the shore and the Indians, of whom there were about two hundred, including several women and children. We prevailed on them all to sit down under some coco trees, which were not above sixteen yards from our boats. Each had with him fowls, hogs, parrots, pigeons, or fruits; and they were all for selling them at once, which occasioned a little confusion.

The women, some of whom were very pretty, offered, with their fruits and their fowls, their favors to all who had beads to give them. In a very little while they endeavored to pass through the line of marines, who made too feeble a resistance to repulse them. Their manners were gentle, sprightly, and engaging: against such attacks an European who has sailed round the globe, a Frenchman in particular, has no weapons of defence. They found no great difficulty in breaking the line: the men then came up, and the confusion increased: but some Indians, whom we took for chiefs, appeared armed with sticks and reestablished order. Each returned to his place; and the market recommenced, to the great satisfaction of both buyers and sellers. An affair took place in our longboat, however, which was an absolute act of hostility but which I wished to repress without shedding blood. An Indian had gotten upon the stern of our longboat, seized a mallet, and given one of our sailors several blows on the arms and back with it. I ordered four of the strongest seamen to lay hold of him and throw him into the water, which was immediately done. The rest of the islanders appeared to disapprove their countryman's behavior, and the quarrel ended there. Perhaps a little severity would have been proper by way of example to awe these people and render them sensible of the superiority our arms gave us over their personal strength; for their stature, being about five feet ten inches high, their muscular limbs, and Herculean form, gave them such an idea of their superiority as rendered us little formidable in their eyes: but, as I had little time to stay with these islanders, I did not think fit to inflict any more serious punishment on him who had offended us. To give them some idea of our power, however, I contented myself with purchasing three pigeons, which we let fly, and shot before the whole assembly. This appeared to inspire them with some fear; and I confess I expected more from this sentiment than from that of benevolence, of which men scarcely emerged from the savage state are seldom susceptible.

While everything was going on with the utmost tranquillity, and

our casks were filling with water, I thought I might venture about two hundred paces to visit a delightful village, situate in the midst of a wood, or rather orchard, the trees of which were loaded with fruit. The houses were placed in a circle about three hundred yards in diameter, the center of which formed a beautiful green, while the trees with which it was shaded kept it delightfully cool. Women, children, and old men accompanied me, and invited me into their houses. They spread the finest and freshest mats on the floor, which was formed of little pebbles picked out for the purpose, and raised about two feet to secure them from dampness. I entered into the handsomest of the huts, which probably belonged to a chief, and was extremely surprised to see a spacious alcove of latticework, as well executed as those in the neighborhood of Paris. The most skilful architect could not have given a more elegant curve to the extremities of the ellipsis which terminated this hut: and it was surrounded by a row of pillars five feet distant from each other, formed of trunks of trees, very neatly worked, between which were fine mats, laid one over another like the scales of a fish, with great art, and drawing up or letting down with cords, like our Venetian blinds. The rest of the house was covered with the leaves of the coco tree.

This charming country unites the advantages of a soil fruitful without cultivation, and a climate requiring no clothes. The coco, plantain, guava, orange, and breadfruit tree bestow on these fortunate people abundance of wholesome nourishment; and fowls, hogs, and dogs, which live on the surplus of their produce, afford them an agreeable change. They were so wealthy, and had so few wants, that they despised our cloths and instruments of iron, and would accept only beads. Abundantly supplied with articles of real utility, they desired nothing but superfluities.

They had sold at our market upwards of two hundred tamed wood pigeons, which would only eat out of the hand; and they had bartered with us turtledoves, and beautiful parrots, as tame as the pigeons. What imagination would not conceive this delightful place the abode of felicity! These islanders, we were continually saying, must be the happiest people upon earth: surrounded with their wives and children, they pass their days serene and tranquil in the bosom of repose: they have no other care but that of bringing up birds, and, like the first man, of gathering without labor the fruits that hang over their heads. But we were mistaken: this charming abode was not that of innocence. We saw no weapons, it is true: but the bodies of these

Indians, covered with scars, proved that they were often at war or quarrelling with one another; and their features announced a ferociousness not perceptible in the countenances of the women. Nature, no doubt, left this impression on the persons of these Indians as a warning that man scarcely emerged from the savage state, and living in anarchy, is a more malignant being than the wildest beast.

This first visit ended without any dispute capable of producing serious consequences; though I was informed some private quarrels had occurred, but they had been quashed by extreme prudence. Stones had been thrown at Mr. Rollin, our surgeon: an islander, pretending to admire Mr. de Monneron's hanger, attempted to snatch it from him; but, remaining master of the sheath only, he fled away affrighted at the sight of the naked blade. I perceived that these islanders were very turbulent, and in little subordination to their chiefs, but I intended to sail in the afternoon, and congratulated myself at having attached little importance to the trifling vexations we had experienced. About noon I returned on board in the pinnace, and the longboats followed me closely. I found it difficult to get alongside, as both our ships were surrounded with canoes, and the market by no means thinned. When I went ashore I left the ship in charge of Mr. Boutin, giving him directions to adopt whatever regulations he might think proper, either permitting a few islanders to come on board, or absolutely prohibiting it, as circumstances might appear to require. On the quarterdeck I found seven or eight Indians, the oldest of whom was introduced to me as a chief. Mr. Boutin informed me that he could not have prevented their entering the ship unless by firing upon them: that, when they compared their bodily strength with ours, they laughed at our threats and ridiculed our sentries: that, knowing the moderation of my principles, he was unwilling to employ violent means, by which alone they could be restrained. He added that since the chief had come on board the islanders who were there before him had been much quieter and less insolent. I made this chief many presents and showed him tokens of the greatest good will. Wishing afterwards to impress him with a high opinion of our strength, I ordered different trials of the use of our arms to be exhibited before him: but their effect made little impression on him; and he appeared to me to think them fit only for killing birds.

Our boats arrived laden with water, and everything was prepared for getting under way, by favor of a light breeze from the land, which made us hope that we should have time to get a little offing. Mr. de

Langle returned from his excursion at the same time. He informed me that he had landed at a noble harbor for boats, situate at the foot of a delightful village, and near a rill of the most limpid water. As he passed by his own vessel, he had given orders for getting under way, the necessity of which he felt as well as myself; but he was very importunate for us to stand off and on a league from the land, while we got in a few more boatloads of water before we left the island. However strongly I insisted that we had not the least need of it, he could not be induced to give up his point; for he had embraced the system of Cook, and thought fresh water a hundred times preferable to what had been some time in the hold; and as some of his crew had slight symptoms of scurvy, he thought, with justice, that we owed them every means of alleviating them in our power. Beside, no island could be compared to this for abundance of provision: the two ships had already procured upward of five hundred hogs, with a large quantity of fowls, pigeons, and fruits; and all this had cost us only a few beads.

Of the weight of these observations I was perfectly aware, but a secret presentiment prevented me at first from yielding to it. I represented to Mr. de Langle that I found these islanders too turbulent to risk sending boats ashore, when we could not support them by our cannon from the ships; and that our forbearance had served only to increase the boldness of these Indians, who considered only personal strength, in which we were much inferior to them; but nothing could shake his resolution. He replied to me that my refusal would render me responsible for the progress of the scurvy, which began to appear with some violence: that, beside, the harbor of which he spoke was much more convenient than the place where we had watered; and, lastly, he requested that I would allow him to put himself at the head of the first expedition, assuring me that in three hours he would return with all the boats laden with water. Mr. de Langle was a man of such judgment and understanding that this consideration, more than anything else, prevailed on me to consent, or rather made me give up my opinion to his: accordingly I promised him that we would continue standing off and on all night: that the next morning our two longboats and cutters should go ashore, manned and armed as he might think proper; and that the whole should be conducted under his orders.

We soon found that we had not been too much in haste to get under way. When we got up our anchor, we found one of the strands

of the cable cut through by the coral rock, as the whole cable would have been in two hours more. It was now too late, being four o'clock in the afternoon, to think of sending our boats ashore; accordingly we postponed it till morning. At night, as it came to blow hard, and the wind was every moment shifting from one point of the compass to another, I was induced to bear off from the land to the distance of about three leagues; and when day came it fell a dead calm, so that I was unable to get nearer the shore till nine o'clock, when a light breeze sprung up from the northeast, with which I stood in for the island, from which we were not more than a short league at eleven.

Messrs. Boutin and Mouton were now sent with my longboat and barge to the *Astrolabe*, to put themselves under the command of Mr. de Langle. Every person that had any symptoms of scurvy was sent in the boats, with six marines armed having the master-at-arms at their head. In the two boats were eight and twenty men, and about twenty empty casks, intended to be filled with water. Messrs. de Lamanon and Colinet, though ill, were of the number. Mr. de Vaujuas, a convalescent, accompanied Mr. de Langle in his barge. Mr. Gobien, a midshipman, had the command of the *Astrolabe's* longboat; and Messrs. de la Martinière and Lavaux, with Father Receveur, made part of the thirty-three persons who went from that ship. The best of our hands were among the sixty-one persons who went on shore on this occasion. Mr. de Langle armed all his people with muskets and cutlasses, and six swivels were mounted on the longboats. I had left it entirely to himself to provide as he might think necessary for his safety. Our certainty that we had had no dispute with these people for which they could retain any resentment, the vast number of canoes that surrounded us in the offing, and the air of gaiety and confidence that reigned in our market, tended to augment his security; and mine, I confess, could not have been greater; but it was contrary to my principles to send boats ashore that could neither be supported nor even seen from our vessels, without extreme necessity, more particularly among a numerous people.

The boats left the *Astrolabe* at half after twelve, and reached the watering place in less than three quarters of an hour. But what was the surprise of all the officers, as well as of Mr. de Langle himself, to find, instead of a large and commodious bay, a cove filled with coral, into which there was no penetrating but by means of a winding channel not five and twenty feet wide, and where the surf broke as on a bar! When they got in, they had not three feet of water. The long-

boats grounded, and the barges remained afloat only because they were hauled to the entrance of the pass at some distance from the shore. Unfortunately, Mr. de Langle had reconnoitred this bay at high water. He had not imagined that the tide rose five or six feet at these islands; and he thought his eyes deceived him. His first thought was to quit the bay, in order to repair to that where we had already taken in water, and which had every convenience: but the air of gentleness and tranquillity that appeared among the people, who waited for him on the shore with a vast quantity of fruits and hogs, the women and children, whom he observed among the islanders, and who are cautiously kept aloof when they have any hostile intentions, all tended to divert him from his first prudent design, which an inconceivable fatality prevented him from following.

The casks from the four boats were landed with the utmost tranquillity. Excellent order was preserved on the shore by the marines, who formed a line so as to leave a free space for the working party. But this calm was of short duration. Several canoes, after having sold their ladings of provision on board our ships, had returned ashore, and all landed in this bay, so that it was gradually filled. Instead of two hundred persons, including women and children, whom Mr. de Langle found when he arrived at half after one, there were ten or twelve hundred by three o'clock. The number of canoes trading with us in the morning was so great that we scarcely noticed its diminution in the afternoon; and I congratulated myself for retaining them at the ships, hoping that our boats would be the more quiet. In this, however, I was greatly mistaken. The situation of Mr. de Langle became every moment more embarrassing. Seconded by Messrs. de Vaujuas, Boutin, Colinet, and Gobien, he succeeded in embarking his water: but the bay was nearly dry, and he could not hope to get his boats afloat before four o'clock. He stepped into them, however, with his detachment, and posted himself in the bow, with his musket, and his marines, forbidding them to fire till he should give orders.

This, he began to be sensible, he should soon be forced to do: stones flew about, and the Indians, only up to their knees in water, surrounded the boats within less than two yards. The marines, who were in the boats, attempted in vain to keep them off. If the fear of commencing hostilities and being accused of barbarity had not checked Mr. de Langle, he would unquestionably have ordered a general discharge of his swivels and musketry on the Indians, which no doubt would have dispersed the mob: but he flattered himself

that he could check them without shedding blood, and he fell a victim to his humanity. Presently a shower of stones, thrown from a very short distance with as much force as if they had come from a sling, struck almost every person in the longboat. Mr. de Langle had only time to discharge the two barrels of his piece before he was knocked down; and unfortunately he fell over the larboard bow of the boat, where upwards of two hundred Indians instantly massacred him with clubs and stones. When he was dead, they made him fast by the arm to one of the tholes of the longboat, no doubt to secure his spoil. The *Boussole's* longboat, commanded by Mr. Boutin, was aground within four yards of the *Astrolabe's*, and parallel with her, so as to leave a little channel between them, which was unoccupied by the Indians. Through this all the wounded men who were so fortunate as not to fall on the other side of the boats escaped by swimming to the barges, which, happily remaining afloat, were enabled to save forty-nine men out of the sixty-one.

Mr. Boutin had imitated all the movements and followed all the steps of Mr. de Langle. His water, his people, his detachment, had been embarked at the same time and placed in the same manner; and he occupied the same place in the bow of his longboat. Though he dreaded the consequences of Mr. de Langle's moderation, he would not allow himself to fire, or to give orders to his party to do so, till his commanding officer had set him the example. It is obvious that every shot must have killed an Indian at the distance of four or five paces; but they had no time to reload. Mr. Boutin was likewise knocked down by a stone; fortunately, however, he fell between the two boats. In less than five minutes there was not a single man left in either of the longboats. Each of those who saved themselves by swimming to the barges had several wounds, and almost all in the head; while those who had the misfortune to fall on the side next the Indians were instantly dispatched with clubs. But the islanders were so eager for plunder that they hastened to seize on the longboats, three or four hundred getting into them, tearing up the thwarts, and stripping the inside to pieces, to search for our supposed wealth. While thus engaged they gave themselves little concern about our barges, which afforded Messrs. de Vaujuas and Mouton time to save the rest of the crew, and to satisfy themselves that there were no more left in the hands of the Indians, besides those who had been massacred and killed in the water by their patows.

The people on board our barges, who had hitherto continued firing



on the islanders and had killed several, now thought of nothing but throwing their casks overboard, that the boats might be able to hold all the persons that remained. Beside, they had nearly expended their ammunition; and it was not very easy for them to make good their retreat with so many men dangerously wounded, who, stretched on the thwarts, impeded the working of the oars. Forty-nine persons of the two ships' crews were indebted for their safety to the prudence of Mr. Vaujuas, the good order he established, and the punctuality with which it was observed by Mr. Mouton, who commanded the *Boussole's* barge. Mr. Boutin, who had five wounds in the head, and one in the stomach, was saved from sinking by the coxswain of our longboat, who was himself wounded. Mr. Colinet was found lying senseless on the grapnel rope of the barge, with one arm fractured, a finger broken, and two wounds in the head. Mr. Lavaux, surgeon of the *Astrolabe*, was wounded so severely as to require trepanning; yet he had swam to the boats, as well as Mr. de la Martinière, and Father Receveur, who had received a violent contusion in the eye. Messrs. de Lamanon and de Langle were massacred with unexampled barbarity; as were Talin, the master-at-arms of the *Boussole*, and nine other persons of the two crews. The ferocious Indians, after having killed them, sought to satiate their rage on their dead bodies, and continued to beat them with clubs. Mr. Gobien, who commanded the *Astrolabe's* longboat under Mr. de Langle, did not quit her till he found himself alone. After having expended all his ammunition, he leaped into the water in the little channel between the two boats, and escaped to one of them, notwithstanding his wounds. The barge of the *Astrolabe* was so deeply laden that she grounded. This induced the islanders to endeavor to assail the wounded men in their retreat; and they ran in great numbers towards the reefs at the entrance, within ten feet of which the boats must necessarily pass. On this infuriate crowd the little ammunition they had left was exhausted; and at length the boats escaped from this den, more fearful from its treacherous situation and the cruelty of its inhabitants than the lair of a lion or a tiger.

At five o'clock they arrived on board and informed us of this melancholy disaster. We had round us, at this moment, a hundred canoes, in which the natives were bartering provision with a security which evinced their innocence. But they were the brothers, the sons, the countrymen of these barbarous assassins; and I confess I found it necessary to summon up all my reason in order to subdue the rage

that fired me and to prevent our crews from massacring them. The marines had already run to their arms, and the sailors to their guns. I stopped these movements, which, however, were very excusable, and fired a single gun unshot, as a warning to the canoes to be gone. A small boat coming from the land no doubt informed them of what had passed; for in less than an hour there was not a canoe in sight. An Indian who was on our quarterdeck when our barge arrived was seized by my order, and put in irons. The next day, having approached near the shore, I allowed him to leap into the sea: the confidence with which he had remained on board the ship sufficiently proved that he was innocent.

My first intention was to send a fresh party ashore, to revenge our unfortunate companions and recover the remains of our longboats. With this view I approached the land in search of an anchorage; but I everywhere found the same coral bottom, with a swell setting on the shore, and causing a surf on the reefs. Beside, the cove where the massacre was perpetrated ran deep into the land, and it appeared to me scarcely practicable to get within gunshot of it. Mr. Boutin, who was confined in bed by his wounds, but was perfectly sensible, observed to me also that if our boats should ground, which was very likely to happen, not a man would return: for the trees, which came down almost to the sea, would shelter the Indians from our musketry and leave the people we might land exposed to a shower of stones, which, thrown with great force and dexterity, would be almost as effectual as our balls, and have the advantage of succeeding each other more quickly. Mr. de Vaujuas agreed in opinion with Mr. Boutin. I would not be satisfied, however, till I found it actually impossible to anchor within cannon shot of the village; and spent two days in stretching backward and forward before the bay, where I could still see the wreck of our longboats on the sand, and a vast number of Indians around it.

It will appear, no doubt, inconceivable that during this time five or six canoes should come off with hogs, pigeons, and coconuts, and offer to trade with us. I was momentarily obliged to check my rage, not to give orders to sink them. As these Indians knew the reach only of our muskets, they remained about a hundred yards from our ships without fear, and offered us their provision with great security. Our gestures affording them no encouragement to advance, they spent thus a whole hour in the afternoon of the 12th of December. Their offers of barter were soon succeeded by raillery, and I presently saw several

other canoes putting off to join them. As they had no suspicion of the range of our great guns, and everything gave me reason to suppose that I should very shortly be obliged to depart from my principles of moderation, I ordered a cannon to be fired among the canoes. My order was obeyed with the utmost precision; the ball made the water fly over the boats, and they instantly hastened to land, and were joined in their flight by those which had recently quitted the shore.

It was not without difficulty I could tear myself from this fatal place and leave behind the bodies of our murdered companions. I had lost an old friend; a man of great understanding, judgment, and knowledge; and one of the best officers in the French navy. His humanity had occasioned his death. Had he but allowed himself to fire on the first Indians who entered into the water to surround the boats, he would have prevented his own death, as well as that of Mr. de Lamanon, and the ten other victims of Indian ferocity. Twenty persons more were severely wounded; and this event deprived us for the time of thirty-two men, and the only two boats we had large enough to carry a sufficient number of men armed, to attempt a descent. These considerations determined my subsequent conduct. The slightest loss would have compelled me to burn one of my ships, in order to man the other. It is true I had the frame of a longboat on board; but I could not put it together without going into port. If my anger had required only the death of a few Indians, I had had an opportunity of sinking and destroying a hundred canoes, containing upwards of five hundred persons: but I was afraid of being deceived in my victims, and the voice of my conscience saved their lives.

■

## **The Gospel Comes to the Marquesas**

By WILLIAM WILSON. The first missionary ship ever sent to the South Seas was the *Duff*, purchased by the London Missionary Society as the first venture of that famous body. Under the volunteer leadership of Captain James Wilson, who had survived great adventures in America and India, the party, consisting of four ministers and twenty-six men of various trades and crafts, embarked on August 10, 1796. The group arrived at Tahiti the following March. There Captain Wilson left eighteen of the party and went on to visit the Friendly Islands. Leaving ten mission people at Tongatabu, the *Duff* went thence to the Marquesas, where the events described below took place. After returning to Tahiti for a month's stay, the ship went back to England. The voyage aroused great enthusiasm there, and a second expedition set out in 1799; but the *Duff* was captured by a French privateer, and the missionaries returned to England after great hardships. A narrative of the first voyage was published in 1799, written by the captain's nephew, William Wilson, first mate, who kept a journal which, since it was written in a sailorly style and at some length, was abridged and put into shape by the Rev. Thomas Haweis, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society.

.

**J**UNE 5th [1797]. When we had got within four miles of Resolution Bay, we saw two men paddling towards us in a small, wretched canoe, which they kept above water by constant bailing. Not knowing their intention to come on board, nor conceiving them of any use if there, we kept all sail set and passed close by them with great velocity. This they observed, and being more anxious to come aboard than we imagined, one of them leaped into the water, caught a rope we hove to him, and expertly hauled himself hand over hand to the quarter gallery, where we took him in quite naked. At first he looked round the cabin with surprise, but soon recovered himself and ran upon deck. He was tattooed from head to foot, insomuch as nearly to hide his natural color. He talked very fast, and was tolerably understood both by Crook and the Otaheiteans: the earnestness which he expressed was to induce us to tack and pick up his comrade, who he gave us to understand was his father; and that if we did not take him in, it would be impossible for him to reach the island in so wretched a canoe, as the wind blew strong. However, to ease him of his fears, we took the father on board and the canoe in tow, but she soon went to pieces and drifted away, which seemed to give them little concern. The wind, as we drew near the land, became variable and squally; and as we were stretching towards St. Dominica, to avail ourselves of a favourable flaw, the captain gave orders to tack towards the bay. This both the natives opposed, and made signs that by keeping on the same tack until we run farther we should then fetch the bay when we tacked. Their advice was taken, and answering accordingly, was a proof of no small degree of nautical skill in them.

We found it very difficult to work up the bay by reason of the heavy gusts of wind from the mountains. However, by seven o'clock we were close up, and let go our small bower anchor in fifteen fathoms water; we veered out eighty fathom of cable as fast as we could, but before

*From A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Ocean, Performed in the Years 1796, 1797, 1798, in the Ship "Duff," Commanded by Captain James Wilson . . . (London, S. Gosnell for T. Chapman, 1799).*

it held we had dragged it into thirty-five fathoms. Though it was now dark two females swam off, in hopes, no doubt, of a favorable reception; but finding they could not be admitted, they kept swimming about the ship for near half an hour, calling out in a pitiful tone, *Wahēine! Wahēine!* that is, Woman! or, We are women! They then returned to the shore in the same manner as they came. Our two pilots also followed them, but not till they had used all their arguments for the captain to allow them to sleep in the ship; and, but for the sake of precedent, their request would have been granted as a reward for the implicit confidence they placed in us.

6th. This morning we began unbending most of our sails, and stripping the foremast, that the rigging might have a thorough overhaul. One of the shrouds we knew to be broken in the way of the masthead, and now found another gone on the same side; so that had we not providentially been on the larboard tack when we experienced the severest gales, we must certainly have lost the foremast, which we could not replace in any of these parts.

Our first visitors from the shore came early. They were seven beautiful young women, swimming quite naked, except a few green leaves tied round their middle. They kept playing round the ship for three hours, calling *Wahēine!* until several of the native men had got on board; one of whom, being the chief of the island, requested that his sister might be taken on board, which was complied with. She was of a fair complexion, inclining to a healthy yellow, with a tint of red in her cheek, was rather stout, but possessing such symmetry of features, as did all her companions, that as models for the statuary and painter their equals can seldom be found. Our Otaheitean girl, who was tolerably fair and had a comely person, was notwithstanding greatly eclipsed by these women, and, I believe, felt her inferiority in no small degree. However, she was superior in the amiableness of her manners, and possessed more of the softness and tender feeling of the sex. She was ashamed to see a woman upon the deck quite naked, and supplied her with a complete dress of new Otaheitean cloth, which set her off to great advantage, and encouraged those in the water, whose numbers were now greatly increased, to importune for admission. And out of pity to them, as we saw they would not return, we took them on board; but they were in a measure disappointed, for they could not all succeed so well as the first in getting clothed. Nor did our mischievous goats even suffer them to keep their green leaves, but as they turned to avoid them they were at-

tacked on each side alternately, and completely stripped naked.

The chief above noticed is named Tēnae, eldest son of Hōnoo, the reigning prince in Captain Cook's time. He came in a tolerably good canoe, and introduced himself by presenting the captain with a smooth staff about eight feet long, to the head of which a few locks of human hair were neatly plaited; and besides this, he gave a few head and breast ornaments. Observing a musket on the quarterdeck, he took it with care to the captain, and begged him "to put it to sleep." He received an axe, a looking glass, and neck chain to hang it to, also a pair of scissors; the latter, an article much prized at the Friendly and Society Isles, he was either indifferent about or totally ignorant of their use. Two of his brothers, who were present, expressed not the least desire for anything; they all seemed to have a thoughtful cast in their countenance, such as men acquire who are struggling for subsistence and can hardly get it, though they would frequently break out into mad fits of laughter and talk as fast as their tongues could go, and this the women did as well as the men. It appeared that this was a very scarce time with them, for they kept complaining they were hungry and begging for victuals all the while they were on board. To some we gave a little, but they were too numerous for us to supply all. As for the women, they are in that state of subjection that, if they got anything and could not conceal it, the men took it from them. Towards evening those who had no canoes, and who were by far the greatest number, leaped a'll together into the water and swam on shore.

Our intention of settling two men among them being made known to the chief, he seemed highly delighted with the proposal, and said that he would give them a house and a share in all that himself had. After this he went on shore; I followed with Mr. Harris, Mr. Crook, Peter, and Otaheitean Tom. Tēnae received us upon the beach, and conducting us a little way desired we would stop, as we thought, to gratify the natives; for they formed a ring around us, those nearest the center sitting to let those behind look over their heads. Tēnae's sister not following the example of the rest, he reproved her, which brought tears from her eyes. This show continued about a quarter of an hour. Afterwards we proceeded up the valley, accompanied by the chief, his brother, and many of the young natives. The road was very indifferent, by reason of tree roots that cross it and large stones which lie in the way; and being all uphill, we were pretty well tired by the time we reached the chief's house, though we rested thrice, at

which times they brought excellent water in coconut shells from a rivulet that runs down the valley. The breadfruit and coconut trees, with a variety of other sorts, afforded a comfortable shade from the heat of the sun. Tēnae conducted us to one of his best houses, intimating that it was for the use of the brethren, and that they might occupy it as soon as they pleased. To convey an idea of what this and all their best-built houses are like, it is only necessary to imagine one of our own of one story high with a high-peaked roof; cut it lengthwise exactly down the middle, you would then have two of their houses, only built of different materials. That we now occupied was twenty-five feet long and six wide, ten feet high in the back part, and but four in front. At the corners four stout stakes are driven into the earth, on which are laid horizontal picces, and from these last to the ground are bamboos neatly ranged in perpendicular order about half an inch distant from each other; and without them long blinds made with leaves are hung, which make the inside very close and warm. The door is about the middle on the low side. They do not use the leaves of the *wharra* tree here for roofing, as at Otaheite, but common broad leaves, which they lay so thick as to keep the water out; but the greater part of their houses are miserable hovels.

The inside furniture consisted of a large floor mat from end to end, several large calabashes, some fishing tackle, and a few spears; at one end the chief kept his ornaments, which he showed to us. Amongst other things, he took out of two bamboo cases two bunches of feathers of the tail of the tropic bird, not less than a hundred in each bunch, forming a beautiful and elegant ornament: upon these he seemed to place a great value.

They made no offer of anything to eat, except a few coconuts; nor did I see that they had any other thing in use but these and the sour *mahie*. Hogs and fowls were walking about, but in no great plenty. Indeed this appeared to be their scarce season; for when we first landed one fellow ran to me and stuffed a piece of *mahie* into my mouth, thinking, no doubt, that at this season of scarcity he was doing me a great kindness. However, in other respects, Tēnae treated us very well, and the people were evidently glad to see us among them.

On our return to the ship, the captain met the two brethren in the cabin, to know their sentiments of this place and whether they were still in the same mind to settle upon it. Mr. Crook observed that he was encouraged by the reception they had met with; thought the chief had behaved exceedingly well, and approved of the house as



signed them, the place, and the people; and concluded by saying that though there was not the same plenty here as at the other islands, he had no objections to stay, as he never before nor since his engagement had comforts in view; therefore the present state of the island was not so great a disappointment to him. However, appearances gave him reason to think that they had their plentiful seasons here as well as at the other islands. Mr. Harris delivered his sentiments with hesitation, as if fear had taken possession of his mind. His opinions were quite contrary to Crook's; he disapproved of everything, and judged the scene before him a solemn one; and, in short, seemed entirely to have lost his firmness and ardor. However, as the kind reception by the chief and his people had obviated every direct objection to them, it was agreed to go on shore the next day, take their beds with them, and make a trial; after which, if they thought it unsafe to stay, and assigned their reasons, they might then return on board, as no compulsion was intended.

7th. It is remarked that honesty is no virtue of a South Sea islander, especially when our articles lie exposed to tempt him. The natives here had not hitherto appeared solicitous to barter with us; but some of them last night had found means to lift the glass cover off one of our best compasses, stole away the card and needle, and fitted the cover on as before. We spoke to the chief and several others about it, but found all our endeavors to recover it by mild means ineffectual; and, rather than use any other, the affair was dropped. However, they seemed to be conscious of having done something amiss by their not coming to the ship till long after breakfast, when our decks were again crowded with both sexes in the same naked state as on the preceding day.

In the afternoon Mr. Crook landed with his bed and a few clothes. I accompanied him, to see how he was received. Mr. Harris declined going, wishing to stay on board and pack up their things in small parcels for the convenience of carrying them up the valley. The chief's brother departed from the ship with us, and Tēnae himself received us at the beach, and treated us with respect and kindness, as on the day before. We proceeded up the valley, followed by a vast concourse of people, some of whom carried the baggage, and deposited it in the house assigned for the brethren; but a short time after it was removed, and ourselves conducted to another house of larger dimensions, about a hundred yards distant from the first. This house stood on a square platform raised with stones, having a wall about six feet high on the

lowest side (for they are all built on a declivity); in the inside was a kind of escutcheon in memory of Hōnoo, the chief's father; it was very curiously wrought with small reeds, laid upright, oblique, and horizontal, and about eight feet in height, forming a side of a pyramid. There was a drum at each end, made like those the Otaheiteans use, but much longer. Nearly adjoining, and upon the same platform, was another house, built on a small eminence, leaving a space in front where were placed two rude figures of men carved in wood, nearly the size of life; behind these, against the side of the house, were three other escutcheons, wrought in the same manner as the one above mentioned; that in the middle, which was the highest, had the figure of a bird upon the top, and the reeds which composed the whole being stained of various colors, produced a beautiful and solemn effect. The house had no door or opening of any kind; but as my curiosity was a good deal excited, I opened a hole in the side of it to see what it contained, and beheld a coffin fixed upon two stakes about a yard from the ground. Just at this time Tēnae came up, and seeing he was not angry, I again opened the hole and pointed to the coffin. He instantly cried *Hōnoo!* and repeated it several times, by which I knew it was his father, and thought him pleased to see me notice the honors he had paid to his memory. The coffin was cylindrical, and bound about with various colored plaiting made of the fibers of the coconut. This sepulcher, Crook's house, the trees, and everything within the platform was taboo or sacred, and must not be approached by women.

I left Otaheitean Tom to bear Crook company the first night, and then returned on board. In walking down the valley, I observed that it was stocked with breadfruit trees, but none of them were ripe; coconuts were not so plentiful; there were plantains, the ahee-nut, and some other fruits. These are chiefly enclosed by square fences of stones about six feet high, within which the owner's house stands; but some of the orchards are so overrun with weeds that they mark more the division of property than industry or labor.

When the boat came for me, they brought as many of the natives as she could contain, they availing themselves of that opportunity to save the trouble of swimming. The chief's brother was with me, and wished much to go on board; but I refused to take him, as it was near dark. This hurt him so much that he shed tears as he walked away.

8th. The weather still pleasant, but, as before, heavy gusts of wind and rain from the mountains.

The natives crowded on board today, insomuch that with difficulty we carried on our work at the rigging. The females were more numerous, and all in the same naked state as before, which induced our people to bestow upon each a piece of Otaheitean cloth. It is proper to observe that these women dress decently on shore; but when they have to swim, as their cloth will not stand the water, they leave it behind and cover their nakedness with a few leaves only.

In the forenoon the captain received a letter from Crook, wherein he expresses his perfect satisfaction with his new lodgings. As night drew on, he says, he was left to his repose; and after commending himself to the care of the Almighty, he went to rest, laying his clothes upon the ground near his hammock. But to his surprise, when he awoke in the morning, there were none of them to be seen, and he began to think he should have a bad report to give after the first night's trial: but before he had time to launch out into unjust surmises, the chief came with every article carefully wrapt up in a bundle. Soon after the letter, Tēnae, Crook, and the chief's brother came on board. They were shown into the cabin, and every endeavoring made to treat them kindly. The captain made Tēnae a present of an ornamented crown, which delighted him greatly; he also gave him a piece of cloth, a hammer, and some gimlets; but what most took his fancy was a large conch shell; for these they barter eagerly, pigs or any other thing; one of them gave our cook a broad axe for a conch. But it may with truth be said that they are in such a state of nature and ignorance, or rather stupidity, that notwithstanding many iron tools, etc., have been left among them, they have never yet thought of employing their powers to learn their use. Therefore they set but little value upon what we have, except they can steal it, which always enhances the worth of the article. Nails and tools they think nothing of. Cats and goats they fought after with some solicitude, and got some of the former; but of the latter we had only females on board. The conch shells they use when they go a-visiting from one valley to another; and as they gain the summit of the hills, they blow them with all their might, and take great delight and pride in listening to the long reverberating echoes.

Tēnae was now more familiar than at his first visit, and surveyed the cabin with a degree of attention, but not with the penetration and discernment of the Friendly Islanders. Happening to touch the wire of the cabin bell, he was struck with astonishment and savage wonder; he rang the bell again and again, and puzzled himself a quarter of an

hour to find whence the sound proceeded. Tēnae has a thoughtful cast of countenance, and looks much like the chief and father of a village, and to see him thus employed raised our pity, to behold a man on whom nature, perhaps, had bestowed talents capable of exploring her mysteries, thus confounded with a rattle; but, alas! in these regions, remote from all the paths of science, the talents and virtues of insulated genius lie hid in darkness, and, like the beauties of the rough marble, want the skill of the polisher to bring them forth.

It was not a little affecting also to see our own seamen repairing the rigging, attended by a group of the most beautiful females, who were employed to pass the ball, or carry the tar bucket, etc.; and this they did with the greatest assiduity, often besmearing themselves with the tar in the execution of their office. No ship's company, without great restraints from God's grace, could ever have resisted such temptations; and some would have probably offended, if they had not been overawed by the jealousy of the officers and by the good conduct of their messmates.

In the afternoon Mr. Godsell landed a chest and several parcels for the missionaries, which were taken safe up to the house. Tom and the boy Hāraway stayed on shore this night for the purpose of rendering Crook what service they could; and in the evening our visitors left us in good time, as usual.

On the 9th the pinnace was sent on shore again with more things. Crook still resolving to stay, attached himself to the place, took to eating the sour *mahie*, and contented himself with the food the island afforded, which is not of a very delicate kind; for the *mahie* being made in small quantities here, and cleanliness little observed in the operation, it is not so good as at Otaheite: but he says that they always serve him first of the best they have; and as he hopes to get pork once or twice a week, and fresh fish as oft as he pleases, he thinks he may live contented without casting an eye to the luxuries of Otaheite. Tēnae had adopted him as his son, an act they ever after hold as sacred, esteeming him in the same light as his other children. This they explained to Crook, who, from the pains previously taken to learn the language, understood almost all they said. The chief being informed that Mr. Harris intended to stay, desired Crook to invite him on shore; but he could not be persuaded, which was certainly doing wrong, as he should have embraced every opportunity of learning the real state of the island, and thence judge of the practicability

of settling upon it, before the day came when he must either go on shore or leave Crook alone, without being able to assign such clear reasons as landing in time might enable him to do.

10th. About two o'clock in the morning the moon was totally eclipsed; but the roughness of the weather prevented our observing it with sufficient accuracy to be of any use. The wind at this time came in very heavy gusts from the mountains, and just as the eclipse ended our cable broke; the best bower was immediately let go, and brought the ship up in forty fathoms water at the entrance of the bay.

11th, Sunday. The natives crowded off as usual; but on being told that the ship was taboo for that day, they all swam back to the shore.

12th. The chief and his brothers came on board with Otaheitean Tom, who informed us that the boy Hāraway had left them and gone to the other side of the island; and as he had said nothing concerning his intention, they thought he meant to remain, for which Tom blamed him very much: but the captain, to try Tom's own regard for his country, which he had constantly praised to the skies since we came here, ordered him to put his things into the canoe and go on shore also, assigning as the reason his being privy to Hāraway's elopement. The poor fellow declared his innocence, and with tears in his eyes collected his trifles and put them into the canoe; and before he went over the side shook hands with all the crew, then put off with a heart ready to break with sobbing and crying. When he was gone a little way, the captain called him back again, but it was some time before he became reconciled and cheerful. On the other hand, several of the Marquesans were continually plaguing the captain to take them to Otaheite.

13th. While we were at dinner one of the natives stole a pump bolt, and was making off with his prize when Mr. Godsell detected him and with the help of the gunner prevented his escape. The rest all jumped overboard and made for the shore. The thief we lashed up by way of punishment, and showing him a loaded musket, he fully expected to be shot. A man of some consequence, who had come in the same canoe, brought the chief's second brother, with two pigs and a plantain leaf, to intercede for the offender, who was his father; these we refused to accept. It was affecting to see the son kiss and embrace his father, and take their last farewell. However, not to prolong the anguish, we took up and discharged the musket, and then liberated the culprit. He could not at first believe that he was

not shot; but when set free, and presented to his son, both of them appeared so overwhelmed with joy that they could hardly trust their own eyes: dumb gratitude and consternation had deprived them of the power of speech. We added a solemn warning to them in future against such practices, and sent them ashore with the pigs, which we refused to accept, that they might see we had no advantage in our view.

14th. This morning the wind blew with such violence that we parted from our best bower, and as the ship was still unrigged we were under the necessity of either letting go another anchor or drifting to sea; accordingly a spare anchor which we had in readiness was let go in fifty fathoms water, and one hundred and forty fathom of cable veered out before the ship brought up. We were now about a mile and a half without the entrance of the bay; and the wind continuing to blow as hard as ever, we became apprehensive that the ship might be drove off the island, therefore manned the pinnace, and set Mr. Harris on shore with all his things. The afternoon we employed in putting the rigging in some order and bending the sails, as the captain intended to work into the bay the next day if the weather permitted. The latter part of this day we had very heavy rain; but notwithstanding the roughness of the weather and the great distance we lay from the head of the bay, several of the natives swam off to the ship. But as we were so very busy, they were not admitted on board, only to rest in the boats alongside, and then return. Some took no rest at all, but seeing by the others that the ship was tabooed, they swam back of their own accord; a great exertion, especially to the females, as the distance both ways could not be less than five miles.

15th. Early this morning we hove up the anchor, and worked close in to the head of the bay, having as much wind as our double-reefed topsails would carry, which makes the working in dangerous, as the wind is so variable that sometimes when the ship was close to the rocks she would hardly come about. We anchored at noon in our former station, or rather nearer the shore, but were drove without it again. All the afternoon we were at work sweeping for our small bower, and just as it grew dark we swept the buoy rope, and made a nun buoy fast till the next day. We also unbent the sails, that the job at the rigging might be completed.

On the 16th we hoisted the longboat out and got the anchor on board, but postponed our search for the other till the rigging was put in proper order. On Sunday the 18th we again tabooed the ship; in-

deed this was the only successful mode we had of keeping the natives away. On Monday we hauled the seine at the head of the bay and caught about six dozen small fish.

20th. Mr. Harris and Crook came on board and held a meeting with the captain respecting their stay. Mr. Harris complained of the poverty of the place, said he could not eat the *mahie*, etc.; Crook declared his determination to stay, even though Mr. Harris should leave him. The result was that they both went on shore to make further trial before our departure. Several of the natives on board as usual.

On the 22d a native stole the cook's axe, and setting off with his canoe was near the shore before it was known. When he saw the pinnace chasing him, he paddled to the rocks, hauled his canoe up, ran into the bushes, and so got clear off. They had now become so active in stealing that the sailors had scarce a knife left among them. To remedy this, as soon as they came in the morning, each man chose a young lad as his storekeeper, who followed his master closely all the day with his knife, marlinspike, etc. hung to his neck; and this saved them, for they always proved very faithful.

23d. The boats were sent to sweep for the best bower anchor, and caught hold of it; but trying to heave it up, the rope broke; and night approaching, it was left till next day. This evening we observed the bay to be unusually agitated, for which we could assign no cause, as the wind was easterly, with moderate weather.

On the 24th, the fisherman whom we hauled in at the quarter gallery at our first coming swam off at break of day and informed us that Mr. Harris had been on the beach all the night with his chest, and had been robbed of most of his things. This affair at first gained little credit; for we could not suppose him so imprudent as to bring his property down without sending notice, that a boat might be ready to receive them. But, on dispatching the jolly boat to know the truth, we found it to be really the case. He had come down in the dusk of the evening; and as none from the ship were on shore, the boats being employed at the anchor and the ship lying too far from the beach for him to hail, he spent an uncomfortable night sitting upon his chest. About four in the morning the natives, in order to steal his clothes, drove him off the chest; and, for fear they should hurt his person, he fled to the adjacent hills. Mr. Falconer, who went to bring him off, found him in a most pitiable plight, and like one out of his senses. The surf was so high that they could not land, and were therefore obliged to haul the chest and its owner off by means of a rope.

The reasons he gave for leaving his partner so abruptly, besides those already mentioned, were such as he might naturally have expected: Tēnae, it seems, wanted to treat them with an excursion to another valley, to which Crook readily agreed, but Mr. Harris would not consent. The chief seeing this, and desirous of obliging him, not considering any favor too great, left him his wife, to be treated as if she were his own till the chief came back again. Mr. Harris told him that he did not want the woman. However, she looked up to him as her husband, and finding herself treated with total neglect, became doubtful of his sex; and acquainted some of the other females with her suspicion, who accordingly came in the night, when he slept, and satisfied themselves concerning that point, but not in such a peaceable way but that they awoke him. Discovering so many strangers, he was greatly terrified; and, perceiving what they had been doing, was determined to leave a place where the people were so abandoned and given up to wickedness: a cause which should have excited a contrary resolution.

Today we put a new towline in the boat, and swept the best boweer anchor with it; hove it up with the longboat, and got it once more safe to the bows; the rigging was also completed, and we began to think of taking our departure. This was intimated to Crook, who still remained steadfast in his resolution to stay in the island, desiring only such implements of husbandry and other things as might facilitate and extend his usefulness among the people; observing that his happiness would have been greatly increased had his devoted situation been with a friendly and agreeable assistant, whose conversation and sympathy might have comforted him in the time of trouble. But since the Lord had ordered things otherwise, he thought that it better suited with his character and profession to resign himself to God's fatherly care, and rest in His promises, than to quit a station where a door of usefulness was so evidently opened: and should his blessed Savior make him the honored instrument of preparing the way for some of His more able servants, he should at last have the happiness to reflect that his life was not spent in vain.

Crook is a young man of twenty-two, remarkably serious and steady, always employed in the improvement of his mind, and applied with great diligence to the attainment of the language. He also possesses a very good genius, and I have no doubt will contrive many things to benefit the poor creatures he lives with; and as the valley is capable of great improvement, I should not be surprised to hear of this and



the islands adjacent becoming very plentiful places by his means. He has various kinds of garden seeds, implements, medicines, etc., an encyclopedia, and other useful books.

26th. Today the captain went on shore for the first time, and took with him Mr. Falconer. Their intention was to ascend to the summit of the hills and view the neighboring isles. They landed, and were followed by a crowd of the natives, who were exceedingly glad to behold the captain in their village. After taking a little refreshment with Tēnae at his house, the chief's second brother accompanied them up the mountains, which are so steep that in many places they were obliged to haul themselves up by the branches of trees that grow upon them. The captain did not reach the top, but Mr. Falconer did: whence he had a view of Trevenen's Island to the west, Riou's and Dominica to the north, to the east St. Pedro, and Magdalena to the south. The ridge at the summit of the mountain is quite narrow, and everywhere covered with trees. The chief pressed him much to fire his musket against Trevenen's Island, and was highly pleased with his compliance. On their return, Tēnae entertained them with a roasted hog, but not being very fat, some of the bystanders observed that it was not good; which affected the chief so much that he walked aside in a pet, and was not reconciled till the captain said it was good; and refused to eat, except the captain came and sat beside him, which he accordingly did. In the evening they returned on board, followed by Crook and the chief, who came to take leave. Accordingly, after several articles were put in the canoe, we bade him an affectionate farewell, and parted. His manly behavior at this season did him great credit; the tears glistened in his eyes, but none fell; nor did he betray the least sign of fear to enter upon his work alone.

27th. At four in the morning we weighed, and stood out of the bay with a light air easterly. At seven, hove to for a canoe which was paddling hard after us. In her was the chief's brother and our old fisherman, who had wept heartily the evening before on parting with us, and partly because the captain would not take him to Otaheite. At present they brought a note from Crook, with a letter for his sister, and requesting some soap which had been forgot. Accordingly, the quantity before packed up for him was put in the canoe, and a present of an axe given to each of the messengers, who preferring to go to Otaheite, left us very reluctantly.

■

## **Will Mariner at the Tongan Islands**

*By JOHN MARTIN, 1789–1869. A physician practicing his profession in London, Dr. John Martin received some recognition for his scientific researches, but today his reputation rests on his being the author of one remarkable book: An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands . . . Compiled and Arranged from the Extensive Communications of Mr. William Mariner (1817). Dr. Martin became acquainted with an intelligent, somewhat taciturn young man named Will Mariner, who told an amazing story that most people had found incredible. As a boy of thirteen Mariner had gone to sea as captain's clerk on the Port-au-Prince, a combination of privateer and whaler, bound for the Pacific Ocean. In need of repairs after two years of cruising, the vessel put into a bay at Lifuka, one of the Tongan Islands. Here the natives cut off the ship and killed the officers and many of the crew, but spared young Mariner. He was taken into the household of Finau, the powerful native king, and later was adopted by him and made a chief. After four adventurous years, he escaped from the islands on a passing ship and eventually made his way home to England. Dr. Martin met him a few years later and, from notes and conversations, composed the account of Mariner's extraordinary experiences. Absorbing as a narrative of adventure and authentic as an exposition of Polynesian customs, it bears comparison with Melville's better-known Typee.*

ON SATURDAY the 29th of November, 1806, at 4 p. m., the *Port-au-Prince* brought to, for the last time, in seven fathoms water at the NW point of one of the Hapai Islands, called Lefooga, in the same place where Captain Cook had formerly anchored; and in the evening, a number of Indian chiefs came on board with a large barbecued hog, and a quantity of ready dressed yams, as a present to the ship's company. With them came a native of Owhyee, who spoke a little English, which he had formerly learned on board an American ship that had taken him from the Sandwich Islands to Manila, and thence had brought him to the Tonga Islands. This man, whose name was Tooi Tooi, and of whom we shall hereafter have occasion to speak, endeavored in every possible way to convince the ship's company that the natives were friendly disposed towards them; but the Sandwich Islanders, whom the *Port-au-Prince* had brought along with her from Anahooroo Bay, declared their opinion that the Indians had hostile intentions, and advised Mr. Brown to keep a watchful eye over them. Mr. Brown, however, disregarded this sage admonition, otherwise the *Port-au-Prince* might again have reached England in safety, and he might have preserved his own life and the lives of many others.

Next morning, the men were ordered to careen the vessel, at which they all demurred, and some absolutely refused, being desirous of going on shore, as they had been accustomed to do on Sundays at whatever place they had touched during the voyage; and to this they were further encouraged by the pernicious invitations of the natives. Irritated by these symptoms of discontent, the fault of which was in no small degree his own, Mr. Brown seemed to have less use of his judgment at a time when he required it most. The men came aft to request permission to go on shore, which he peremptorily refused, telling them that they might go to h—l if they pleased, but that they

From *An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands . . . Compiled and Arranged from the Extensive Communications of Mr. William Mariner*, third edition (Edinburgh, Constable & Co., 1827).

should not go on shore till the work was done on board, and ordered them immediately to quit the quarterdeck. Shortly after, James Kelly jumped up on the gangway with a Spanish stiletto in his hand, and swore by G—— he would run the first —— through the body who attempted to stop him. He then hailed a canoe, and his example was instantly followed by three others, George Wood, the carpenter's mate, William Baker, and James Hoay, taking with them all their clothes; and not long after, fifteen others took the same step.

In the afternoon the remainder of the crew came aft, with a complaint that a considerable number of the natives had assembled between decks, armed with clubs and spears, whose behavior gave ample grounds to suspect that they intended to take the vessel. This was indeed their object, having already digested their plan, which Mr Mariner afterwards learned from a young chief named Vaca-ta-Bola; and it will be well to relate it here in its proper place, although they did not at this time succeed.

During this period, Vaca-ta-Bola and another chief were sitting in the cabin with Mr. Brown, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Mariner. While there, a canoe was to come under the stern, and Vaca-ta-Bola was to rise up suddenly and call out with seeming earnestness to the people in the canoe; on which it may be supposed that Mr. Brown and Mr. Dixon would naturally turn their heads out of curiosity to see what was going forward in the canoe; and at this moment the two chiefs were to knock them down with short ironwood clubs, concealed under their dress. Before the canoe arrived, however, Mr. Mariner happening to go into the steerage met the men coming, as before stated, to inform Mr. Brown of the threatening appearance of the natives. Mr. Brown seemed at first not inclined to pay attention even to this new warning of danger; but when Mr. Mariner assured him that what the men stated was correct, and that at all events it would be but common prudence to inquire into it and satisfy their apprehensions, he went upon deck, leading Vaca-ta-Bola by the hand. Mr. Dixon and the other chief followed. During this time, Mr. Mariner could not help observing that the two chiefs turned pale, evidently much agitated; which he attributed to fear occasioned by the bustle which appeared, without their understanding the cause, but imagining their plot discovered and their fate inevitable. When they arrived upon deck and were given to understand that Mr. Brown did not like to have so many men on board armed with clubs and spears, they pretended to interest themselves very much in throwing their arms over-

board and in ordering the natives out of the ship. With a view of wearing also a pacific appearance, Mr. Brown, on his part, ordered the tomahawks, boarding pikes, and other arms to be removed below.

In the evening, after the natives had gone on shore, the carpenter and sailmaker represented to Mr. Brown the propriety of having the muskets up and placing sentinels on deck to keep the natives off, as their number prevented them from working; but, unfortunately, too self-willed and obstinate, he treated every wholesome admonition with indifference, and no such measures were taken.

The following fatal morning, Monday, the 1st December, 1806, at eight o'clock, the natives began to assemble on board, and soon increased to three hundred in different parts of the ship. About nine o'clock, Tooi Tooi, the Sandwich Islander before mentioned, came on board and invited Mr. Brown to go on shore and view the country; who immediately complied, and went unarmed.

About half an hour after he had left the ship, Mr. Mariner, who was in the steerage, went to the hatch for the sake of the light to mend a pen, when looking up he saw Mr. Dixon standing on a gun, endeavoring by his signs to prevent more of the natives coming on board. At this moment he heard a loud shout from the Indians, and saw one of them knock Mr. Dixon down with his club. Too surely convinced what now was the matter, he ran towards the gun room, when an Indian caught hold of him by the hand, but, escaping from his grasp, ran down the scuttle, where he found the cooper.

Considering the magazine the safest place, they ran immediately there; and having consulted what was best to be done, they came to the resolution of blowing up the vessel, and, like Samson of old, to sacrifice themselves and their enemies together. Bent upon this desperate enterprise, Mr. Mariner repaired to the gun room to procure flint and steel, but was not able to get at the muskets without making too much noise, for the arm chest lay beneath the boarding pikes, which had carelessly been thrown down the scuttle the preceding evening; and the noise occasioned by clearing them away, as the uproar above began to cease, would undoubtedly have attracted the notice of the Indians.

He therefore returned to the magazine, where he found the cooper in great distress from the apprehension of his impending fate. Mr. Mariner next proposed that they should go at once upon deck and meet their fate, while their enemies were hot with slaughter, rather than by greater delay subject themselves to the cruelties of cooler

barbarity; and, after some hesitation, the cooper consented to follow if Mr. Mariner would lead the way.

The latter thereupon went to the gun room, and lifting up the hatch a little, saw Tooi Tooi and Vaca-ta-Bola examining Captain Duck's sword and other arms that were in his bed-place. Their backs being turned, he lifted off the hatch entirely and jumped up into the cabin. Tooi Tooi instantly turning round, Mr. Mariner presented his hands open, to signify that he was unarmed and at their mercy; then uttering "Aroghah!" (a word of friendly salutation among the Sandwich Islanders) he asked him, partly in English and partly in his own language, whether he meant to kill him, as he was ready to meet his fate. Tooi Tooi replied in broken English that he should not be hurt, as the chiefs were already in possession of the ship, but that he wished to be informed how many persons there were below. To this Mr. Mariner answered that there was only one; and called up the cooper, who had slowly followed him. Tooi Tooi then led them upon deck towards one of the chiefs, who had the direction of the conspiracy.

The first object that struck Mr. Mariner's sight, on coming upon deck, was enough to thrill the stoutest heart. Upon the companion a short squat naked figure, about fifty years of age, was seated with a seaman's jacket soaked in blood thrown over one shoulder; on the other rested his ironwood club, spattered with blood and brains: while the frightfulness of his appearance was increased by a constant blinking with one of his eyes and a horrible convulsive motion on one side of his mouth. On another part of the deck there lay twenty-two bodies perfectly naked, and arranged side by side in regular order, but so dreadfully bruised and battered about the head that only two or three of them could be recognised. At this time a man had just counted them and was reporting the number to the chief, immediately after which they began to throw them overboard. On Mr. Mariner and the cooper being brought into his presence, he looked at them awhile and smiled, probably on account of their dirty appearance. Mr. Mariner was then given in charge to a petty chief to be taken on shore, but the cooper was detained on board.

In his way to the shore the chief stripped him of his shirt. The circumstance of his having just escaped death was by no means a consolation to him. Reserved he knew not for what hardships, he felt his mind hardened by a sort of careless indifference as to what might happen; and if he had any consoling hope at all, it was that he

might be going on shore to fall by the club of some sanguinary chief not sated with that day's slaughter.

In a little while he was landed and led to the most northern part of the island, to a place called Co-oolo, where he saw, without being much affected at the sight, the cause of all that day's disasters, Mr. Brown, the whaling-master, lying dead upon the beach: his body naked, and much bruised about the head and chest. They asked Mr. Mariner, by words and signs, if they had done right in killing him; and as he returned them no answer, one of them lifted up his club to knock out his brains, but was prevented by a superior chief, who ordered them to take their prisoner on board a large sailing canoe.

Whilst here, he observed upon the beach an old man, whose countenance did not speak much in his favor, parading up and down with a club in his hand. At the same time a boy, who had just come into the canoe, pointed to a fire at a little distance, and, addressing himself to Mr. Mariner, pronounced the word *máte* (meaning to kill), and made such signs as gave him to understand nothing less than that he was to be killed and roasted. This idea roused him from his state of mental torpor and gave him much alarm, which was not lessened by the sight of the old man just mentioned, who appeared in no other light than that of an executioner waiting for his victim.

About half an hour afterwards, a number of people came to the canoe, landed him, and led him towards the fire, near which he saw, lying dead, James Kelly, William Baker, and James Hoay, three of those who had first mutinied. Some hogs were now brought to be cooked; and Mr. Mariner was undeceived respecting what he had understood from the gestures of the boy in the canoe, who, it was now evident, merely meant to imply that some of Mr. Mariner's countrymen lay dead where he pointed, and that there they were going to roast or bake some hogs.

From this place he was led towards the island of Foa. On the way they stopped at a hut, where they stripped him of his trousers, notwithstanding his earnest solicitations to retain them; for he already felt the effect of the sun upon his back and dreaded a total exposure to its heat. He was then led about barefooted and without anything to cover him, the heat blistering his skin in a most painful manner. Every now and then some of the natives came up to him from motives of curiosity, felt his skin to compare it with their own, or likened it rather (as he afterwards understood) to the skin of a scraped hog, from its whiteness, while from malice, or rather wantonness, others

spat upon him, pushed him about, and threw sticks and coconut shells at him, so that his head was cut in several places. After having thus tantalized and led him about for a considerable length of time, as fast as the soreness of his feet would permit him to walk, a woman happening to pass, from motives of compassion gave him an apron made of the leaves of the chee tree, with which he was permitted to cover himself. At length they entered a hut and sat down to drink kava, putting him in a corner and desiring him by signs to sit down, it being considered very disrespectful to stand up before a superior.

Whilst his persecutors were thus regaling themselves, a man entered the hut in great haste; and having said something to the company, took Mr. Mariner away with him. As they were going along, they met one of the Sandwich Islanders, whom the *Port-au-Prince* had brought from Anahooroo Bay, who gave Mr. Mariner to understand that Finow, the king of the islands, had sent for him.

On his arrival, the king beckoned to him and made signs that he should sit near him, and as he entered the place, the women, who sat at the other end of the room, beholding his deplorable condition, with one voice uttered a cry of pity, beating their breasts, and exclaiming, "O yao! chiodofa!" (Alas! poor young man!) Fortunately for Mr. Mariner, Finow had taken an extraordinary liking to him from the first moment he had seen him on board. He thought he was the captain's son, or at least a young chief of some consequence in his own country; and had given orders that if they found it necessary to kill the white men, they should at any rate preserve Mr. Mariner's life. The king now put his nose to his forehead (a mark of friendly salutation); and soon after observing that he was very dirty and much wounded, he desired one of his women attendants to take him to a pond within the fencing of the house, where he might wash himself.

On his return to the presence of the king, he was sent to the other end of the house, where he was oiled all over with sandalwood oil, which felt very agreeable, alleviating the smart of his wounds and greatly refreshing him. He now received a mat to lie down on, where, overcome by fatigue both of mind and body, he soon fell fast asleep. During the night he was awakened by one of the women, who brought him some baked pork and some yam; but being somehow prejudiced against the pork, lest it should be human flesh, he did not taste it, but ate heartily of the yam, not having tasted anything since breakfast the preceding day.

On getting up the next morning, he was much surprised at per-



ceiving everybody with their heads shaved—a practice which is always adopted at the burial of a great personage, whose funeral was performed that day. In the course of the morning, Finow took him on board the ship, where he was much gratified in meeting several of the crew, who had been ordered on board to bring it close in shore. The king's orders being understood, they cut the cables and worked her through a very narrow passage, so full of rocks and shoals as to appear almost unnavigable. Through the medium of Tooi Tooi, the king was now informed that unless his men (nearly four hundred in number) were to sit down and remain perfectly quiet, it would be impossible to work the ship; which orders being momentarily given and implicitly obeyed, she was brought within half a cable's length of the shore and run aground by Finow's directions.

After the ship was run aground, the following two or three days were employed in striking the masts and conveying on shore two of the carronades and eight barrels of gunpowder, being all that remained fit for use. Many of the natives, in the meanwhile, were busily engaged in stripping the iron from the upper works and knocking the hoops off the casks in the hold—iron being a most valuable commodity to them; and during these operations the ground tier of oil burst out, and suffocated eight of the natives. Three other men were at the same time severely wounded by some butts bursting out on them while they were in the act of knocking off the hoops. In consequence of this great discharge of oil, the water in the hold was covered with it to the depth of several feet. Two men, who had struggled out of it, strongly expressed their amazement afterwards, to Mr. Mariner, at the difficulty they experienced in rising through the oil. They could swim in the water below easily enough; but as soon as they emerged from the water into the stratum of oil above, the less specific gravity of the latter rendered their ascent difficult. They comprehended the reason, however, very well, as soon as he had learned the language sufficiently to explain it to them.

In the meantime, Finow, observing one of the natives busily employed cutting out the iron fid from the main-topgallant mast, and as he was a low fellow, whom he did not choose should take such a liberty, he was resolved to put a stop to his work. Calling to a Sandwich Islander, who was amusing himself on deck by firing off his musket, he ordered him to bring that man down from aloft. Without the least hesitation, the Sandwicher levelled his piece and instantly brought him down dead; upon which Finow laughed heartily and

seemed mightily pleased at the facility with which his order had been obeyed. The shot entered his body, and the fall broke both thighs and fractured his skull. Afterwards, when Mr. Mariner understood the language, he asked the king how he could be so cruel as to kill the poor man for so trifling a fault. His majesty replied that he was only a low, vulgar fellow (a cook); and that neither his life nor death was of any consequence to society.

On Tuesday, the 9th of December, it being spring tides, the ship floated and was warped in to low-water mark; and in the evening they set fire to her, in order to get more easily at the iron work. All the great guns on board were loaded, and as they began to be heated by the general conflagration, they went off one after another, producing a terrible panic among the natives. Mr. Mariner was at this time asleep at a house near the shore; being soon, however, awakened by the noise of the guns, he saw several of the natives running into the house in a great fright. They, no doubt, thought everything was going to wrack and ruin. Seeing their distress, he gave them to understand by signs that nothing was to be feared and that they might go to sleep in safety.

After the guns had ceased firing, he went down to the beach and found the ship burnt to the water's edge. He walked to the house again, filled with melancholy reflections, and retiring to his mat, sleep at length brought a temporary relief to his afflictions.

As soon as it was daylight, the natives flocked to the beach, and, by the direction and assistance of Mr. Mariner and some of the crew, got five of the carronades on shore by tying a rope round them and dragging them with the main strength of two or three hundred men. A few days afterwards, three more carronades were brought on shore in like manner, and also four long guns, but which, on account of their weight, were never afterwards used.

About a week now elapsed without any material circumstance occurring, during which time Mr. Mariner for the most part kept within doors, by the advice of Finow, lest he should be injured by the wantonness or malice of the lower orders, who took every opportunity of insulting him. On the 16th of December, Finow, having a mind to go to the island of Wiha for the recreation of shooting rats, invited Mr. Mariner to accompany him. The inhabitants of this island made great rejoicings on account of Finow's arrival. He remained there three or four days.

One morning, during Finow's stay at this island, some of the

natives brought Mr. Mariner's watch, which they had procured from his chest, and, with looks of curiosity, inquired what it was. He took it from them, wound it up, put it to the ear of one of them, and returned it. Every hand was now outstretched with eagerness to take hold of it;—it was applied in turns to their ears;—they were astonished at the noise it made;—they listened again to it, turned it on every side, and exclaimed, "*Mo-ooi!*" (It is alive!) They then pinched and hit it, as if expecting it would squeak out. They looked at each other with wonder, laughed aloud, and snapped their fingers. One brought a sharp stone for Mr. Mariner to force it open with. He opened it in the proper way and showed them the works. Several endeavored to seize hold of it at once, but one ran off with it, and all the rest after him.

About an hour afterwards, they returned with the watch completely broken to pieces; and, giving him the fragments, made signs to him to make it do as it did before. Upon his making them understand that they had killed it, and that it was impossible to bring it to life again, the man who considered it as his property, exclaiming "*Mow-mow!*" (spoiled) and making a hissing noise expressive of disappointment, accused the rest of using violence, and they in return accused him and each other.

While they were in high dispute, another native approached, who had seen and learned the use of a watch on board a French ship. Understanding the cause of their dispute, he called them all *cow valè* (a pack of fools), and explained, in the following manner, the use of the watch:—Making a circle in the sand, with sundry marks about its circumference, and turning a stick about the center of the circle, to represent an index, he informed them that the use of the watch was to tell where the sun was: That when the sun was in the east, the watch would point to such a mark, and when the sun was highest it would point here, and when in the west it would point there; and this, he said, the watch would do, although it was in a house, and could not see the sun; adding that, in the nighttime, it would tell what portion of a day's length it would be before the sun would rise again. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of their astonishment. One said it was an animal, another said it was a plant; but when he told them it was manufactured, they all exclaimed, "*Fonnooa boto!*" (What an ingenious people!) All this Mr. Mariner collected partly by their gestures, and afterwards more fully when he understood their language and conversed with this man, who always

prided himself upon his knowledge of the use of a watch, calling himself *Papalangi* (an European).

About the 20th of December, Mr. Mariner returned to Lefooga along with Finow. His life was still not only uncomfortable, but often exposed to many dangers, or, at best, he suffered many insults from the wantonness and malevolence of the lower orders. Tooi Tooi he discovered was by no means his friend; on the contrary, he endeavored to persuade Finow to kill both him and the other Englishmen, lest a ship should arrive, and learning from them the fate of the *Port-au-Prince*, take an ample revenge for the injury done their countrymen. But Finow, fortunately, was not of this opinion; he conceived that white people were of too generous and forgiving a temper to take revenge, and therefore declined doing them any farther mischief.

■



## **Missionaries at Mangaia**

By **JOHN WILLIAMS**, 1796–1839. The ablest missionary to the Polynesians, John Williams, was born in Middlesex and, after a commercial education, was apprenticed to an ironmonger in London. At the age of twenty-one he was accepted as a missionary by the London Missionary Society and sent to the island of Eimeo, near Tahiti. Restless, zealous, and resourceful, he moved from island to island in central Polynesia, preaching in the native languages and teaching the islanders how to use tools and to raise sugar and tobacco, products that could be sold in New South Wales. From native materials, almost without iron, he built a sixty-foot vessel, named *The Messenger of Peace*, and in it sailed to many islands, establishing missions and leaving trained native missionaries to continue the work of conversion. In 1834 he visited England, where he aroused a strong interest in the missions and raised money to buy and fit out a new, larger vessel. In this ship, the *Camden*, he returned to the Pacific and soon began to extend his field of labor to the savage New Hebrides Group. Having landed at Dillon's Bay, on the island of Erromanga, he was trying to make friends with the natives, when they suddenly turned on him and clubbed him to death. His *Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands* (1837) was the most widely read of all contemporary missionary accounts. The following selection from this book is illustrative of the trials as well as the triumphs of the early missionaries in Polynesia.

■

**N**OT succeeding, after six or eight days' search, in discovering Rarotonga, we steered for Mangaia. On reaching the island, we descried a number of the natives on a sandy beach, waving a white flag, which is a signal universally understood in the islands of the Pacific as intimating a wish for friendly intercourse, or, rather, that the parties waving it should be approached. We replied by a similar signal, to induce them to come off to us; but, as they showed no disposition to accept our invitation, a boat was lowered from the vessel, and Papeiha, with two other teachers, approached the shore.

We gave them strict injunctions not to land, but to converse with the natives from the boat; stating who we were and the object of our visit, and to endeavor by all means to induce the chief of the island to come off with them. The boat returned without success. After some time two canoes approached us, and our boat went towards them; on perceiving which, they paddled away as fast as it was in their power, leaped on shore, seized their spears, and placed themselves in an attitude of defence. The boat again returned without accomplishing the object of our wishes. The natives came off a third time when we sent our boat again towards them, and, by the exhibition of knives and mother-of-pearl oyster shells, they were induced to allow themselves to be brought to the vessel.

After we had so far succeeded, we found equal difficulty in getting any one of them to ascend the ship, although we presented to them the chiefs from Aitutaki, and the people of Rarotonga, who used all their eloquence to convince them that there was nothing to fear, for that ours was "a ship of God." After much persuasion, one man ventured on board; and the other, as soon as he perceived that the canoe was unloosed from the boat, paddled off in great glee and appeared determined not again to place himself in so much jeopardy by approaching the vessel. The man who had ventured on board was

*From A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands (London, John Snow, 1837).*

much agitated; and every muscle in his Herculean frame appeared in motion. He inquired particularly the vessel's name, saying that it was the second they had seen; Tute (Captain Cook's) being the first. Being near the landing place, we proposed that he should accompany the teachers to the shore; and, apparently delighted with the proposition, with hasty steps he descended the ship's side into his canoe, under a pretence of throwing out the water; but finding himself once more safely seated in his own little bark, he untied the rope and paddled away as if for his life, not staying even to gaze upon the dangers he had escaped. Thus our hopes were again blasted.

In a consultation upon the subject with the teachers, Papeiha said to us that he should have no objection to land among them. There being no openings in the reef through which the boat could pass to the shore, with a readiness and devotedness that heightened him in the estimation of everyone present, he offered to leap into the sea and swim through the surf.

Being accoutered for his daring exploit, he went into the boat, and, on reaching the reef, which extended but a few yards from the shore, he perceived that the natives were all armed, some with stones in their slings and others with their spears poised, ready in a moment to defend their island against the expected invasion. Papeiha addressed them, saying that we were peaceably disposed and that he was coming on shore; but unless they would tie their spears in bundles with their slings, he would not venture among them. They immediately did as he proposed, when this devoted man dived into the sea and was borne on the top of a billow to the shore.

Encouraged by his kind reception, he stated to the chiefs and the assembled multitude who we were and what was the object of our visit; and also informed them that we had with us two teachers and their wives, whom it was our wish to settle among them. They told him that they should be glad to receive instruction, and requested that he would go to the vessel and return with the teachers immediately.

Papeiha accordingly came off and informed us of all that had taken place, stating at the same time that he thought they were an inoffensive people and that no danger was to be apprehended from them. Some property was immediately put into the boat; and two teachers with their wives, attended by our veteran pioneer, went to the shore.

By the time of their return, the natives had unloosed their spears,



and again presented a formidable appearance; but, upon being desired to bind them up as they had done before, they did so, and our people landed.

No sooner had the teachers reached the shore than there was a general seizure of their persons and property. One of them had a saw, which the natives grasped, broke into three pieces, and tied to their ears as ornaments. A box of bonnets, intended as presents for the chief's wives, was dragged through the water. Of their bedsteads, one took one post, another another, and ran off with their booty. A number of bamboos of coconut oil were landed, which they poured so profusely on each other's heads that it streamed down their bodies till they glistened as they stood in the sunbeams. Among other things, there were two pigs, animals they had never seen before. These were taken by a chief, who, casting off his own garments, decorated the pigs in the insignia of chieftainship, and sent them into the presence of their majesties, the gods. But what completed the catastrophe was their conduct to the poor females, the teachers' wives, whom they carried into the woods and were proceeding to treat with great brutality when, terrified at the report of a small cannon which we fired off from the vessel, they ran away.

We immediately sent the boat and brought our people off to the vessel; and certainly their appearance was truly deplorable. Their hats and bonnets had been torn from their heads: they had been dragged through water and through mud, and their shirts and gowns were hanging in ribands about them.

Papeiha upbraided the chief with his perfidious conduct in inviting them on shore and then suffering them to be ill-treated. He told him, also, that they, like himself and his people, were formerly ignorant of the true God and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ; but that Christians from England had come to instruct them and that now they were desirous of imparting the knowledge of the same precious truths to others.

The chief wept and assured him of his sorrow, but stated that in his island, "all heads being of an equal height," his influence was not sufficient to protect them; and therefore, much as he himself wished them to stay, he would rather they did not come on shore again. The chief, it must be allowed, did everything in his power to protect them, and succeeded in rescuing one of the females when in the extremity of peril. The husbands, being thrown and held down by the natives, were prevented from rendering any assistance to their wives; and our

valuable missionary, Papeiha, nearly lost his life, for they put a *tiputa* \* over his head, and commenced twisting it for the purpose of strangling him; but happily he had the presence of mind to introduce his hand into the aperture, which preserved his throat.

Thus our pleasing anticipations were frustrated, and our poor people suffered "the loss of all things," in attempting to introduce the Gospel into Mangaia.

We left the island with feelings of deep regret, but resolved to embrace the first opportunity of sending two single men, who, we had every reason to hope, would suffer no other inconvenience than the loss of their property.

Accordingly a few months after our return to Raiatea, as the Deputation intended to touch at Mangaia on their way to New South Wales, it was determined that some native teachers should accompany them. Davida and Tiera, two unmarried members of the church at Tahaa, offered their services to carry the Gospel to that island; and, on reaching it, these two devoted men, as Papeiha had done before them, leaped into the sea and swam to the shore, taking nothing with them but the light dresses which they wore and a portion of the New Testament in the Tahitian language, which was carefully wrapped up and tied upon their heads.

Contrary to expectation, they were kindly received, an afflicting dispensation of Providence having very much subdued the violent spirit of the people, and prepared the way before them; for, soon after our visit, a disease broke out which proved exceedingly fatal; the infant and the aged, the chieftain and the peasant, falling alike beneath its deadly influence. Ascribing this calamitous visitation to the vengeance of the "God of the strangers," whom they had ill-treated, they collected all the property which had been taken from us and cast it into an immense cavern in one of the mountains; making a vow to "the God of the strangers" that "if he would suspend the execution of his vengeance, and conduct his worshipers again to their island, they would receive them kindly and give them food to eat."

Thus again we had the pleasing task of recognising the timely interposition of an all-wise and overruling Providence, adapting the means

\* The *tiputa* is like the Spanish poncho, a piece of cloth about three quarters of a yard wide and three yards long, with a slit in the center, through which the head is put, so that the garment hangs down before and behind. [WILLIAMS' NOTE]

He employs to the circumstances of the people whose minds are to be influenced. And it must be allowed that the event just narrated was calculated to produce as powerful an impression upon the minds of such a people as if they had been the eyewitnesses of a miraculous display of divine power.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Seven years later, in June, 1830, John Williams returned to Mangaia.]

Arriving off the settlement, about ten o'clock on Sabbath evening, we apprised our friends of the circumstance by firing a small cannon; on hearing which they kindled fires in answer to our signal, and as beacons to us during the night.

Early the next morning we hastened ashore; and as we approached we could not but admire the pleasant situation selected for the settlement, it being a sloping hill on the western side of the island, which gradually rose from the shore. The large chapel in the center formed a conspicuous and interesting object, whilst the neat white cottages of the native Christians, stretching along to the right and left, and partially hid by the banana groves among which they stood, gave variety and animation to the scene. The teachers' dwellings, we were delighted to find, were neat and respectable, the yard was paved with white pebbles, and the whole was enclosed within a good fence. An excellent road had been formed through the settlement, on each side of which stood the native cottages.

On being conducted to the house of the principal chief, we found a baked pig, smoking hot, upon a tablecloth of leaves, with a liberal supply of yams, taro, and other vegetables, awaiting our arrival. Having made a hearty meal, the chief presented us with a small quantity of native cloth as an expression of the pleasure he felt in receiving under his roof persons from a far country, who had brought him the word of salvation.

We had no sooner returned to the houses of the teachers than the whole of the professors of Christianity were introduced to us; every one bearing a small present of native cloth or food, and giving us a welcome by a hearty shake of the hand.

We were delighted with the appearance they presented; the females being dressed in beautifully white cloth, which Faaruea, the teacher's

wife from Raiatea, had taught them to make, and in bonnets of their own manufacture; whilst the men wore their native *tiputas*, with the addition of a straw hat. In the afternoon we held a public service, when eight hundred were present, many of whom were still heathen; and these presented a striking contrast to the Christian part of the community, having long beards and long hair, and being dressed with all the fantastic wildness of heathen taste. They behaved, however, with decorum, while I preached to them from my favorite text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance," etc. As their language bears a close affinity to the Rarotongan, I addressed them in that dialect. The congregation sang most lustily, and, although we could not admire the harmony of their music, the energy with which they exerted their lungs was gratifying, for they endeavored to compensate for the absence of harmonic sounds by the hearty manner in which they raised their sonorous and powerful voices.

Before daybreak the following morning, we were awoke by the chitchat of a number of persons outside the house, who it appears had brought their mats and slept on them under our bedroom windows, in order to be near us. Faaruea and his wife, teachers whom I had originally intended for the Navigator Group, had, at the earnest solicitation of the inhabitants, been left by Mr. Platt at this island, until we should call for them. To these the chiefs and people had, by this time, formed so strong an attachment, especially the women to the wife of Faaruea, that the heathen universally united with the Christians in entreating that I would allow them to remain. Unable to resist their importunity, and convinced that it was wiser to take good care of stations already formed than to neglect them in order to extend our labors, I consented to their request, although I was grieved at losing so valuable a laborer from the Navigator's Island mission.

It will be recollected that, on our first visit, the teachers' wives met with such rude treatment that we were obliged to abandon our intention of leaving them, and also that, on our return home, we took the first opportunity of sending two single men to commence the work of instruction among this wild and violent people. I have already given an account of the Providence that had prepared the way before them, and the kind reception with which they consequently met. Tiera, one of these, died about two years and a half after his arrival; to him the people were strongly attached, and would, in all probability, have soon embraced the truth, had his life been pro-

longed; his death, therefore, was a great loss to the mission. The good work, however, had proceeded gradually since that period, so that on our arrival we found five hundred persons enjoying the blessings of Christian instruction.

We were grieved to hear from the teachers that they had suffered much annoyance from the heathen, who frequently came on the Sabbath and performed their dances and games, in contempt of the Christians, near the place where they were accustomed to worship. They were also kept in a continual state of distressing anxiety by the repeated threats of the heathen to burn their houses, murder their teacher, and "make use of his skull as a drinking cup." This led to a disastrous conflict, which terminated in favor of the Christians; they losing three, and the idolators eighteen or twenty, of their number.

It appears to have been a very hard-contested battle; for, contrary to the general usage in the islands, the people of Mangaia do not practise bush fighting, but meet in an open plain, from which every shelter is removed. They then arrange themselves in rows four deep. The first is armed with long spears; the second with clubs, to defend the spearmen; the third is composed of young men with slings, the stones for which are all made round and smooth; and the fourth row consists of women. These not only carry baskets of stones and weapons with which to supply the warriors, but they also attack the enemy while engaged with their husbands; and it appears, by various accounts which I received, that they are exceedingly fierce. The young chief of a neighboring island, who was present at this conflict, informed me that, while in the heat of the battle, he was greatly annoyed by the fury with which the wife of his antagonist assailed him. He exclaimed, "Woman, desist! I am not come to fight with women!" She vociferated in a frantic manner, "If you kill my husband, what must I do?" and immediately threw a stone, which struck him on the head and felled him to the ground; and, had it not been for the prompt assistance of his own people, he would have lost his life by the hands of her husband.

I was distressed at hearing that, contrary to what had taken place in other islands, some of the Christian party had acted with great cruelty towards their enemies, by hewing them in pieces while they were begging for mercy. I account for this barbarity from the existence of the *ono*, or systematic revenge, which prevailed so universally through the whole of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; for most probably one of their relatives had been killed or injured by the person

then in their power, or by some of his family; and it was a legacy bequeathed from father to son to avenge that injury, even if an opportunity did not occur until the third or fourth generation.

This circumstance also shows that, although Christianity is embraced, the savage disposition cannot, in all cases, be entirely eradicated in a few months. Instead, therefore, of expressing astonishment at this solitary instance of brutality, we should rather wonder that so little has been shown in the islands generally since the introduction of Christianity. Had the Christians of Mangaia imitated the conduct of the chiefs and people of Tahiti and the Society Islands, in the exercise of mercy and kindness, in all probability the heathen party would not have resisted for so many years every effort to bring them under the influence of the Gospel.

In a meeting held with the Christians, our advice was solicited upon several topics; among which was "rat-eating." As Mangaia was not so abundantly supplied with fish as at some other islands, and as there were no animals except rats until I visited it, these formed a common article of food; and the natives said they were exceedingly "sweet and good." Indeed, a common expression with them when speaking of anything delicious was, "It is as sweet as a rat." They find no difficulty in catching them in great numbers, which they do in many ways, but principally by digging a hole and strewing in it a quantity of candlenut, *aleurites*, and when a sufficient number of rats were in the hole they drew a net over it and secured them all. Having obtained as many as they wish, they singe the hair off on hot stones, wrap them up in leaves, and bake them. Saturday was their principal rat-catching day, as they were desirous of having "animal food" to eat with their cold vegetables on the Sabbath. They now wished to know our opinion as to whether it was sinful to eat them. I informed them that we were in the habit of looking upon rats as exceedingly disgusting, but, not perceiving anything morally evil in the practice, I could do no more than recommend them to take great care of the pigs and goats I had brought, by which means they would speedily obtain an abundant supply of "animal food" far superior to that which they esteemed so "sweet and good."

Another subject presented for our consideration was the employment of the females. The taro, *arum esculentum*, which forms a staple article of food at most of the islands, is generally cultivated in swampy places; and the work of planting and keeping the taro beds in order is assigned to girls under sixteen years of age, and to women who have

passed the prime of life. Ladies are seldom seen in these plantations until their beauty begins to fade, when they are required to return to their "occupation" and wade for hours in mud from two to three feet deep. The wife of the native teacher, intent upon the elevation of her sex, requested, through the medium of her husband, my opinion of this practice. Through her representations I was induced to plead for their emancipation with all the eloquence I could command, and the result was an agreement that in future they should not be compelled to do this "dirty work."

This decision gave them much joy; and, in commemoration of the event, they prepared on the following day a sumptuous feast, at which four or five hundred sat down, and to which I was invited. Not a rat was seen on the table; \* but pigs roasted whole, fish of various kinds, and a profusion of vegetables, with aqua pura from the spring and coconut water, constituted the repast.

After having spent several days in this island, preaching to the people, visiting the heathen chiefs, attending the schools, and giving advice and instructions to the teachers, we prepared for our departure, thankful for what had been effected, and encouraged to believe that a copious shower of blessings would ultimately descend upon the inhabitants of this beautiful island.

\* That is, not a baked one, there were plenty of live ones running about in all directions [WILLIAMS' NOTE]

## In Typee Valley

By HERMAN MELVILLE. In July, 1842, the whaler *Acushnet*, a year and a half out of New Bedford, anchored off Nukuhiva, an island in the Marquesas Group. One of her crew was Herman Melville, weary of the regimen and monotonous fare of a whaleship. He and a sailor companion, Toby Greene, stuffed their sea jackets with provisions and deserted from the ship. Climbing a mountain ridge and descending perilous cliffs, they made their way into the beautiful valley of Typee. The natives were generously hospitable, but fearing that they were cannibals, Toby Greene soon escaped from the valley. Melville, unable to leave because he had hurt his leg, remained for four or five weeks in friendly but watchful captivity. His experiences in the valley, the native life and customs, and the friends he made among the people compose the subject of his first book, *Typee* (1846).



**D**AY after day wore on, and still there was no perceptible change in the conduct of the islanders towards me. Gradually I lost all knowledge of the regular recurrence of the days of the week, and sunk insensibly into that kind of apathy which ensues after some violent outbreak of despair. My limb suddenly healed, the swelling went down, the pain subsided, and I had every reason to suppose I should soon completely recover from the affliction that had so long tormented me.

As soon as I was enabled to ramble about the valley in company with the natives, troops of whom followed me whenever I sallied out of the house, I began to experience an elasticity of mind which placed me beyond the reach of those dismal forebodings to which I had so lately been a prey. Received wherever I went with the most deferential kindness; regaled perpetually with the most delightful fruits; ministered to by dark-eyed nymphs; and enjoying besides all the services of the devoted Kory-Kory, I thought that, for a sojourn among cannibals, no man could have well made a more agreeable one.

To be sure there were limits set to my wanderings. Toward the sea my progress was barred by an express prohibition of the savages; and after having made two or three ineffectual attempts to reach it, as much to gratify my curiosity as anything else, I gave up the idea. It was in vain to think of reaching it by stealth, since the natives escorted me in numbers wherever I went, and not for one single moment that I can recall to mind was I ever permitted to be alone.

The green and precipitous elevations that stood ranged around the head of the vale where Marheyo's habitation was situated effectually precluded all hope of escape in that quarter, even if I could have stolen away from the thousand eyes of the savages.

But these reflections now seldom obtruded upon me; I gave myself up to the passing hour, and if ever disagreeable thoughts arose in my mind, I drove them away. When I looked around the verdant recess

From *Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life During a Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas* . . . (New York, Wiley and Putnam, 1846).

in which I was buried, and gazed up to the summits of the lofty eminence that hemmed me in, I was well disposed to think that I was in the "Happy Valley," and that beyond those heights there was naught but a world of care and anxiety.

As I extended my wanderings in the valley and grew more familiar with the habits of its inmates, I was fain to confess that, despite the disadvantages of his condition, the Polynesian savage, surrounded by all the luxurious provisions of nature, enjoyed an infinitely happier, though certainly a less intellectual existence, than the self-complacent European.

The naked wretch who shivers beneath the bleak skies, and starves among the inhospitable wilds of Terra del Fuego, might indeed be made happier by civilization, for it would alleviate his physical wants. But the voluptuous Indian, with every desire supplied, whom Providence has bountifully provided with all the sources of pure and natural enjoyment, and from whom are removed so many of the ills and pains of life—what has he to desire at the hands of Civilization? She may "cultivate his mind," may "elevate his thoughts,"—these I believe are the established phrases—but will he be the happier?

### *A Typical Day in the Valley*

Nothing can be more uniform and undiversified than the life of the Typees; one tranquil day of ease and happiness follows another in quiet succession; and with these unsophisticated savages the history of a day is the history of a life. I will, therefore, as briefly as I can, describe one of our days in the valley.

To begin with the morning. We were not very early risers—the sun would be shooting his golden spikes above the Happar mountain ere I threw aside my tappa robe and, girding my long tunic about my waist, sallied out with Fayaway and Kory-Kory, and the rest of the household, and bent my steps towards the stream. Here we found congregated all those who dwelt in our section of the valley; and here we bathed with them. The fresh morning air and the cool flowing waters put both soul and body in a glow, and after a half hour employed in this recreation, we sauntered back to the house—Tinor and Marheyo gathering dry sticks by the way for firewood; some of the young men laying the coconut trees under contribution as they passed beneath them; while Kory-Kory played his outlandish pranks for my particular diversion, and Fayaway and I, not arm in

arm to be sure, but sometimes hand in hand, strolled along, with feelings of perfect charity for all the world, and especial goodwill towards each other.

Our morning meal was soon prepared. The islanders are somewhat abstemious at this repast; reserving the more powerful efforts of their appetite to a later period of the day. For my own part, with the assistance of my valet, who, as I have before stated, always officiated as spoon on these occasions, I ate sparingly from one of Tinor's trenchers of poee-poe; which was devoted exclusively for my own use, being mixed with the milky meat of ripe coconut. A section of a roasted breadfruit, a small cake of "amar," or a mess of "cokoo," two or three bananas, or a mammee apple; an annuee, or some other agreeable and nutritious fruit served from day to day to diversify the meal, which was finished by tossing off the liquid contents of a young coconut or two.

While partaking of this simple repast, the inmates of Marheyo's house, after the style of the indolent Romans, reclined in sociable groups upon the divan of mats, and digestion was promoted by cheerful conversation.

After the morning meal was concluded, pipes were lighted; and among them my own especial pipe, a present from the noble Mehevi. The islanders, who only smoke a whiff or two at a time, and at long intervals, and who keep their pipes going from hand to hand continually, regarded my systematic smoking of four or five pipefuls of tobacco in succession as something quite wonderful. When two or three pipes had circulated freely, the company gradually broke up. Marheyo went to the little hut he was for ever building. Tinor began to inspect her rolls of tappa, or employed her busy fingers in plaiting grass mats. The girls anointed themselves with their fragrant oils, dressed their hair, or looked over their curious finery, and compared together their ivory trinkets, fashioned out of boar's tusks or whale's teeth. The young men and warriors produced their spears, paddles, canoe-gear, battle-clubs, and war-conches, and occupied themselves in carving all sorts of figures upon them with pointed bits of shell or flint, and adorning them, especially the war-conches, with tassels of braided bark and tufts of human hair. Some, immediately after eating, threw themselves once more upon the inviting mats, and resumed the employment of the previous night, sleeping as soundly as if they had not closed their eyes for a week. Others sallied out into the groves, for the purpose of gathering fruit or fibers of bark and leaves; the last

two being in constant requisition, and applied to a hundred uses. A few, perhaps, among the girls would slip into the woods after flowers, or repair to the stream with small calabashes and coconut shells, in order to polish them by friction with a smooth stone in the water. In truth these innocent people seemed to be at no loss for something to occupy their time; and it would be no light task to enumerate all their employments, or rather pleasures.

My own mornings I spent in a variety of ways. Sometimes I rambled about from house to house, sure of receiving a cordial welcome wherever I went; or from grove to grove, and from one shady place to another, in company with Kory-Kory and Fayaway, and a rabble rout of merry young idlers. Sometimes I was too indolent for exercise, and accepting one of the many invitations I was continually receiving, stretched myself out on the mats of some hospitable dwelling, and occupied myself pleasantly either in watching the proceedings of those around me or taking part in them myself. Whenever I chose to do the latter, the delight of the islanders was boundless; and there was always a throng of competitors for the honor of instructing me in any particular craft. I soon became quite an accomplished hand at making tappa—could braid a grass sling as well as the best of them—and once, with my knife, carved the handle of a javelin so exquisitely that I have no doubt, to this day, Karnoonoo, its owner, preserves it as a surprising specimen of my skill.

As noon approached, all those who had wandered forth from our habitation began to return; and when midday was fairly come scarcely a sound was to be heard in the valley: a deep sleep fell upon all. The luxurious siesta was hardly ever omitted, except by old Marheyo, who was so eccentric a character that he seemed to be governed by no fixed principles whatever, but, acting just according to the humor of the moment, slept, ate, or tinkered away at his little hut, without regard to the proprieties of time or place. Frequently he might have been seen taking a nap in the sun at noonday, or a bath in the stream at midnight. Once I beheld him perched eighty feet from the ground, in the tuft of a coconut tree, smoking; and often I saw him standing up to the waist in water, engaged in plucking out the stray hairs of his beard, using a piece of mussel shell for tweezers.

The noontide slumber lasted generally an hour and a half; very often longer; and after the sleepers had arisen from their mats they again had recourse to their pipes, and then made preparations for the most important meal of the day.

I, however, like those gentlemen of leisure who breakfast at home and dine at their club, almost invariably, during my intervals of health, enjoyed the afternoon repast with the bachelor chiefs of the Ti, who were always rejoiced to see me, and lavishly spread before me all the good things which their larder afforded. Mehevi generally produced among other dainties a baked pig, an article which I have every reason to suppose was provided for my sole gratification.

The Ti was a right jovial place. It did my heart, as well as my body, good to visit it. Secure from female intrusion, there was no restraint upon the hilarity of the warriors, who, like the gentlemen of Europe after the cloth is drawn and the ladies retire, freely indulged their mirth.

After spending a considerable portion of the afternoon at the Ti, I usually found myself, as the cool of the evening came on, either sailing on the little lake with Fayaway, or bathing in the waters of the stream with a number of the savages, who, at this hour, always repaired thither. As the shadows of night approached, Marheyo's household were once more assembled under his roof: tapers were lit, long and curious chants were raised, interminable stories were told (for which one present was little the wiser), and all sorts of social festivities served to while away the time.

The young girls very often danced by moonlight in front of their dwellings. There are a great variety of these dances, in which, however, I never saw the men take part. They all consist of active, romping, mischievous evolutions, in which every limb is brought into requisition. Indeed, the Marquesan girls dance all over, as it were; not only do their feet dance, but their arms, hands, fingers, ay, their very eyes, seem to dance in their heads. (In good sooth, they so sway their floating forms, arch their necks, toss aloft their naked arms, and glide, and swim, and whirl, that it was almost too much for a quiet, sober-minded, modest young man like myself.)

The damsels wear nothing but flowers and their compendious gala tunics; and when they plume themselves for the dance, they look like a band of olive-colored Sylphides on the point of taking wing.

Unless some particular festivity was going forward, the inmates of Marheyo's house retired to their mats rather early in the evening; but not for the night, since, after slumbering lightly for a while, they rose again, relit their tapers, partook of the third and last meal of the day, at which poec-poec alone was eaten, and then, after inhaling

a narcotic whiff from a pipe of tobacco, disposed themselves for the great business of night, sleep. With the Marquesans it might almost be styled the great business of life, for they pass a large portion of their time in the arms of Somnus. The native strength of their constitution is no way shown more emphatically than in the quantity of sleep they can endure. To many of them, indeed, life is little else than an often interrupted and luxurious nap.

### *The Feast of the Calabashes*

The whole population of the valley seemed to be gathered within the precincts of the grove. In the distance could be seen the long front of the Ti, its immense piazza swarming with men, arrayed in every variety of fantastic costume, and all vociferating with animated gestures; while the whole interval between it and the place where I stood was enlivened by groups of females fancifully decorated, dancing, capering, and uttering wild exclamations. As soon as they descried me they set up a shout of welcome; and a band of them came dancing towards me, chanting as they approached some wild recitative. The change in my garb seemed to transport them with delight, and clustering about me on all sides, they accompanied me towards the Ti. When, however, we drew near it these joyous nymphs paused in their career, and parting on either side permitted me to pass on to the now densely thronged building.

So soon as I mounted to the pi-pi I saw at a glance that the revels were fairly under way.

What lavish plenty reigned around!—Warwick feasting his retainers with beef and ale was a niggard to the noble Mehevi!—All along the piazza of the Ti were arranged elaborately carved canoe-shaped vessels, some twenty feet in length, filled with newly made poee-poe, and sheltered from the sun by the broad leaves of the banana. At intervals were heaps of green breadfruit, raised in pyramidal stacks, resembling the regular piles of heavy shot to be seen in the yard of an arsenal. Inserted into the interstices of the huge stones which formed the pi-pi were large boughs of trees; hanging from the branches of which, and screened from the sun by their foliage, were innumerable little packages with leafy coverings, containing the meat of the numerous hogs which had been slain, done up in this manner to make it more accessible to the crowd. Leaning against the railing of the piazza were an immense number of long, heavy bamboos, plugged at

the lower end, and with their projecting muzzles stuffed with a wad of leaves. These were filled with water from the stream, and each of them might hold from four to five gallons.

The banquet being thus spread, naught remained but for everyone to help himself at his pleasure. Accordingly not a moment passed but the transplanted boughs I have mentioned were rifled by the throng of the fruit they certainly had never borne before. Calabashes of poee-poe were continually being replenished from the extensive receptacle in which that article was stored, and multitudes of little fires were kindled about the Ti for the purpose of roasting the bread-fruit.

Within the building itself was presented a most extraordinary scene. The immense lounge of mats lying between the parallel rows of the trunks of coconut trees and extending the entire length of the house, at least two hundred feet, was covered by the reclining forms of a host of chiefs and warriors, who were eating at a great rate, or soothing the cares of Polynesian life in the sedative fumes of tobacco. The smoke was inhaled from large pipes, the bowls of which, made out of small coconut shells, were curiously carved in strange heathenish devices. These were passed from mouth to mouth by the recumbent smokers, each of whom, taking two or three prodigious whiffs, handed the pipe to his neighbor; sometimes for that purpose stretching indolently across the body of some dozing individual whose exertions at the dinner table had already induced sleep.

The tobacco used among the Typees was of a very mild and pleasing flavor, and as I always saw it in leaves, and the natives appeared pretty well supplied with it, I was led to believe that it must have been the growth of the valley. Indeed Kory-Kory gave me to understand that this was the case; but I never saw a single plant growing on the island. At Nukuheva, and, I believe, in all the other valleys, the weed is very scarce, being only obtained in small quantities from foreigners, and smoking is consequently with the inhabitants of these places a very great luxury. How it was that the Typees were so well furnished with it I cannot divine. I should think them too indolent to devote any attention to its culture; and, indeed, as far as my observation extended, not a single atom of the soil was under any other cultivation than that of shower and sunshine. The tobacco plant, however, like the sugar cane, may grow wild in some remote part of the vale.

There were many in the Ti for whom the tobacco did not furnish

a sufficient stimulus, and who accordingly had recourse to "arva," as a more powerful agent in producing the desired effect.

Arva is a root very generally dispersed over the South Seas, and from it is extracted a juice, the effects of which upon the system are at first stimulating in a moderate degree; but it soon relaxes the muscles, and exerting a narcotic influence produces a luxurious sleep. In the valley this beverage was universally prepared in the following way:—Some half-dozen young boys seated themselves in a circle around an empty wooden vessel, each one of them being supplied with a certain quantity of the roots of the arva, broken into small bits and laid by his side. A coconut goblet of water was passed around the juvenile company, who, rinsing their mouths with its contents, proceeded to the business before them. This merely consisted in thoroughly masticating the arva, and throwing it mouthful after mouthful into the receptacle provided. When a sufficient quantity had been thus obtained water was poured upon the mass, and being stirred about with the forefinger of the right hand, the preparation was soon in readiness for use. The arva has medicinal qualities. Upon the Sandwich Islands it has been employed with no small success in the treatment of scrofulous affections, and in combating the ravages of a disease for whose frightful inroads the ill-starred inhabitants of that group are indebted to their foreign benefactors. But the tenants of the Typee valley, as yet exempt from these inflictions, generally employ the arva as a minister to social enjoyment, and a calabash of the liquid circulates among them as the bottle with us.

Mcchevi, who was greatly delighted with the change in my costume, gave me a cordial welcome. He had reserved for me a most delectable mess of "cockoo," well knowing my partiality for that dish; and had likewise selected three or four young coconuts, several roasted bread-fruit, and a magnificent bunch of bananas, for my especial comfort and gratification. These various matters were at once placed before me; but Kory-Kory deemed the banquet entirely insufficient for my wants until he had supplied me with one of the leafy packages of pork, which, notwithstanding the somewhat hasty manner in which it had been prepared, possessed a most excellent flavor, and was surprisingly sweet and tender.

Pork is not a staple article of food among the people of the Marquesas; consequently they pay little attention to the breeding of the swine. The hogs are permitted to roam at large in the groves, where they obtain no small portion of their nourishment from the



coconuts which continually fall from the trees. But it is only after infinite labor and difficulty that the hungry animal can pierce the husk and shell so as to get at the meat. I have frequently been amused at seeing one of them, after crunching the obstinate nut with his teeth for a long time unsuccessfully, get into a violent passion with it. He would then root furiously under the coconut, and, with a fling of his snout, toss it before him on the ground. Following it up, he would crunch at it again savagely for a moment, and the next knock it on one side, pausing immediately after, as if wondering how it could so suddenly have disappeared. In this way the persecuted coconuts were often chased half across the valley.

The second day of the Feast of Calabashes was ushered in by still more uproarious noises than the first. The skins of innumerable sheep seemed to be resounding to the blows of an army of drummers. Startled from my slumbers by the din, I leaped up, and found the whole household engaged in making preparations for immediate departure. Curious to discover of what strange events these novel sounds might be the precursors, and not a little desirous to catch a sight of the instruments which produced the terrific noise, I accompanied the natives as soon as they were in readiness to depart for the Taboo Groves.

The comparatively open space that extended from the Ti toward the rock, to which I have before alluded as forming the ascent to the place, was, with the building itself, now altogether deserted by the men; the whole distance being filled by bands of females, shouting and dancing under the influence of some strange excitement.

I was amused at the appearance of four or five old women who, in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the surface, after being pressed perpendicularly into the water. They preserved the utmost gravity of countenance, and continued their extraordinary movements without a single moment's cessation. They did not appear to attract the observation of the crowd around them, but I must candidly confess that, for my own part, I stared at them most pertinaciously.

Desirous of being enlightened with regard to the meaning of this peculiar diversion, I turned inquiringly to Kory-Kory; that learned Typee immediately proceeded to explain the whole matter thoroughly. But all that I could comprehend from what he said was that the leaping figures before me were bereaved widows, whose partners had been

slain in battle many moons previously; and who, at every festival, gave public evidence in this manner of their calamities. It was evident that Kory-Kory considered this an all-sufficient reason for so indecorous a custom; but I must say that it did not satisfy me as to its propriety.

Leaving these afflicted females, we passed on to the hoolah hoolah ground. Within the spacious quadrangle, the whole population of the valley seemed to be assembled, and the sight presented was truly remarkable. Beneath the sheds of bamboo which opened towards the interior of the square reclined the principal chiefs and warriors, while a miscellaneous throng lay at their ease under the enormous trees which spread a majestic canopy overhead. Upon the terraces of the gigantic altars at either end were deposited green breadfruit in baskets of coconut leaves, large rolls of tappa, bunches of white bananas, clusters of mammee-apples, the golden-hued fruit of the artu tree, and baked hogs, laid out in large wooden trenches, fancifully decorated with freshly plucked leaves, whilst a variety of rude implements of war were piled in confused heaps before the ranks of hideous idols. Fruits of various kinds were likewise suspended in leafen baskets, from the tops of poles planted uprightly, and at regular intervals, along the lower terraces of both altars. At their base were arranged two parallel rows of cumbersome drums, standing at least fifteen feet in height, and formed from the hollow trunks of large trees. Their heads were covered with shark skins, and their barrels were elaborately carved with various quaint figures and devices. At regular intervals they were bound round by a species of sennit of various colors, and strips of native cloth flattened upon them here and there. Behind these instruments were built slight platforms, upon which stood a number of young men who, beating violently with the palms of their hands upon the drumheads, produced those outrageous sounds which had awakened me in the morning. Every few minutes these musical performers hopped down from their elevation into the crowd below, and their places were immediately supplied by fresh recruits. Thus an incessant din was kept up that might have startled Pandemonium.

Precisely in the middle of the quadrangle were placed perpendicularly in the ground a hundred or more slender, fresh-cut poles, stripped of their bark, and decorated at the end with a floating pennon of white tappa; the whole being fenced about with a little picket of canes. For what purpose these singular ornaments were intended I in vain endeavored to discover.

Another most striking feature of the performance was exhibited by a score of old men, who sat cross-legged in the little pulpits, which encircled the trunks of the immense trees growing in the middle of the enclosure. These venerable gentlemen, who I presume were the priests, kept up an uninterrupted monotonous chant, which was nearly drowned in the roar of drums. In the right hand they held a finely woven grass fan, with a heavy black wooden handle curiously chased: these fans they kept in continual motion.

But no attention whatever seemed to be paid to the drummers or to the old priests; the individuals who composed the vast crowd present being entirely taken up in chatting and laughing with one another, smoking, drinking arva, and eating. For all the observation it attracted, or the good it achieved, the whole savage orchestra might, with great advantage to its own members and the company in general, have ceased the prodigious uproar they were making.

In vain I questioned Kory-Kory and others of the natives, as to the meaning of the strange things that were going on; all their explanations were conveyed in such a mass of outlandish gibberish and gesticulation that I gave up the attempt in despair. All that day the drums resounded, the priests chanted, and the multitude feasted and roared till sunset, when the throng dispersed, and the Taboo Groves were again abandoned to quiet and repose. The next day the same scene was repeated until night, when this singular festival terminated.

### *Tattooing*

In one of my strolls with Kory-Kory, in passing along the border of a thick growth of bushes, my attention was arrested by a singular noise. On entering the thicket I witnessed for the first time the operation of tattooing as performed by these islanders.

I beheld a man extended flat upon his back on the ground, and, despite the forced composure of his countenance, it was evident that he was suffering agony. His tormentor bent over him, working away for all the world like a stonecutter with mallet and chisel. In one hand he held a short slender stick, pointed with a shark's tooth, on the upright end of which he tapped with a small hammer-like piece of wood, thus puncturing the skin, and charging it with the coloring matter in which the instrument was dipped. A coconut shell containing this fluid was placed upon the ground. It is prepared by mixing with a vegetable juice the ashes of the "armor," or candlenut, always

preserved for the purpose. Beside the savage, and spread out upon a piece of soiled tappa, were a great number of curious black-looking little implements of bone and wood, used in the various divisions of his art. A few terminated in a single fine point, and, like very delicate pencils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating upon the more sensitive portions of the body, as was the case in the present instance. Others presented several points distributed in a line, somewhat resembling the teeth of a saw. These were employed in the coarser parts of the work, and particularly in pricking in straight marks. Some presented their points disposed in small figures, and being placed upon the body, were, by a single blow of the hammer, made to leave their indelible impression. I observed a few the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced into the orifice of the ear, with a view perhaps of beating the tattoo upon the tympanum. Altogether, the sight of these strange instruments recalled to mind that display of cruel-looking mother-of-pearl-handled things which one sees in their velvet-lined cases at the elbow of a dentist.

The artist was not at this time engaged on an original sketch, his subject being a venerable savage whose tattooing had become somewhat faded with age and needed a few repairs, and accordingly he was merely employed in touching up the works of some of the old masters of the Typee school, as delineated upon the human canvas before him. The parts operated upon were the eyelids, where a longitudinal streak, like the one which adorned Kory-Kory, crossed the countenance of the victim.

In spite of all the efforts of the poor old man, sundry twitchings and screwings of the muscles of the face denoted the exquisite sensibility of these shutters to the windows of his soul, which he was now having repainted. But the artist, with a heart as callous as that of an army surgeon, continued his performance, enlivening his labors with a wild chant, tapping away the while as merrily as a woodpecker.

So deeply engaged was he in his work that he had not observed our approach until, after having enjoyed an unmolested view of the operation, I chose to attract his attention. As soon as he perceived me, supposing that I sought him in his professional capacity, he seized hold of me in a paroxysm of delight, and was all eagerness to begin the work. When, however, I gave him to understand that he had altogether mistaken my views, nothing could exceed his grief and disappointment. But recovering from this, he seemed determined not to credit

my assertion, and grasping his implements, he flourished them about in fearful vicinity to my face, going through an imaginary performance of his art, and every moment bursting into some admiring exclamation at the beauty of his designs.

IHorried at the bare thought of being rendered hideous for life if the wretch were to execute his purpose upon me, I struggled to get away from him, while Kory-Kory, turning traitor, stood by, and besought me to comply with the outrageous request. On my reiterated refusals the excited artist got half beside himself, and was overwhelmed with sorrow at losing so noble an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his profession.

The idea of engrafting his tattooing upon my white skin filled him with all a painter's enthusiasm: again and again he gazed into my countenance, and every fresh glimpse seemed to add to the vehemence of his ambition. Not knowing to what extremities he might proceed, and shuddering at the ruin he might inflict upon my figure-head, I now endeavored to draw off his attention from it, and holding out my arm in a fit of desperation signed to him to commence operations. But he rejected the compromise indignantly, and still continued his attack on my face, as though nothing short of that would satisfy him. When his forefinger swept across my features, in laying out the borders of those parallel bands which were to encircle my countenance, the flesh fairly crawled upon my bones. At last, half wild with terror and indignation, I succeeded in breaking away from the three savages, and fled towards old Marheyo's house, pursued by the indomitable artist, who ran after me, implements in hand. Kory-Kory, however, at last interfered, and drew him off from the chase.

This incident opened my eyes to a new danger; and I now felt convinced that in some luckless hour I should be disfigured in such a manner as never more to have the face to return to my countrymen, even should an opportunity offer.

■

## To Ned

By HERMAN MELVILLE. In the poem "To Ned," Melville is addressing his former companion Toby Greene and recalling the experiences of their youth in Typee Valley.

### To Ned

Where is the world we roved, Ned Bunn?  
Hollows thereof lay rich in shade  
By voyagers old inviolate thrown  
Ere Paul Pry cruised with Pelf and Trade.  
To us old lads some thoughts come home  
Who roamed a world young lads no more shall roam.

Nor less the satiate year impends  
When, wearying of routine-resorts,  
The pleasure-hunter shall break loose,  
Ned, for our Pantheistic ports:—  
Marquesas and glenned isles that be  
Authentic Edens in a Pagan sea.

The charm of scenes untried shall lure,  
And, Ned, a legend urge the flight—  
The Typee-truants under stars  
Unknown to Shakespere's *Midsummer-Night*;  
And man, if lost to Saturn's Age,  
Yet feeling life no Syrian pilgrimage.

From *John Marr and Other Sailors, with Some Sea Pieces* (New York, The De Vinne Press, 1888).

But, tell, shall he, the tourist, find  
Our isles the same in violet-glow

Enamoring us what years and years—  
Ah, Ned, what years and years ago!  
Well, Adam advances, smart in pace,  
But scarce by violets that advance you trace.

But we, in anchor-watches calm,  
The Indian Psyche's languor won,  
And, musing, breathed primeval balm  
From Edens ere yet overrun;  
Marvelling mild if mortal twice,  
Here and hereafter, touch a Paradise.

## A Prodigal in Tahiti

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, 1843–1909. Robert Louis Stevenson named two writers who, in his opinion, had touched the South Seas with genius—Herman Melville and Charles Warren Stoddard. After a childhood in Rochester, New York, his birthplace, Stoddard went to San Francisco, where during the 1860's he developed as a writer in the company of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Ambrose Bierce. At first he wrote poetry exclusively, but under the encouragement of Bret Harte he turned to writing prose sketches of travel, which became his favorite form of expression. Several visits to the islands of the Pacific provided the experience out of which he wrote many charming sketches for *The Overland Monthly*, Lippincott's *Magazine*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*. The Best of these he published under the title of *South-Sea Idyls* (1873). His other books about the Pacific Islands are *The Lepers of Molokai* (1885), *Hawaiian Life* (1894), and *The Island of Tranquil Delights* (1904). Twenty years after accepting "A Prodigal in Tahiti" for *The Atlantic Monthly*, William Dean Howells wrote to Stoddard saying, "I think, now, that there are few such delicious bits of literature in the language."



**LET** this confession be topped with a vignette done in broad, shadowless lines and few of them—something like this:

A little, flyblown room, smelling of garlic; I cooling my elbows on the oily slab of a table (breakfast for one), and looking through a window at a glaring whitewashed fence high enough to shut out the universe from my point of sight. Yet it hid not all, since it brought into relief a panting cock (with one leg in a string), which had so strained to compress itself into a doubtful inch of shade that its suspended claw clutched the air in real agony.

Having dazzled my eyes with this prospect, I turned gratefully to the vanities of life that may be had for two francs in Tahiti. Vide bill of fare: One fried egg, like the eye of some gigantic albino; potatoes hollowed out bombshell fashion, primed with liver sausage, very ingenious and palatable; the naked corpse of a fowl that cared not to live longer, from appearances, yet looked not happy in death.

Item: Wonder if there is a more ghastly spectacle than a chicken cooked in the French style; its knees drawn up on its breast like an Indian mummy, while its blue-black, parboiled, and melancholy visage tearfully surveys its own unshrouded remains. After a brief season of meditation I said, and I trust I meant it, "I thank the Lord for all these blessings." Then I gave the corpse of the chicken Christian burial under a fold of the window curtain, disposed of the fried eye of the albino, and transformed myself into a mortar for the time being, taking potato-bombshells according to my caliber.

There was a claret all the while and plenty of butterless roll, a shaving of cheese, a banana, black coffee and cognac, when I turned again to dazzle myself with the white fence, and saw with infinite pity—a sentiment perhaps not unmixed with a suspicion of cognac or some other temporary humanizing element—I saw for a fact that the poor cock had wilted, and lay flat in the sun like a last year's duster. That was too much for me. I wheeled toward the door where gleamed the bay with its lovely ridges of light; canoes drifting over it

From *South-Sea Idyls* (Boston, J. R. Osgood and Company, 1873).

drew the eye after them irresistibly; I heard the ship calkers on the beach making their monotonous clatter, and the drone of the bare-headed fruit sellers squatted in rows, chatting indolently, with their eyes half shut. I could think of nothing but bees humming over their own sweet wares.

About this time a young fellow at the next table, who had scarcely a mouthful of English at his command, implored me to take beer with him; implying that we might, if desirable, become as tight as two bricks. I declined, much to his admiration, he regarding my refusal as a clear case of moral courage, whereas it arose simply and solely from my utter inability to see his treat and go him one better.

A grown person in Tahiti has an eating hour allotted to him twice a day, at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. My time being up, I returned to the store in an indifferent frame of mind, and upon entering the presence of my employer, who had arrived a moment before me, I was immediately covered with the deep humiliation of servitude and withdrew to an obscure corner; while Monsieur and some naval guests took absinthe unblushingly, which was, of course, proper enough in them. Call it by what name you will, you cannot sweeten servility to my taste. Then why was I there and in bondage? The spirit of adventure that keeps life in us, yet comes near to worrying it out of us now and then, lured me with my handful of dollars to the Garden of the Pacific. "You can easily get work," said someone who had been there and didn't want it. If work I must, why not better there than here? thought I, and the less money I take with me the surer am I to seek that which might not attract me under other circumstances. A few letters which proved almost valueless; an abiding trust in Providence, afterward somewhat shaken, I am sorry to state, which convinces me that I can no longer hope to travel as a shorn lamb; considerable confidence in the good feeling of my fellow men, together with the few dollars above referred to—comprised my all when I set foot on the leaf-strewn and shady beach of Papeete.

Before the day was over I saw my case was almost hopeless; I was one too many in a very meager congregation of foreigners. In a week I was desperate, with poverty and disgrace brooding like evil spirits on either hand. Every ten minutes someone suggested something which was almost immediately suppressed by the next man I met, to whom I applied for further information. Teach, said one: there wasn't a pupil to be had in the dominion. Clerkships were out of the question likewise. I might keep store, if I could get anything to put in it;

or go farther, as someone suggested, if I had money enough to get there. I thought it wiser to endure the ills I had than fly to others that I knew not of. In this state I perambulated the green lanes of Papeete, conscious that I was drawing down tons of immaterial sympathy from hearts of various nationalities, beating to the music of regular salaries in hard cash, and the inevitable ringing of their daily dinner bell; and I continued to perambulate under the same depressing avalanches for a fortnight or more—a warning to the generation of the inexperienced that persists in sowing itself broadcast upon the edges of the earth, and learns too late how hard a thing it is to take root under the circumstances.

One gloomy day I was seized in the market place and led before a French gentleman who offered me a bed and board for such manual compensation as I might be able to give him in his office during the usual business hours, namely, from daybreak to some time in the afternoon, unless it rained, when business was suspended, and I was dropped until fair weather should set that little world wagging again.

I was invited to enter into the bosom of his family, in fact, to be one of them, and no single man could ask to be more; to sit at his table and hope for better days, in which diversion he proposed to join me with all his soul.

With an emotion of gratitude and a pang at being thus early a subject of charity, I began business in Papeete, and learned within the hour how sharper than most sharps it is to know only your own mother tongue when you're away from home.

Nightly I walked two hot and dusty miles through groves of bread-fruit and colonnades of palms to my new master's. I skirted, with loitering steps, a placid sea whose crystalline depths sheltered leagues and leagues of sun-painted corals, where a myriad fish, dyed like the rainbow, sported unceasingly. Springs gushed from the mountain, singing their song of joy; the winds sang in the dark locks of the sycamore, while the palm boughs clashed like cymbals in rhythmical accompaniment; glad children chanted their choruses, and I alone couldn't sing, nor hum, nor whistle, because it doesn't pay to work for your board, and settle for little necessities out of your own pocket, in any latitude that I ever heard of.

We lived in a grove of ten thousand coco palms crowning a hill slope to the west. How all-sufficient it sounds as I write it now, but how little I cared then, for many reasons! My cottage had prior tenants, who disputed possession with me—winged tenants who sought

admission at every cranny and frequently obtained it in spite of me; these were not angels, but hens. My cottage had been a granary until it got too poor a receptacle for grains, and a better shelter left it open to the barn fowls until I arrived. They hated me, these hungry chickens; they used to sit in rows on the window sill and stare me out of countenance. A wide bedstead, corded with thongs, did its best to furnish my apartment. A narrow, a very narrow and thin ship's mattress, that had been a bed of torture for many a seasick soul before it descended to me; a flat pillow like a pancake; a condemned horse blanket contributed by a good-natured Kanack who raked it from a heap of refuse in the yard, together with two sacks of rice, the despair of those hens in the window, were all I could boast of. With this inventory I strove (by particular request) to be one of those who were comfortable enough in the chateau adjoining. Summoned peremptorily to dinner, I entered a little latticed *salon*, connected with the chateau by a covered walk, discovered Monsieur seated at table and already served with soup and claret; the remainder of the company helped themselves as they best could, and I saw plainly enough that the family bosom was so crowded already that I might seek in vain to wedge myself into any corner of it, at least until some vacancy occurred.

After dinner, sat on a sack of rice in my room, while it grew dark and Monsieur received calls; wandered down to the beach at the foot of the hill and lay a long time on a bed of leaves, while the tide was out and the crabs clattered along shore and were very sociable. Natives began to kindle their evening fires of coconut husks; smoke, sweet as incense, climbed up to the plumes of the palm trees and was lost among the stars. Morsels of fish and breadfruit were offered me by the untutored savage, who welcomed me to his frugal meal and desired that I should at least taste before he broke his fast. Canoes shot out from dense, shadowy points, fishers standing in the bows with a poised spear in one hand; a blazing palm branch held aloft in the other shed a warm glow of light over their superb nakedness. Bathed by the sea, in a fresh, cool spring, and returned to my little coop, which was illuminated by the glare of fifty floating beacons; looking back from the door I could see the dark outlines of the torchbearers and hear their signal calls above the low growl of the reef a half-mile farther out from shore. It was a blessing to lie awake in my little room and watch the flicker of those fires; to think how Tahiti must look on a cloudless night from some heavenly altitude—the ocean still as

death, the procession of fishermen sweeping from point to point within the reef, till the island, flooded with starlight and torchlight, lies like a green sea-garden in a girdle of flame.

A shrill bell called me from my bed at dawn. I was not unwilling to rise, for half the night I lay like a saint on the tough thongs, having turned over in sleep, thereby missing the mattress entirely. Made my toilet at a spring on the way into town; saw a glorious sunrise that was as good as breakfast, and found the whole earth and sea and all that in them is singing again while I listened and gave thanks for that privilege. At 10 a.m. I went to breakfast in the small restaurant where I have sketched myself at the top of this chronicle. and whither we may return and begin over again if it please you.

I was about to remark that probably most melancholy and homesickness may be cured or alleviated by a wholesome meal of victuals; but I think I won't, for, on referring to my notebook, I find that within an hour after my return to the store I was as heartsick as ever and wasn't afraid to say so. It is scarcely to be wondered at: the sky was dark; aboard a schooner some sailors were making that doleful whine peculiar to them, as they hauled in to shore and tied up to a tree in a sifting ram; then everything was ominously still, as though something disagreeable were about to happen; thereupon I doubled myself over the counter like a half-shut jackknife, and burying my face in my hands, said to myself, "O, to be alone with Nature! her silence is religion and her sounds sweet music." After which the rain blew over, and I was sent with a handcart and one underfed Kanack to a wharf half a mile away to drag back several loads of potatoes. We two hungry creatures struggled heroically to do our duty. Starting with a multitude of sacks it was quite impossible to proceed with, we grew weaker the farther we went, so that the load had to be reduced from time to time, and I believe the amount of potatoes deposited by the way considerably exceeded the amount we subsequently arrived at the store with. Finding life a burden, and seeing the legs of the young fellow in harness with me bend under him in his frantic efforts to get our cart out of a rut without emptying it entirely, I resolved to hire a substitute at my own expense, and save my remaining strength for a new line of business. Thus I was enabled to sit on the wharf the rest of the afternoon and enjoy myself devising new means of subsistence and watching the natives swim.

Someone before me found a modicum of sweets in his cup of bitterness, and in a complacent hour set the good against the evil in

single entry, summing up the same to his advantage. I concluded to do it myself, and did it, thus:

EVIL.

I find myself in a foreign land with no one to love and none to love me.

I am working for my board and lodging (no extras), and find it very unprofitable.

My clothes are in rags. I shall soon be without a stitch to my back.

I get hungry before breakfast and feel faint after dinner. What are two meals a day to a man of my appetite?

GOOD.

But I may do as I please in consequence, and it is nobody's business save my own.

But I may quit as soon as I feel like it, and shall have no occasion to dun my employer for back salary so long as I stop with him.

But the weather is mild and the fig tree flourisheth. Moreover, many a good savage has gone naked before me.

But fasting is saintly. Day by day I grow more spiritual, and shall shortly be a fit subject for translation to that better world which is doubtless the envy of all those who have lost it by over-eating and drinking.

Nothing can exceed the satisfaction with which I read and reread this philosophical summary, but I had relapses every few minutes so long as I lived in Tahiti. I remember one Sunday morning, a day I had all to myself, when I cried out of the depths and felt better after it. It was a real Sunday. The fowls confessed it by the indifference with which they picked up a grain of rice now and then, as though they weren't hungry. The family were moving about in an unnatural way; some people are never themselves on the Lord's day. The canoes lay asleep off upon the water, evidently conscious of the long hours of rest they were sure of having. To sum it all, it seemed as though the cover had been taken off from the earth, and the angels were sitting in big circles looking at us. Our clock had run down, and I found myself half an hour too early at mass. Some diminutive native children talked together with infinite gesticulation, like little old

men. At every lag in the conversation, two or three of them would steal away to the fence that surrounded the church and begin diligently counting the pickets thereof. They were evidently amazed at what they considered a singular coincidence, namely, that the number of pickets, beginning at the front gate and counting to the right, tallied exactly with the do. do. beginning at the do. do. and counting to the left; while they were making repeated efforts to get at the heart of this mystery, the priest rode up on horseback, dismounted in our midst, and we all followed him into chapel to mass.

A young Frenchman offered me holy water on the tips of his fingers, and I immediately decided to confide in him to an unlimited extent if he gave me the opportunity. It was a serious disappointment when I found, later, that we didn't know six words in any common tongue. Concluded to be independent and walked off by myself. Got very lonesome immediately. Tried to be meditative, philosophical, botanical, conchological, and in less than an hour gave it up—homesick again, by Jove!

Strolled to the beach and sat a long time on a bit of wreck partly embedded in the sand; consoled by the surpassing radiance of sunset, wondered how I could ever have repined, but proceeded to do it again as soon as it grew dark. Some natives drew near, greeting me kindly. They were evidently lovers; talked in low tones, deeply interested in the most trivial things, such as a leaf falling into the sea at our feet and floating stem up, like a bowsprit; he probably made some poetic allusion to it, may have proposed braving the seas with her in a shallop as fairylike, for both fell a-dreaming and were silent for some time, he worshipping her with fascinated eyes, while she, womanlike, pretended to be all unconscious of his admiration.

Silently we sat looking over the sea at Moorea, just visible in the light of the young moon, like a spirit brooding upon the waters—till I broke the spell by saying "Good night," which was repeated in a chorus as I withdrew to my coop and found my feathered guests had beaten in the temporary barricade erected in the broken window, entered, and made themselves at home during my absence—a fact that scarcely endeared the spot to me. Next morning I was unusually merry; couldn't tell why, but tried to sing as I made my toilet at the spring; laughed nearly all the way into town, saying my prayers, and blessing God, when I came suddenly upon a horseshoe in the middle of the road. Took it as an omen and a keepsake; horseshoes aren't shed everywhere nor for everybody. I thought it the prophecy of a

change, and at once cancelled my engagement with my employer without having set foot into his house farther than the dining room, or made any apparent impression upon the adamant bosom of his family.

After formally expressing my gratitude to Monsieur for his renewed offers of hospitality, I turned myself into the street, and was once more adrift in the world. For the space of three minutes I was wild with joy at the thought of my perfect liberty. Then I grew nervous, began to feel unhappy, nay, even guilty, as though I had thrown up a good thing. Concluded it was rash of me to leave a situation where I got two meals and a mattress, with the privilege of washing at my own expense. Am not sure that it wasn't unwise, for I had no dinner that afternoon; and having no bed either, I crept into the veranda of a house to let and dozed till daybreak.

There was but one thing to live for now, namely, to see as much of Tahiti as possible, and at my earliest convenience return like the prodigal son to that father who would doubtless feel like killing something appropriate as soon as he saw me coming. I said as much to a couple of Frenchmen, brothers, who are living a dream life over yonder, and whose wildest species of dissipation for the last seven years has been to rise at intervals from their settees in the arbor, go deliberately to the farther end of the garden, and eat several mangoes in cold blood.

To comprehend Tahiti, a man must lose himself in forests whose resinous boughs are knotted with ribbons of sea-grass; there, overcome by the music of sibilant waters sifting through the antlers of the coral, he is supposed to sink upon drifts of orange blossoms, only to be resuscitated by the spray of an approaching shower crashing through the green solitudes like an army with chariots—so those brothers said, with a mango poised in each hand; and they added that I should have an official document addressed to the best blood in the kingdom, namely, Forty Chiefs of Tahiti, who would undoubtedly entertain me with true barbarian hospitality, better the world knows not. There was a delay for some reason; I, rather impatient, and scarcely hoping to receive so graceful a compliment from headquarters, trudged on alone with a light purse and an infinitesimal bundle of necessities, caring nothing for the weather nor the number of miles cleared per day, since I laid no plans save the one, to see as much as I might with the best grace possible, keeping an eye on the road for horseshoes. Through leagues of verdure I wandered, feast-



ing my five senses and finding life a holiday at last. There were numberless streams to be crossed, where I loafed for hours on the bridges, satisfying myself with sunshine. Not a savage in the land was freer than I. No man could say to me, "Why stand ye here idle?" for I could continue to stand as long as I liked and as idly as it pleased me in spite of him! There were bridgeless streams to be forded; but the Tahitian is a nomad continually wandering from one edge of his fruitful world to the other; moreover, he is the soul of peace toward men of good will; I was invariably picked up by some barebacked Hercules, who volunteered to take me over the water on his brawny brown shoulders, and could have easily taken two like me. It was good to be up there while he strode through the swift current, for I felt that he was perfectly able to carry me to the ends of the earth without stopping, and that sense of reliance helped to reassure my faith in humanity.

As I wandered, from most native houses came the invitation to enter and eat. Night after night I found my bed in the corner of some dwelling whither I had been led by the master of it, with unaffected grace. It wasn't simply showing me to a spare room, but rather unrolling the best mat and turning everything to my account so long as it pleased me to tarry. Sometimes the sea talked in its sleep not a rod from the house; frequently the mosquitoes accepted me as a delicacy and did their best to dispose of me. Once I awoke with a headache, the air was so dense with the odor of orange blossoms.

There was frequently a strip of blue bay that ebbed and flowed languidly and had to be lunched with; or a very deep and melodious spring, asking for an interview, and, I may add, always getting it. I remember one miniature castle built in the midst of a grassy Venice by the shore. Its moats, shining with goldfish, were spanned with slender bridges; toy fences of bamboo enclosed the rarer clumps of foliage; and there was such an air of tranquillity pervading it I thought I must belong there. Something seemed to say, "Come in." I went in, but left very soon; the place was so fairylike, I felt as though I were liable to step through it and come out on some other side, and I wasn't anxious for such a change.

I ate when I got hungry a very good sort of a meal, consisting usually of a tiny piglet cooked in the native fashion, swathed in succulent leaves and laid between hot stones till ready for eating; breadfruit, like mashed potato, but a great deal better; orange tea and coco milk

—surely enough for two or three francs. Took a sleep whenever sleep came along, resting always till the clouds or a shadow from the mountain covered me so as to keep cool and comfortable. Natives passed me with salutations. A white man now and then went by bately nodding, or more frequently eying me with suspicion and giving me as much of his dust as he found convenient. In the wider fellowship of nature I forswore all blood relations and blushed for those representatives of my own color as I footed it right royally. Therefore I was enabled to scorn the fellow who scorned me while he flashed the steel hoofs of his charger in my face and dashed on to the village we were both approaching with the dusk.

What a spot it was! A long lane as green as a spring meadow, lying between wall-like masses of foliage whose deep arcades were frescoed with blossoms and festooned with vines. It seemed a pathway leading to infinity, for the blood-red bars of sunset glared at its farther end as though Providence had placed them there to keep out the unregenerated. Not a house visible all this time, nor a human, though I was in the heart of the hamlet. Passing up the turf-cushioned road I beheld on either hand, through a screen of leaves, a log spanning a rivulet that was softly singing its monody; at the end of each log the summerhouse of some Tahitian, who sat in his door smoking complacently. It was a picture of still life with a suggestion of possible motion; a village to put into a greenhouse, water, and keep fresh forever. Let me picture it once more—one mossy street between two babbling brooks, and every house thereof set each in its own moated wilderness. This was Papicali.

Like rows of cages full of chirping birds, those bamboo huts were distributed up and down the street. As I walked I knew something would cause me to turn at the right time and find a new friend ready to receive me, for it always does. So I walked slowly and without hesitation or impatience until I turned and met him coming out of his cage, crossing the rill by his log and holding out his hand to me in welcome. Back we went together, and I ate and slept there as though it had been arranged a thousand years ago; perhaps it was! There was a racket up at the farther end of the lane, by the chief's house; songs and nose-flutings upon the night air; moreover, a bonfire, and doubtless much nectar—too much, as usual, for I heard such cheers as the soul gives when it is careless of consequences, and caught a glimpse of the joys of barbarism such as even we poor Christians cannot wholly withstand, but turning our backs think we are safe enough.

Commend me to him who has known temptation and not shunned it, but actually withstood it!

It was the dance, as ever it is the dance where all the aspirations of the soul find expression in the body; those bodies that are incarnate souls or those souls that are spiritualized bodies, inseparable, whatever they are, for the time being. The fire glowed fervently; bananas hung out their tattered banners like decorations; palms rustled their silver plumes aloft in the moonlight; the sea panted upon its sandy bed in heavy sleep; the night-blooming cercus opened its waxen chambers and gave forth its treasured sweets. Circle after circle of swart savage faces were turned upon the flame-lit arena where the dancers posed for a moment with their light drapery gathered about them and held carelessly in one hand. Anon the music chimed forth—a reiteration of chords caught from the birds' treble and the wind's bass; full and resounding syllables, richly poetical, telling of orgies and of the mysteries of the forbidden revels in the charmed valleys of the gods, hearing which it were impossible not to be wrought to madness; and the dancers thereat went mad, dancing with infinite gesticulation, dancing to whirlwinds of applause till the undulation of their bodies was serpentine, and at last in frenzy they shrieked with joy, threw off their garments, and were naked as the moon. So much for a vision that kept me awake till morning; when I plodded on in the damp grass and tried to forget it, but couldn't exactly, and never have to this hour. Went on and on over more bridges spanning still-flowing streams of silver, past springs that lay like great crystals framed in moss under dripping, fern-clad cliffs that the sun never reaches. Came at last to a shining, whitewashed fort, on an eminence that commands the isthmus connecting the two hemispheres of Tahiti, where down I dropped into a narrow valley full of wind and discord and a kind of dreary neglect that made me sick for any other place. More refreshment for the wayfarer, but to be paid for by the dish, and therefore limited. Was obliged to hate a noisy fellow with too much bushy black beard and a freckled nose, and to like another who eyed me kindly over his absinthe, having first mixed a glass for me. A native asked me where I was going; being unable to give any satisfactory answer, he conducted me to his canoe, about a mile distant, where he cut a sapling for a mast, another for a gaff, twisted, in a few moments, a cord of its fibrous bark, rigged a sail of his sleeping blanket, and we were shortly wafted onward before a light breeze between the reef and shore.

Three of us, with a bull pup in the bows, dozed under the after-

noon sun. He of the paddle awoke now and then to shift sail, beat the sea impetuously for a few seconds, and fall asleep again. Voices roused me occasionally, greetings from colonies of indolent Kanacks on shore, whose business it was to sit there till they got hungry, laughing weariness to scorn.

Close upon our larboard bow lay one of the islands that had bewitched me as I paced the shore but a few days previous; under us the measureless gardens of the sea unmasked a myriad imperishable blossoms, centuries old some of them, but as fair and fresh as though born within the hour. All that afternoon we drifted between sea and shore, and beached at sunset in a new land. Footsore and weary, I approached a stable from which thrice a week stages were despatched to Papeete.

A modern pilgrim finds his scrip cumbersome, if he has any, and deems it more profitable to pay his coachman than his cobbler.

I climbed to my scat by the jolly French driver, who was continually chatting with three merry nuns sitting just back of us, returning to the convent in Papeete after a vacation retreat among the hills. How they enjoyed the ride, as three children might! and were quite wild with delight at meeting a corpulent père, who smiled amiably from his saddle and offered to show them the interior of the pretty chapel at Faaa (only three a's in that word)—the very one I grew melancholy in when I was a man of business.

So they hurled themselves madly from the high scat, one after the other, scorning to touch anything so contaminating as a man's hand, though it looked suicidal, as the driver and I agreed while the three were at prayers by the altar. Whipping up over the road townward, I could almost recognize my own footprints left since the time I used to take the dust in my face three mornings a week from the wheels of that very vehicle as I footed it in to business. Passing the spring, my toilet of other days, drawing to the edge of the town, we stopped being jolly and were as proper as befitted travellers. We looked over the wall of the convent garden as we drove up to the gate, and saw the mother superior hurrying down to us with a cumbersome chair for the relief of the nuns, but before she reached us they had cast themselves to earth again in the face of destiny, and there was kissing, crying, and commotion as they withdrew under the gateway like so many doves seeking shelter. When the gate closed after them, I heard them all cooing at once, but the world knows nothing further.

Where would I be dropped? asked the driver. In the middle of the

street, please you, and take half my little whole for your ride, sir! He took it, dropped me where we stood, and drove away, I pretending to be very much at my ease. God help me and all poor hypocrites!

I sought a place of shelter, or rather retirement, for the air is balm in that country. There was an old house in the middle of a grassy lawn on a bystreet; two of its rooms were furnished with a few papers and books, and certain gentlemen who contribute to its support lounge in when they have leisure for reading or a chat. I grew to know the place familiarly. I stole a night's lodging on its veranda in the shadow of a passion vine; but, for fear of embarrassing some early student in pursuit of knowledge, I passed the second night on the floor of the dilapidated cook house, where the ants covered me. I endured the tortures of one who bares his body to an unceasing shower of sparks; but I survived.

There was, in this very cook house, a sink six feet in length and as wide as a coffin; the third night I lay like a galvanized corpse with his lid off till a rat sought to devour me, when I took to the streets and walked till morning. By this time the president of the club, whose acquaintance I had the honor of, tendered me the free use of any portion of the premises that might not be otherwise engaged. With a gleam of hope I began my explorations. Up a narrow and winding stair I found a spacious loft. It was like a mammoth tent, a solitary center pole its only ornament. Creeping into it on all fours, I found a fragment of matting, a dry crust, an empty soda bottle—footprints on the sands of time.

"Poor soul!" I gasped; "where did you come from? What did you come for? Whither, O, whither, have you flown?"

I might have added, How did you manage to get there? But the present was so important a consideration, I had no heart to look beyond it. The next ten nights I passed in the silent and airy apartment of my anonymous predecessor. Ten nights I crossed the unswept floor that threatened at every step to precipitate me into the reading room below. With a faint heart and hollow stomach, I threw myself upon my elbow and strove to sleep. I lay till my heart stopped beating, my joints were wooden, and my four limbs corky beyond all hope of reanimation. There the mosquito revelled, and it was a promising place for centipedes.

At either end of the building an open window admitted the tip of a banana leaf; up their green ribs the sprightly mouse carcered. I broke the backbone of these banana leaves, though they were the joy of

my soul and would have adorned the choicest conservatory in the land. Day was equally unprofitable to me. My best friends said, "Why not return to California?" Every one I met invited me to leave the country at my earliest convenience. The American consul secured me a passage, to be settled for at home, and my career in that latitude was evidently at an end. In my superfluous confidence in humanity I had announced myself as a correspondent for the press. It was quite necessary that I should give some plausible reason for making my appearance in Tahiti friendless and poor. Therefore, I said plainly, "I am a correspondent, friendless and poor," believing that any one would see truth in the face of it, with half an eye. "Prove it," said one who knew more of the world than I. Then flashed upon me the alarming fact that I couldn't prove it, having nothing whatever in my possession referring to it in the slightest degree. It was a fatal mistake that might easily have been avoided, but was too well established to be rectified.

In my chagrin I looked to the good old bishop for consolation. Approaching the Mission House through sunlit cloisters of palms, I was greeted most tenderly. I would have gladly taken any amount of holy orders for the privilege of ending my troublous days in the sweet seclusion of the Mission House.

As it was, I received a blessing, an autograph, and a "Godspeed" to some other part of creation. Added to this I learned how the address to the Forty Chiefs of Tahiti in behalf of the foreign traveller, my poor self, had been despatched to me by a special courier, who found me not; and doubtless the fêtes I heard of and was forever missing marked the march of that messenger, my proxy, in his triumphal progress.

In my innocent degradation it was still necessary to nourish the inner man. There is a market in Papeete where, under one broad roof, three-score hucksters of both sexes congregate long before daylight, and, while a few candles illumine their wares, patiently await custom. A half-dozen coolies with an eye to business serve hot coffee and chocolate at a dime per cup to any who choose to ask for it. By 7 a.m. the market is so nearly sold out that only the more plentiful fruits of the country are to be obtained at any price. A prodigal cannot long survive on husks, unless he have coffee to wash them down. I took my cup of it, with two spoonfuls of sugar and ants dipped out of a cigar box, and a crust of bread into the bargain, sitting on a bench in the market place, with a coolie and a Kanack on either hand.

It was not the coffee nor the sugared ants that I gave my dime for, but rather the privilege of sitting in the midst of men and women who were willing to accept me as a friend and helpmate without questioning my ancestry, and any one of whom would go me halves in the most disinterested manner. Then there was sure to be some superb fellow close at hand, with a sensuous lip curled under his nostril, a glimpse of which gave me a dime's worth of satisfaction and more too. Having secreted a French roll (five cents) all hot, under my coat, and gathered the bananas that would fall in the yard so seasonably, I made my day as brief and comfortable as possible by filling up with water from time to time.

The man who has passed a grimy chophouse, wherein a frowzy fellow sat at his cheap spread, without envying the frowzy fellow his cheap spread, cannot truly sympathize with me.

The man who has not felt a great hollow in his stomach, which he found necessary to fill at the first fountain he came to, or go over on his beam-ends for lack of ballast, cannot fall upon my neck and call me brother.

At daybreak I haunted those street fountains, waiting my turn while French cooks filled almost fathomless kegs, and coolies filled pot-bellied jars, and Kanacks filled their hollow bamboos that seemed fully a quarter of a mile in length. There I meekly made my toilet, took my first course of breakfast, rinsed out my handkerchiefs and stockings, and went my way. The whole performance was embarrassing, because I was a novice and a dozen people watched me in curious silence. I had also a boot with a suction in the toe; there is dust in Papeete; while I walked that boot loaded and discharged itself in a manner that amazed and amused a small mob of little natives who followed me in my free exhibition, advertising my shooting-boot gratuitously.

I was altogether shabby in my outward appearance, and cannot honestly upbraid any resident of the town for his neglect of me. I know that I suffered the agony of shame and the pangs of hunger; but they were nothing to the utter loneliness I felt as I wandered about with my heart on my sleeve, and never a bite from so much as a daw.

Did you ever question the possibility of a man's temporary transformation under certain mental, moral, or physical conditions? There are seasons when he certainly isn't what he was, yet may be more and better than he has been, if you give him time enough.

I began to think I had either suffered this transformation or been maliciously misinformed as to my personality. Was I truly what I represented myself to be, or had I been a living deception all my days? No longer able to identify myself as anyone in particular, it occurred to me that it would be well to address a few lines to the gentleman I had been in the habit of calling "father," asking for some particulars concerning his absent son. I immediately drew up this document ready for mailing:

MOSQUITO HALL, CENTIPEDE AVENUE, PAPEETE.

DEAR SIR: A nondescript awaits identification at this office. Answers to the names at the foot of this page, believes himself to be your son, to have been your son, or about to be something equally near and dear to you. He can repeat several chapters of the New Testament at the shortest notice; recites most of the Catechism and Commandments; thinks he would recognize two sisters and three brothers at sight, and know his mother with his eyes shut.

He likewise confesses to the usual strawberry mark in fast colors. If you will kindly send by return mail a few dollars, he will clothe, feed, and water himself, and return immediately to those arms which, if his memory does not belie him, have more than once sheltered his unworthy frame. I have, dear sir, the singular fortune to be the article above described.

The six months which would elapse before I could hope for an answer would probably have found me past all recognition, so I ceased crying to the compassionate bowels of Tom, Dick, and Harry, waiting with haggard patience the departure of the vessel that was to bear me home with a palpable C. O. D. tacked on to me. Those last hours were brightened by the delicate attentions of a few good souls who learned, too late, the shocking state of my case. Thanks to them, I slept well thereafter in a real bed, and was sure of dinners that wouldn't rattle in me like a withered kernel in an old nutshell.

I had but to walk to the beach, wave my lily hand, heavily tanned about that time, when lo! a boat was immediately despatched from the plump little corvette *Cheveret*; where the tricolor waved triumphantly from sunrise to sunset, all the year round.

Such capital French dinners as I had there, such offers of bed and board and boundless sympathy as were made me by those dear fel-



lows who wore the gold lace and had a piratical-looking cabin all to themselves, were enough to wring a heart that had been nearly wrung out in its battle with life in Tahiti.

No longer I walked the streets as one smitten with the plague, or revolved in envious circles about the market place, where I could have got my fill for a half dollar, but had neither the one nor the other. No longer I went at daybreak to swell the procession at the waterspout, or sat on the shore the picture of despair, waiting sunrise, finding it my sole happiness to watch a canoe load of children drifting out upon the bay, singing like a railful of larks; nor walked solitarily through the night up and down the narrow streets wherein the gendarmes had learned to pass me unnoticed, with my hat under my arm and my heart in my throat. Those delicious moons always seduced me from my natural sleep, and I sauntered through the coco groves whose boughs glistened like row after row of crystals, whose shadows were as mosaics wrought in blocks of silver.

I used to nod at the low, whitewashed "calabooses" fairly steaming in the sun, wherein Herman Melville got some chapters of *Omoo*.

Over and over again I tracked the ground of that delicious story, saying to the breadfruit trees that had sheltered him, "Shelter me also, and whoever shall follow after, so long as your branches quiver in the wind!"

O reader of *Omoo*, think of "Motoo-Otoo," actually looking warlike in these sad days, with a row of new cannons around its edge, and pyramids of balls as big as coconuts covering its shady center.

Walking alone in those splendid nights I used to hear a dry, ominous coughing in the huts of the natives. I felt as though I were treading upon the brinks of half-dug graves, and I longed to bring a respite to the doomed race.

One windy afternoon we cut our stern hawser in a fair wind and sailed out of the harbor; I felt a sense of relief, and moralized for five minutes without stopping. Then I turned away from all listeners and saw those glorious green peaks growing dim in the distance; the clouds embraced them in their profound secrecy; like a lovely mirage Tahiti floated upon the bosom of the sea. Between sea and sky was swallowed up vale, garden, and waterfall; point after point crowded with palms; peak above peak in that eternal crown of beauty; and with them the nation of warriors and lovers falling like the leaf, but, unlike it, with no followers in the new season.

## A Concert at the Palace

By *PIERRE LOTI*, 1850–1923. Louis Marie Julien Viaud, better known by his pen name *Pierre Loti*, was born in Rochefort, France. After preliminary education he entered the French Navy in 1870 as a midshipman. Although only moderately successful as a naval officer, he made a brilliant reputation as a writer of exotic novels based on experiences and impressions gained from visits to many strange ports all over the world. His books include *Aziyadé* (1879), *Le Mariage de Loti*, originally titled *Rarahu* (1880), *Pêcheur d'Islande* (1886), *Madame Chrysanthème* (1887), *Au Maroc* (1890), *Un Pèlerin d'Ankor* (1912), and many others. None is better known than *Le Mariage de Loti*, a semi-autobiographical novel describing a young midshipman's sojourn in Tahiti in 1872 and his love affair with *Rarahu*, a native girl attached to the court of *Pomaré*, the old Tahitian queen. In this book he caught the sensuous luxuriance of tropical nature and the spirit of a primitive people when their way of life, under the impact of western civilization, was inevitably changing. No book published since has had more influence in determining the tone and viewpoint of South Sea fiction and travel literature.

THE scene took place at Queen Pomaré's palace in November, 1872.

The court, which commonly goes barefoot, lying on the fresh grass or on mats of pandanus fiber, was in full dress that evening, keeping high festival.

I was at the piano; before me was the score of the *Africaine*. This piano, which had only that morning arrived, was a novelty at the court of Tahiti; it was a costly instrument with a soft, rich tone, like the notes of an organ or of distant bells, and Meyerbeer's music was to be heard for the first time in the halls of Pomaré. Standing by me was my shipmate Randle, who subsequently left the sea to become a leading tenor in the American opera houses; he enjoyed a brief spell of fame under the name of Randetti, until, having taken to drink, he died in abject poverty.

He was just now in full possession of his voice and gifts, and never have I heard a man's voice more touching or more exquisite. He and I together charmed many Tahitian ears, for in that land music is instinctively understood by all, even by the most savage natives.

At the upper end of the room, under a full-length portrait of herself—painted by a clever artist some thirty years before, and representing her as handsome and idealized—sat the old queen on her gilt throne, which was covered with red brocade. In her arms was her now dying grandchild, little Pomaré V, who fixed her large black eyes, glittering with fever, on my face. The old woman's ungraceful bulk filled the whole breadth of her seat. She was dressed in a loose gown of crimson velvet, a stockingless ankle was laced in slipshod fashion into a satin boot. By the side of the throne was a tray full of pandanus cigarettes.

An interpreter in evening dress stood close at hand, for this woman, who understood French as well as any Parisian, never in her life would utter a single word of it.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Marriage of Loti*, translated by Clara Bell (London, T. Werner Laurie, n.d.).

The admiral, the governor, and the consuls had seats near Her Majesty.

There still was dignity in that face, brown, wrinkled, set and hard as it was; above all else it was sad, infinitely sad—with watching as death snatched from her all her children, one after another, all stricken with the same incurable malady; with seeing her kingdom invaded by civilization and fast breaking up, her lovely island degraded to a scene of debauchery.

The windows were open to the gardens, and outside heads could be seen crowned with flowers, and moving to and fro as they came closer to hear. All the women in attendance on the queen; Faimana, wreathed like a naiad with water plants and reeds; Téhamana with a crown of datura, Téria, Raouréa, Tapou, Eréré, Tairéa, Tiahoui and Rarahu.

The side of the room opposite to where I sat was all open; there was no wall, only a colonnade of timber, and beyond it the Tahitian landscape under a star-sown sky.

At the feet of the columns, against that dark, remote background, rose a whole row of figures seated on a bench; the ladies of rank these, princesses or chiefs in their own right. Four gilt candelabra of Pompadour style, astonished at finding themselves amid such surroundings, lighted them fully and showed off their dresses, which were really very elegant and handsome. Their feet, naturally small, were neatly shod in irreproachable satin boots.

Here was the splendid Ariinoore, in a tunic of cherry-colored satin and a garland of péia—Ariinoore, who refused to marry Lieutenant M——, of the French Navy, though he had ruined himself in buying her a *corbeille*,—and who had also rejected Kaméhaméha V, king of the Sandwich Islands.

By her side sat Paura, her inseparable friend, a fascinating type of savage with her singular ugliness—or beauty? A head that would eat raw fish or human flesh—a strange creature, dwelling in the forest wilds of a remote district, with the education of an English Miss—waltzing, too, like a Spaniard.

Then Titaïa, who charmed Prince Alfred of England, the only Tahitian who ever preserved any beauty in her riper years; she was a constellation of splendid pearls and crowned with fluttering *révéréva*. Her two daughters, just come home from a school in London, were as handsome as their mother. They wore European ball dresses, half-disguised, out of regard for the queen's prejudices, under Tahitian tapas of white gauze.

Princess Ariitéa, Pomaré's daughter-in-law, with her sweet, innocent, dreamy face, faithful to her own headdress of China roses caught here and there in her flowing hair.

The queen of Bora-Bora, a thorough old savage with pointed teeth, in a velvet dress.

Queen Moé (*moé* meaning sleep or mystery) in a dark robe; regular features and a mystical type of face, with strange eyes half-shut, and an expression of introspection, like some old-fashioned portraits.

Behind these groups, in broad candlelight, rose the mountain peaks, dark in the transparent atmosphere of the Oceanian night, sharply outlined against the starry sky; and in the foreground the picturesque mass of a clump of bananas with their enormous leaves and bunches of fruit, looking like colossal candelabra ending in great black flowers. As a background to these trees the nebulae of the southern hemisphere spread a sheet of blue light, and in the middle blazed the Southern Cross. Nothing could be more ideally tropical than this far-away perspective.

The air was full of that exquisite fragrance of orange blossom and gardenia which is distilled by night under the thick foliage; there was a great silence, accentuated by the bustle of insects in the grass, and that sonorous quality, peculiar to night in Tahiti, which predisposes the listener to feel the enchanting power of music.

The piece we chose was Vasco's song when he walks alone in the island he has just discovered, intoxicated with admiration for its strange new aspect—a passage in which the composer has perfectly represented all he knew by intuition of the remote glories of these lands of light and verdure. And Randle, with a glance at the scene around him, began in his lovely voice:

“Land of wondrous beauty, gardens of delight

· · · · ·  
O Paradise!—risen from the waters!”

The shade of Meyerbeer must have felt a thrill of pleasure that evening, at hearing his music thus rendered at the other side of the world.

## **The Exploits of Maui**

*Translated by WILLIAM WYATT GILL, 1828–1896. Most of the missionaries who went to Polynesia took little interest in the folk literature of the native people, regarding it as heathen lore that should be forgotten and supplanted by the stories of the Bible. The chief exception was W. W. Gill, who was born at Bristol, England, received the B.A. degree from the University of London, and was at the age of twenty-three chosen by the London Missionary Society as missionary to Mangaia, one of the Cook Islands. Stationed in this group for over twenty years, deeply interested in the people, he learned their language thoroughly; and from converted native priests and chiefs he collected the traditional stories and poetry contained in his best known book, *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, published in London, 1876, with an introduction by Max Müller. The marvelous deeds of Maui the demigod compose a legend which, in varying versions, is to be found throughout all of Polynesia.*

## *The Wisdom of Manihiki*

ON THE island of Rarotonga once lived Manuahifare and his wife Tongoifare, offspring of the god Tangaroa. Their eldest son was named Maui the First, the next Maui the Second. Then followed their sister Inaika (Ina-the-Fish). The youngest was a boy, Maui the Third. Like all other young Polynesians, these children delighted in the game of hide-and-seek. One day Inaika hid her pet brother, Maui the Third, under a pile of dry sticks and leaves and then desired the elder boys to search for him. They sought everywhere in vain. Inaika at last pointed to the pile and naturally expected to see her little brother emerge from his hiding-place, as the sticks were scattered to the right and left. The heap had disappeared, but no Maui was to be seen. What had become of him? But after a few minutes they were astonished to see him start up from under a few bits of decayed wood and leaves which had been thoroughly searched a few seconds before. This was the first intimation of Maui the Third's future greatness.

This wonderful lad had noticed that his father, Manuahifare, mysteriously disappeared at dawn of every day; and in an equally mysterious way came back again to their dwelling at night. He resolved to discover this secret, which seemed to him the more strange as, being the favorite, he slept by the side of Manuahifare, and yet never knew when or how he disappeared. One night he lay awake until his father unfastened his girdle in order to sleep. Very cautiously did Maui the Younger take up one end and place it under himself, without attracting his father's notice. Early next morning this precocious son was roused from his slumbers by the girdle being pulled from under him. This was just as he desired; he lay perfectly still, to see what would become of Manuahifare. The unsuspecting parent went, as he was wont, to the main pillar of his dwelling, and said—

*From Myths and Songs of the South Pacific* (London, Henry S. King & Co., 1876).

O pillar! open, open up,  
That Manuahifare may enter and descend to nether  
world (Avaiki).

The pillar immediately opened, and Manuahifare descended.

That same day the four children of Manuahifare went back to their old game of hide-and-seek. This time Maui the Younger told his brothers and sister to go outside the house, whilst he should look out for some place to hide in. As soon as they were out of sight, he went up to the post through which his father had disappeared, and pronounced the magic words he had overheard. To his great joy the obedient post opened up, and Maui boldly descended to the nether regions. Manuahifare was greatly surprised to see his son down there; but after saluting (literally, "smelling") him, quietly proceeded with his work.

Maui the Third went on an exploring tour through these unknown subterranean regions, the entrance to which he had luckily discovered. Amongst other wonderful things, he fell in with a blind old woman bending over a fire where her food was being cooked. In her hand she held a pair of tongs (i.e. a green coconut midrib, split open). Every now and then she carefully took up a live coal, and placed it on one side, supposing it to be food, whilst the real food was left to burn to cinder in the fire! Maui inquired her name, and, to his surprise, found it was Inaporari, or Ina-the-Blind, his own grandmother. The clever grandson heartily pitied the condition of the poor old creature, but would not reveal his own name. Close to where he stood watching the futile cooking of Ina-the-Blind grew four nono trees (*morinda citrifolia*). Taking up a stick, he gently struck the nearest of the four trees. Ina-the-Blind angrily said, "Who is that meddling with the nono belonging to Maui the Elder?" The bold visitor to nether world then walked up to the next tree and tapped it gently. Again the ire of Ina-the-Blind was excited, and she shouted, "Who is this meddling with the nono of Maui the Second?" The audacious boy struck a third tree, and found it belonged to his sister Inaika. He now exultingly tapped the fourth and last nono tree, and heard his old grandmother ask, "Who is this meddling with the nono of Maui the Third?" "*I am Maui the Third*," said the visitor. "Then," said she, "you are my grandson, and this is your own tree."

Now when Maui first looked at his own nono tree, it was entirely destitute of leaves and fruit; but after Ina-the-Blind had spoken to



him, he again looked and was surprised to see it covered with glossy leaves and fine apples, though not ripe. Maui climbed up into the tree, and plucked one of the apples. Biting off a piece of it, he stepped up to his grandmother and threw it into one of her blind eyes. The pain was excruciating, but sight was at once restored to the eye which had so long been blind. Maui plucked another apple, and biting off a piece of it, threw it into the other eye of his grandmother—and lo! sight was restored to it also. Ina-the-Blind was delighted to see again, and, in gratitude, said to her grandson, "All above, and all below" (i.e. all on earth and all in spirit land) "are subject to thee, and to thee only."

Ina, once called the Blind, now instructed Maui in all things found within her territory; that as there were four species of nono, so there are four varieties of coconuts and four of taro in Avaiki, i.e. one for each child of Manuahifare.

Maui asked Ina, "Who is lord of fire?" She replied, "Thy grandfather Tangaroa-tui-mata" (or Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face). "Where is he?" inquired Maui. "Yonder," rejoined his grandmother; "but do not go to him. He is a terribly irritable fellow: you will surely perish." But as Maui persisted, the grateful goddess Ina said, "There are two roads to his dwelling. One of these is the path of death; whoever unwittingly approaches the Great Tangaroa by this path, dies. The other is the 'common,' or 'safe' (noa) road." Maui disdained to choose the path of safety. Knowing his own prowess, he boldly trod the path of death.

Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face, seeing Maui advancing, raised his right hand to kill him—that hand which as yet had never failed to destroy its victim. But Maui, nothing daunted, lifted his right hand. At this Tangaroa, not liking the aspect of Maui, raised his right foot, for the purpose of kicking to death the luckless intruder. But Maui was prepared to do the same to the lord of fire with his right foot. Astounded at this piece of audacity, Tangaroa demanded his name. The visitor replied, "I am Maui the Younger." The god now knew it to be his own grandson. "What did you come for?" "To get fire," was the response of Maui. Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face gave him a lighted stick, and sent him away. Maui walked to a short distance, and finding some water, like that dividing the two islets collectively called Manihiki, extinguished the lighted stick. Three times this process was repeated. The fourth time all the firebrands were gone, and Tangaroa had to fetch two dry sticks to rub together, in order to

produce fire. Maui held the under one for his grandfather; but just as the fine dust in the groove was igniting, the impudent Maui blew it all away. Tangaroa, justly irritated at this, drove Maui away, and summoned a *kakaia*, or tern, to come to his assistance to hold down the lower piece of wood, whilst Tangaroa diligently worked again with the other stick. At last, to the infinite joy of Maui, fire was obtained. It was no longer a mystery. Maui suddenly snatched the upper stick, one end of which was burning, out of the hand of Tangaroa. The patient bird of white plumage still firmly clutched with her claws the under firestick, when Maui purposely burnt either side of the eye of the bird. The indignant tern, smarting at this ill-requital, fled away for ever. Hence the black marks, resembling a pair of eyebrows, on either side of the eye of this beautiful bird to this day. Tangaroa reproached his grandson with having thus wantonly deprived him of the valuable services of his favorite bird. Maui deceitfully said, "Your bird will come back."

Maui next proposed to Tangaroa that they should both fly up to daylight through the hole by which the bird had escaped. The god inquired how this could be accomplished. Maui at once volunteered to show the way, and actually flew to a considerable height like a bird. Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face was greatly delighted. Maui came down to the ground and urged his grandfather to imitate his example. "Nothing," said Maui, "is easier than to fly." At his grandson's suggestion, Tangaroa put on his glorious girdle, by mortals called the rainbow, and, to his immense delight, succeeded in rising above the loftiest coconut tree. The crafty Maui took care to fly lower than Tangaroa, and getting hold of one end of the old man's girdle, he gave it a smart pull, which brought down poor Tangaroa from his giddy elevation. The fall killed Great Tangaroa.

Pleased with his achievement in getting the secret of fire from his grandfather and then killing him, he returned to his parents, who had both descended to nether land. Maui told them he had got the secret of fire, but withheld the important circumstance that he had killed Tangaroa. His parents expressed their joy at his success and intimated their wish to go and pay their respects to the Supreme Tangaroa. Maui objected to their going at once. "Go," said he, "on the third day. I wish to go myself tomorrow." The parents of Maui acquiesced in this arrangement. Accordingly, on the next day Maui went to the abode of Tangaroa, and found the body entirely decomposed. He carefully collected the bones, put them inside a coconut shell, care-

fully closed the tiny aperture, and finally gave them a thorough shaking. Upon opening the coconut shell, he found his grandfather to be alive again. Liberating the divinity from his degrading imprisonment, he carefully washed him, anointed him with sweet-scented oil, fed him, and then left him to recover strength in his own dwelling.

Maui now returned to his parents Manuahifare and Tongoifare, and found them very urgent to see Tangaroa. Again Maui said, "Wait till tomorrow." The fact was, he greatly feared their displeasure and had secretly resolved to make his way back to the upper world he had formerly inhabited whilst his parents were on their visit to Tangaroa.

Upon visiting the god on the morning of the third day, Manuahifare and Tongoifare were greatly shocked to find that he had entirely lost his old proud bearing and that on his face were the marks of severe treatment. Manuahifare asked his father Tangaroa the cause of this. "Oh," said the god, "your terrible boy has been here ill-treating me. He killed me; then collected my bones, and rattled them about in an empty coconut shell; he then finally made me live again, scarred and enfeebled, as you see. Alas! that fierce son of yours."

The parents of Maui wept at this, and forthwith came back to the old place in Avaiki in quest of their son, intending to scold him well. But he had made his escape to the upper world, where he found his two brothers and his sister Inaika in mourning for him whom they never expected to see again.

Maui the Third told them that he had made a grand discovery—he had obtained the secret of fire. He had found a new land. "Where is it situated?" inquired they. "Down *there*," said Maui the Younger. "Down *where*?" they demanded. "Down *there*," again shouted Maui. The fact was, they were not aware of the secret opening in their house leading to Avaiki. At the earnest solicitation of Maui, they all consented to follow him. Accordingly, he went to the old post of their dwelling, and said as before:—

O pillar! open, open up,

That we all may enter and descend to nether world.

At these words the wonderful pillar at once opened, and all four descended. Maui showed them all the wonders of spirit-world, and when at length their curiosity was perfectly satisfied, he conducted them back to the upper world of light, to which they all properly belonged.

*Maui Enslaving the Sun*

Food was now cooked by the inhabitants of this upper world, whereas formerly it was eaten raw. But the Sun-god Ra used to set in mad haste, ere the family oven could be properly cooked. Maui considered how he could remedy this great evil. A strong rope of coconut fiber was made and laid round the aperture by which the Sun-god climbed up from Avaiki (nether world). But it was in vain. Still stronger ropes were made; but all to no purpose. Maui fortunately bethought himself of his beloved sister's hair, which was remarkably long and beautiful. He cut off some of Inaika's locks and plaited it into rope, placed it round the aperture, and then hid himself. The moment the Sun-god Ra emerged from spirit world in the east, Maui quickly pulled one end of the cord and caught him round the throat with the slipknot. The hitherto unmanageable monster bellowed and writhed in his vain efforts to extricate himself. Almost at the last gasp, he begged Maui to release him on any terms he pleased. The victorious Maui said that if he would pledge himself to go on his course at a more reasonable rate, he should be released. The promise was readily given by the trembling captive, and hence it is that ever since the inhabitants of this upper world have enjoyed sufficient sunlight to complete the duties of the day.

*The Sky Raised*

Originally the heavens almost touched the earth. Maui resolved to elevate the sky, and fortunately succeeded in obtaining the assistance of Ru. Maui stationed himself at the north, whilst Ru took up his position in the south.

Prostrate on the ground, at a given signal they succeeded in raising a little with their backs the solid blue mass. Now pausing a while on their knees, they gave it a second lift. Maui and Ru were now able to stand upright; with their shoulders they raised the sky higher still. The palms of their hands, and then the tips of their fingers, enabled these brave fellows to elevate it higher and higher. Finally, drawing themselves out to gigantic proportions, they pushed the entire heavens up to the very lofty position which they have ever since occupied.

But the work was not complete, for the surface of the sky was

very irregular. Maui and Ru got a large stone adze apiece, and there-with chipped off the roughest parts of the sky, thus giving it a perfectly oval appearance. They now procured superior adzes, in order to finish off the work so auspiciously commenced. Maui and Ru did not cease to chip, chip, chip at the blue vault until it became faultlessly smooth and beautiful, as we see it now!

### *Maui's Last and Greatest Achievement*

A native of Rarotonga, named Iku, was a noted fisherman. He was accustomed to go out to sea a great distance, and yet safely find his way back with abundance of fish. The obvious reasons of this was that Iku knew the names and movements of the stars; and by them he steered his course at night.

Upon one occasion this Rarotongan fisherman, at a great distance from his home, discovered a vast rock of stone at the bottom of the ocean. This was the island of Manihiki. Iku made sail for Rarotonga to tell what he had seen.

The three brothers Maui heard Iku tell his story of this submarine island, and determined to get possession of it for themselves. Accordingly, without giving the discoverer the slightest hint of their intentions, they sailed in a large canoe to the north (a distance of six hundred miles) in quest of the sunken island. Many days passed in weary search, ere they were rewarded with a sight of the great block of coral at the bottom of the sea.

Maui the Elder now baited his large hook with a piece of raw fish, and let it down. The bait took; and Maui the Elder pulled hard at the line. As the fish drew near the surface, he asked his brother whether it was a shark or a kakai. They pronounced it to be a kakai.

Maui the Second next baited his hook, and like his brother caught only a kakai.

It was now Maui the Younger's turn to try his luck. He selected as bait the young bud of the coconut which he had brought with him for the purpose. This he wrapped up in a leaf of the laurel tree. A very strong line was attached to the hook, and then let down. Maui soon found that he had got hold of something very heavy, and he in his turn asked his brothers what sort of fish was on his hook. They sapiently assured him that "it was either a shark or a kakai."

Maui found his prize to be intolerably heavy, so he put forth all his hidden strength, and up came the entire island of Manihiki! As

the island neared the surface, the canoe in which the three brothers were, broke in two with the mighty straining of Maui the Younger. His two brothers were precipitated into the ocean and drowned. Luckily for Maui the Younger, one of his feet rested on the solid coral of the ascending island. At length Manihiki rose high and dry above the breakers, drawn up from the ocean depths by the exertions of the now solitary Maui.

Maui surveyed his island possession with great satisfaction, for this he regarded as his crowning achievement. There was, however, one serious defect—there was no canoe passage. Maui at once set to work upon a part of the reef, and made the excellent opening for canoes which distinguishes Manihiki above many other islands.

Not long afterwards Iku came back to his favorite fishing ground. Great was his surprise and indignation to find Manihiki raised up from the ocean depths by the efforts of Maui, and already inhabited by him. Iku resolved to slay Maui for doing this. He got ashore at the passage which his adversary had so conveniently made, and fought with Maui. In this fight Maui retreated to a certain spot, stamped his foot with great violence, and so broke off a part of what now constitutes one extremity of the sister islet of Rakaanga.

Iku feared not this exhibition of the powers of Maui, and again pursued him with the intent to kill him. Maui now ran to the opposite side of Manihiki, and again violently stamped the earth with his foot; and thus it was that the originally large island of Manihiki was cleft into two equal parts, one of which retains the ancient designation Manihiki, the other is called Rakaanga. A wide ocean channel (of twenty-five miles) separates these twin coral islands. Finally, Maui ascended up into the heavens and was seen no more.

On the island of Rakaanga visitors are shown a hollow in a rock near the sea, closely resembling a human footprint of the ordinary size. This is called "the footprint of Maui"—where his right foot rested when the canoe parted, and he had almost sunk in the ocean. Close by is a hole in the coral, said to be the place where Maui's fishhook held fast when he pulled up the island from the bottom of the ocean. It is asserted that Maui carried with him to the skies the great fishhook employed by him on that occasion. The tail of the constellation Scorpio is to this day called by the natives of Manihiki and Rakaanga "the fishhook of Maui."



## A New Englander in the South Seas

By HENRY (BROOKS) ADAMS (1838–1918). Henry Adams, son of Charles Francis Adams and descendant of the Adamses of New England, was born in Boston. He was secretary to his father in Washington (1860–1861) and London (1861–1868); later he edited the *North American Review* and taught history at Harvard University. His works include *The Life of Albert Gallatin* (1879), *History of the United States* (nine volumes, 1889–1891), *Tahiti: Memoirs of Arii Taimai e Marama of Eimeo* (2nd ed., 1901), *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (1904), and *The Education of Henry Adams* (1906). Adams did not consider his education to be complete without a tour of the Pacific, and in 1890–1891 he visited—in company with John La Farge, the American painter—in Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti, Fiji, Australia, and the Dutch East Indies. His travel letters should not be overlooked by students of the Pacific area. He became well acquainted with Robert Louis Stevenson at Apia, Samoa. The self-portrait given in the selections below shows a man of the world finding exotic pleasure in a Polynesian hut.



## A Samoan Soiree

Apia, October 9, 1890.

**W**ELL, we are here, and I am sitting in the early morning on the veranda of a rough cottage, in a grove of coconut palms, with native huts all about me, and across the grass, fifty yards away, I can see and hear the sea with its distant line of surf on the coral reef beyond. Natives clothed mostly in a waistcloth, but sometimes their toilet completed by a hibiscus or other flower in their hair, pass every moment or two before my cabin, often handsome as Greek gods. I am the guest of Consul Sewall, whose consulate is within the same grove, near the beach. . . .

Sunday morning at nine o'clock or thereabouts, the *Alameda* turned a corner of Tutuila, and I saw the little schooner knocking about in the open sea beyond. The day was overcast, threatening rain. From the shore, half a dozen large boats, filled with naked savages, were paddling down with the wind, singing a curiously wild chant to their paddles. La Farge and I felt that we were to be captured and probably eaten, but the cruise of sixty miles in a forty-ton schooner, beating to windward in tropical squalls, was worse than being eaten. We dropped into the boat among scores of naked Samoans, half of them swimming, or clambering over our backs, with war clubs to sell, and when we reached our schooner, we stood in the rain and watched the *Alameda* steam away. That was our first joy. Whatever fate was in store, we had escaped from the steamer, and might die before another would come.

The cutter was commanded by Captain Peter, a huge captain, but little skilled in the languages with which I am more or less acquainted. His six sailors were as little fluent in English as though

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Letters of Henry Adams* (1858-1891), edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1930).

they had studied at Harvard. Captain Peter talked what he supposed to be English with excessive energy, but we could catch only the three words "now and again," repeated with a frequency but in no apparent connection. "Now and again" something was to happen; meanwhile he beat up under the shore into quieter water, and presently, in a downpour of rain, we cast anchor in a bay, with mountains above, but a sand-beach within the coral reef, and native huts half hidden among the coconut palms.

I insisted on going ashore straightway without respect for H.M.'s mail, and Captain Peter seemed not unwilling. A splendid naked savage carried *La Farge*, in an india-rubber waterproof, mildly kicking, from the boat to the shore, and returned for me. I embraced his neck with effusive gratitude, and so landed on the island of Tutuila, which does not resemble the picture on the Oceanic Steamship Company's colored advertisement. I found it densely covered with tropical mountains and vegetation, but glad as I was to set foot on mountains and see vegetation, I was soon more interested in the refined hospitality of the cultured inhabitants.

We entered the nearest hut, and put on our best manners, which were none too good, for the natives had manners that made me feel withered prematurely in association with the occupants of pigsties. Grave, courteous, with quiet voices and a sort of benevolence beyond the utmost expressiveness of Benjamin Franklin, they received us and made us at home.

The cabin was charming when one looked about it. Nearly circular, with a diameter of some forty feet, its thatched roof, beautifully built up, came within about five feet of the ground, ending there on posts, and leaving the whole house open to the air. Within, mats covered a floor of white corals, smooth and almost soft like coarse sand. Fire was made in the middle of the hut. Only women and children were there. One was staining a tapa-cloth; another was lying down unwell; others sitting about, and one or two naked children, wonderfully silent and well behaved, sat and stared at us. We dropped our umbrellas and waterproofs and sat down on the mats to wait for Captain Peter to sail; but presently a proud young woman entered and seated herself in silence after shaking hands. Captain Peter succeeded in making us understand that this was the chief's daughter. Other young women dropped in, shook hands and sat down. Soon we seemed to have a matinee. As no one could say more than a word or two in the other's language, communication

was as hard as at a Washington party, but it was more successful.

In a very short time we were all intimate. La Farge began to draw the Princess, as we called her, and Wakea—for that was her name—was pleased to drop her dress-skirt, and sit for him in her native undress, with a dignity and gravity quite indescribable. The other girls were less imposing, but very amusing. One, Sivà, a younger sister of the Princess, was fascinating. Of course I soon devoted my attention to talking, and as I could understand nothing, talk was moderately easy; but through Captain Peter we learned a little, and some of the touches of savagery were perfect. I asked Sivà her name—mine was Hen-li—and her age. She did not know her age; even her father, an old man, could not say how many years old she was. I guessed fourteen, equivalent to our eighteen. All her motions were splendid, and she threw a plate on the floor, as Martha Braggiotti would say, like a race horse. Her lines were all antique, and in face she recalled a little my niece Lulu, Molly's sister.

Presently she brought a curious pan-shaped wooden dish, standing on eight legs, all of one block; and sitting down behind it, began to grate a dry root, like flag-root but larger, on a grater, over the dish. This was rather hard work, and took some time. Then another girl brought some coconuts full of water, and she poured the water on the grated root. Then she took a bundle of clean coconut fiber, and seemed to wash her hands in the water, which was already muddy and dirty with the grated root. We divined that she really strained out the grated particles, which were caught on the fiber, and wrung out by another girl. When all the grains were strained off, the drink was ready, and we realized that we had got to swallow it, for this was the kawa, and we were grateful that in our first experience the root was grated, not chewed, as it ought to be, by the girls. Please read Kingsley's account of it in the "Earl and the Doctor," a book you will probably be able to borrow from Herbert, as it was done for or by his brother Pembroke. A coconut half full of it was handed to us, and as usual La Farge, who had kicked at the idea more than I did, took to it at once, and drank it rather freely. I found it "not nice, papa, but funny"; a queer lingering, varying, aromatic, aromatic, Polynesian, old-gold flavor, that clings to the palate like creosote or coal oil. I drank the milk of a green coconut to wash it off, but all the green coconuts in the ocean could not wash out that little taste.

After the kawa we became still more intimate. Besides Wakea and

her sister Siva, we made the acquaintance of Tuvala, Amerika, Sitoa, and Faaiuro, which is no other than Fayaway, I imagine. We showed them our writing, and found that they could write very well, as they proved by writing us letters on the spot, in choice Samoan, which we tried to translate, with the usual result. So evening came on; we had some supper; a kerosene lamp was lit; and La Farge and I began to cry out for the siva.

The siva, we had learned to know at Hawaii, is the Samoan dance, and the girl, Siva, had already been unable to resist giving us snatches of the songs and motions. Siva was fascinating. She danced all over, and seemed more Greek in every new motion. I could not understand what orders were given by the elders, but once they were assured that we were not missionaries, all seemed right. The girls disappeared; and after some delay, while I was rather discouraged, thinking that the siva was not to be, suddenly out of the dark five girls came into the light, with a dramatic effect that really I never felt before. Naked to the waist, their rich skins glistened with coconut oil. Around their heads and necks they wore garlands of green leaves in strips, like seaweeds, and these too glistened with oil, as though the girls had come out of the sea. Around their waists, to the knee, they wore leaf-clothes, or lava-lavas, also of fresh leaves, green and red.

Their faces and figures varied in looks, some shading the negro too closely; but Siva was divine, and you can imagine that we found our attention absorbed in watching her. The mysterious depths of darkness behind, against which the skins and dresses of the dancers mingled rather than contrasted; the sense of remoteness and of genuineness in the stage management; the conviction that at last the kingdom of old-gold was ours, and that we were as good Polynesiacs as our neighbors—the whole scene and association gave so much freshness to our fancy that no future experience, short of being eaten, will ever make us feel new again. La Farge's spectacles quivered with emotion and gasped for sheer inability to note everything at once. To me the dominant idea was that the girls, with their dripping grasses and leaves, and their glistening breasts and arms, had actually come out of the sea a few steps away.

They entered in file, and sat down opposite us. Then the so-called siva dance began. The girls sat cross-legged, and the dance was as much song as motion, although the motion was incessant. As the song or chant, a rhythmical and rather pleasant, quick movement, began,

the dancers swayed about; clapped their hands, shoulders, legs; stretched out their arms in every direction and with every possible action, always in harmony, and seldom repeating the same figure. We had dozens of these different motives until I thought the poor girls would be exhausted, for they made so much muscular effort, feet, thighs, hips and even ribs working as energetically as the arms, that they panted at the close of each figure; but they were evidently enjoying it as much as we, and kept it up with glances at us and laughter among themselves.

All through this part of the performance, our Princess did not dance but sat before us on the mats, and beat time with a stick. At last she too got up, and after ten minutes' absence, reappeared, costumed like the rest, but taller and more splendid. La Farge exploded with enthusiasm for her, and expressed boundless contempt for Carmencita. You can imagine the best female figure you ever saw, on about a six-foot scale, neck, breast, back, arms and legs, all absolutely Greek in modelling and action, with such freedom of muscle and motion as the Greeks themselves hardly knew, and you can appreciate La Farge's excitement. When she came in the other dancers rose, and then began what I supposed to be a war or sword dance, the Princess brandishing a stick and evidently destroying her enemies, one of whom was a comic character and expressed abject cowardice.

With this performance the dance ended; Sivà got out the kawa dish; Wakea and the others went for our tobacco, and soon we were all sprawling over the mats, smoking, laughing, trying to talk, with a sense of shoulders, arms, legs, coconut oil, and general nudeness most strangely mixed with a sense of propriety. Anyone would naturally suppose such a scene to be an orgy of savage license. I don't pretend to know what it was, but I give you my affidavit that we could see nothing in the songs or dances that suggested impropriety, and that not a word or a sign during our whole stay could have brought a blush to the cheek of Senator H—— himself. Unusual as the experience is of half-dressed or undressed women lying about the floor, in all sorts of attitudes, and as likely as not throwing their arms or their shoulders across one as one lies or sits near them, as far as we could see the girls were perfectly good, and except occasionally for hinting that they would like a present of a handkerchief, or for giving us perhaps a ring, there was no approach to familiarity with us. Indeed at last we were extinguished by dropping a big mosquito netting

over us, so that we were enclosed in a private room; the girls went off to their houses; our household sank into perfect quiet, and we slept in our clothes on the floor as comfortably as we knew how, while the kerosene lamp burned all night in the center of the floor.

*A Call on R. L. S.*

Apia, October 17, 1890.

**Y**ESTERDAY afternoon Sewall took La Farge and me to call on Robert Louis Stevenson. We mounted some gawky horses and rode up the hills about an hour on the native road or path which leads across the island. The forest is not especially exciting; not nearly so beautiful as that above Hilo in Hawaii, but every now and again, as Captain Peter, or Pito, used to say, we came on some little touch of tropical effect that had charm, especially a party of three girls in their dress of green leaves, or titi, which La Farge became glowing about. The afternoon was lowering, with drops of rain, and misty in the distance. At last we came out on a clearing dotted with burned stumps exactly like a clearing in our backwoods. In the middle stood a two-story Irish shanty with steps outside to the upper floor, and a galvanized iron roof. A pervasive atmosphere of dirt seemed to hang around it, and the squalor like a railroad navvy's board hut.

As we reached the steps a figure came out that I cannot do justice to. Imagine a man so thin and emaciated that he looked like a bundle of sticks in a bag, with a head and eyes morbidly intelligent and restless. He was costumed in a dirty striped cotton pajamas, the baggy legs tucked into coarse knit woollen stockings, one of which was bright brown in color, the other a purplish dark tone.

With him was a woman who retired for a moment into the house to reappear a moment afterwards, probably in some change of costume, but, as far as I could see, the change could have consisted only in putting shoes on her bare feet. She wore the usual missionary nightgown, which was no cleaner than her husband's shirt and drawers, but she omitted the stockings. Her complexion and eyes were dark and strong, like a half-breed Mexican.

They received us cordially enough, and as soon as Stevenson heard La Farge's name and learned who he was, they became very friendly, while I sat by nervously conscious that my eyes could not

help glaring at Stevenson's stockings, and wondering, as La Farge said, which color he would have chosen if he had been obliged to wear a pair that matched. We sat an hour or more, perched on his veranda, looking down over his field of black stumps, and the forest beyond, to the misty line of distant ocean to the northward. He has bought a hundred acres or more of mountain and forest so dense that he says it cost him a dollar for every foot he walks in it. To me the place seemed oppressively shut in by forest and mountain, but the weather may have caused that impression.

When conversation fairly began, though I could not forget the dirt and discomfort, I found Stevenson extremely entertaining. He has the nervous restlessness of his disease, and, although he said he was unusually well, I half expected to see him drop with a hemorrhage at any moment, for he cannot be quiet, but sits down, jumps up, darts off and flies back, at every sentence he utters, and his eyes and features gleam with a hectic glow. He seems weak, and complains that the ride of an hour up to his place costs him a day's work; but, as he describes his travels and life in the South Seas, he has been through what would have broken me into a miserable rag. For months he has sailed about the islands in wretched trading schooners and stray steamers almost worse than sailing vessels, with such food as he could get, or lived on coral atolls eating breadfruit and yams, all the time working hard with his pen, and of course always dirty, uncomfortable and poorly served, not to speak of being ill-clothed, which matters little in these parts. He has seen more of the island than any literary or scientific man ever did before, and knows all he has seen. His talk is most entertaining, and of course interested us peculiarly. He says that the Tahitians are by far finer men than the Samoans, and that he does not regard the Samoans as an especially fine race, or the islands here as specially beautiful. I am not surprised at the last opinion, for I do not think this island of Upolo very beautiful as these islands go; certainly not so beautiful as the Hilo district of Hawaii; but I shall wait for our own judgment about the men and women. Tahiti and Nukuheva are his ideals, which encourages us with something to look forward to. He had much to say about his experiences, and about atolls, French *gens d'armes*, beachcombers, natives and Chinamen; about the Island of Flatterers where the natives surrounded him and stroked him down, saying "Alofa," "love," and "You handsome man," "You all same as my father"; and about islands where the girls took away all his plug tobacco and picked his pocket

of his matchbox, and then with the utmost dignity gave him one match to light his cigarette. But the natives, he says, are always respectable, while some of the whites are degraded beyond description. . . .

Stevenson is about to build a house, and says he shall never leave the island again, and cannot understand how any man who is able to live in the South Seas should consent to live elsewhere.





## Fishing Season

By PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). A French artist best known for his paintings of Tahiti, Gauguin was born in Paris but spent part of his childhood in Peru. He was educated at the lycée at Orleans and for several years was a sailor in the merchant marine and the French Navy. At twenty-three he entered a firm of exchange brokers in Paris, soon married, and, succeeding rapidly in business, settled down to what seemed a comfortable bourgeois life. In 1875 he began to paint in his spare time, and five years later, giving up his secure position, he began to devote himself entirely to painting. Unable to sell his paintings, destitute and separated from his wife and children, he went to Martinique in search of refuge and new subjects for his art. Then after bitter years in France, still unsuccessful, he obtained some money by selling his pictures at auction, and in 1891 sailed for Tahiti. There he found the colorful scene and primitive people he wanted as subjects for his work, as well as a mode of life that gave him longed-for freedom and simplicity. The experiences and impressions of his first year on the island appear in *Noa Noa*, the only book he published. Gauguin moved to the Marquesas Group, settling down on the island of Hiva-Oa. Here he lived the last two years of his life, poor and in wretched health, but still painting brilliantly; at odds with the white officials, but friendly with the natives, who had always accepted him like one of their own race. A few years after his death, his reputation as an artist rose rapidly and the islands were searched for any scrap of his work that chanced to remain there. W. Somerset Maugham based a novel upon his life, *The Moon and Sixpence* (1919).

SINCE about a fortnight there have been swarms of flies, which are rare at other times, and they have become insupportable.

But the Maoris rejoice. The bonitoes and tunny fish are coming to the surface. The flies proclaim that the season for fishing is at hand, the season of labor. But let us not forget that on Tahiti work itself is pleasure.

Everyone was testing the strength of his lines and hooks. Women and children with unusual activity busied themselves in dragging nets, or rather long grates of coconut leaves, upon the seashore, and the corals which occupied the sea bottom between the land and the reefs. By this method certain small bait fish of which the tunny fish are very fond are caught.

After the preparations have been completed, which takes not less than three weeks, two large pirogues are tied together and launched upon the sea. They are furnished at the prow with a very long rod, which can be quickly raised by means of two lines fixed behind. The rod is supplied with a hook and bait. As soon as a fish has bitten, it is drawn from the water and stored in the boat.

We set out upon the sea on a beautiful morning—naturally I participated in the festival—and soon were beyond the line of reefs. We ventured quite a distance out into the open sea. I still see a turtle with the head above water, watching us pass.

The fishermen were in a joyful mood, and rowed lustily.

We came to a spot which they called "tunny hole," where the sea is very deep, opposite the grottoes of Mara.

There, it is said, the tunny fish sleep during the night at a depth inaccessible to the sharks.

A cloud of sea birds hovered above the hole on the alert for tunnies. When one of the fish appeared, the birds dashed down with unbelievable rapidity, and then rose again with a ribbon of flesh in the beak.

Reprinted by permission of Greenberg: Publisher from *Noa Noa*, translated by O. F. Theis (New York, Nicholas L. Brown, 1920).

Thus everywhere in the sea and in the air, and even in our pirogues, carnage is contemplated or carried out.

When I ask my companions why they do not let a long line down to the bottom of the "tunny hole," they reply to me that it is impossible since it is a sacred place.

"The god of the sea dwells there."

I suspect that there is a legend behind this, and without difficulty I succeed in getting them to tell it to me.

Roiia Hatou, a kind of Tahitian Neptune, slept here at the bottom of the sea.

A Maori was once foolhardy enough to fish here, and his hook caught in the hair of the god, and the god awoke.

Filled with wrath he rose to the surface to see who had the temerity to disturb his sleep. When he saw that the guilty one was a man, he decided that all the human race must perish to expiate the impiety of one.

By some mysterious indulgence, however, the author himself of the crime escaped punishment.

The god ordered him to go with all his family upon Toa Marama, which according to some is an island or mountain, and according to others a pirogue or an "ark."

When the fisher and his family had gone to the designated place, the waters of the ocean began to rise. Slowly they covered even the highest mountains, and all the living perished except those who had taken flight upon (or in) Toa Marama.

Later they repeopled the islands.

We left the "tunny hole" behind us, and the master of the pirogue designated a man to extend the rod over the sea and cast out the hook.

We waited long minutes, but not a bite came.

It was now the turn of another oarsman; this time a magnificent tunny fish bit and made the rod bend downward. Four powerful arms raised it by pulling at the ropes behind, and the tunny appeared on the surface. But simultaneously a huge shark leaped across the waves. He struck a few times with his terrible teeth, and nothing was left on the hook except the head.

The master gave a signal. I cast out the hook.

In a very short time we caught an enormous tunny. Without paying much attention to it, I heard my companions laughing and whis-

pering among themselves. Killed by blows on the head, the animal quivered in its death agony in the bottom of the boat. Its body was transformed into a gleaming many-faceted mirror, sending out the lights of a thousand fires.

The second time I was lucky again.

Decidedly, the Frenchman brought good luck. My companions joyously congratulated me, insisted that I was a lucky fellow, and I, quite proud of myself, did not make denial.

But amid all this unanimity of praise, I distinguished, as at the time of my first exploit, an unexplained whispering and laughter.

The fishing continued until evening.

When the store of small bait fish was exhausted, the sun lighted red flames on the horizon, and our pirogue was laden with ten magnificent tunny fish.

They were preparing to return.

While things were being put in order, I asked one of the young fellows as to the meaning of the exchange of whispered words and the laughter which had accompanied my two captures. He refused to reply. But I was insistent, knowing very well how little power of resistance a Maori has and how quickly he gives in to energetic pressure.

Finally he confided to me. If the fish is caught with the hook in the lower jaw—and both my tunnies were thus caught—it signifies that the *vahina* is unfaithful during the *tané's* absence.

I smiled incredulously.

And we returned.

Night falls quickly in the tropics. It is important to forestall it. Twenty-two alert oars dipped and redipped simultaneously into the sea, and to stimulate themselves the rowers uttered cries in rhythm with their strokes. Our pirogues left a phosphorescent wake behind.

I had the sensation of a mad flight. The angry masters of the ocean were pursuing us. Around us the frightened and curious fish leaped like fantastic troupes of indefinite figures.

In two hours we were approaching the outermost reefs.

The sea beats furiously here, and the passage is dangerous on account of the surf. It is not an easy maneuver to steer the pirogue correctly. But the natives are skillful. Much interested and not entirely without fear I followed the operation, which was executed perfectly.

The land ahead of us was illumined with moving fires. They were enormous torches made of the dry branches of the coconut trees. It

was a magnificent picture. The families of the fishermen were awaiting us on the sand on the edge of the illumined water. Some of the figures remained seated and motionless; others ran along the shore waving the torches; the children leaped hither and thither and their shrill cries could be heard from afar.

With powerful movement the pirogue ran up on the sand.

Immediately they proceeded to the division of the booty.

All the fish were laid on the ground, and the master divided them into as many equal parts as there were persons—men, women, and children—who had taken part in the fishing for the tunnies or in the catching of the little fish used for bait.

There were thirty-seven parts.

Without loss of time, my *vahina* took the hatchet, split some wood, and lighted the fire while I was changing clothes and putting on some wraps on account of the evening chill.

One of our two parts was cooked; her own Tehura put away raw.

Then she asked me fully about the various happenings of the day, and I willingly satisfied her curiosity. With childlike contentment she took pleasure in everything, and I watched her without letting her suspect the secret thoughts which were occupying me. Deep down within me, without any plausible cause, a feeling of disquietude had awakened which it was no longer possible to calm. I was burning to put a certain question to Tehura, a certain question . . . and it was vain for me to ask of myself, "to what good?" I, myself, replied, "Who knows?"

The hour of going to bed had come, and, when we were both stretched out side by side, I suddenly asked,

"Have you been sensible?"

"Yes."

"And your lover today, was he to your liking?"

"I have no lover."

"You lie. The fish has spoken."

Tehura raised herself and looked fixedly at me. Her face had imprinted upon it an extraordinary expression of mysticism and majesty and strange grandeur with which I was unfamiliar and which I would never have expected to see in her naturally joyous and still almost childlike face.

The atmosphere in our little hut was transformed. *I felt that something sublime had risen up between us.* In spite of myself I yielded

to the influence of Faith, and I was waiting for a message from above. I did not doubt that this message would come; but the sterile vanity of our skepticism still had its influence over me, in spite of the glowing sureness of a faith like this rooted though it was in some superstition or other.

Tehura softly crept to our door to make sure that it was tightly shut, and having come back as far as the center of the room she spoke aloud this prayer:

*Save me! Save me!  
It is evening, it is evening of the Gods!  
Watch close over me, O my God!  
Watch over me, O my Lord!  
Preserve me from enchantments and evil counsels.  
Preserve me from sudden death,  
And from those who send evil and curses;  
Guard me from quarrels over the division of the lands,  
That peace may reign about us!  
O my God, protect me from raging warriors!  
Protect me from him who in erring threatens me,  
Who takes pleasure in making me tremble,  
Against him whose hairs are always bristling!  
To the end that I and my soul may live,  
O my God!*

That evening, I verily joined in prayer with Tehura.

When she had finished her prayer, she came over to me and said with her eyes full of tears,

“You must strike me, strike me many, many times.”

In the profound expression of this face and in the perfect beauty of this statue of living flesh, I had a vision of the divinity herself who had been conjured up by Tehura.

Let my hands be eternally cursed if they will raise themselves against a masterpiece of nature!

Thus naked, the eyes tranquil in the tears, she seemed to me robed in a mantle of orange-yellow purity, in the orange-yellow mantle of Bhixu.

She repeated,

“You must strike me, strike me many, many times; otherwise you will be angry for a long time and you will be sick.”

I kissed her.

And now that I love without suspicion and love her as much as I admire her, I murmur these words of Buddha to myself,

“By kindness you must conquer anger; by goodness evil; and by the truth lies.”

That night was divine, more than any of the others—and the day rose radiant.

Early in the morning her mother brought us some fresh coconuts.

With a glance she questioned Tehura. She knew.

With a fine play of expression, she said to me,

“You went fishing yesterday. Did all go well?”

I replied,

“I hope soon to go again.”





## A Son of Empire

By LLOYD OSBOURNE, 1868–1947. Stepson and companion of Robert Louis Stevenson, Lloyd Osbourne was born in San Francisco. After being educated in private schools in England, he studied engineering for two years at the University of Edinburgh. From the time he was a small boy he was a member of the Stevenson household, accompanying his mother and stepfather from California to Davos, to Bournemouth, to the Adirondacks, and finally to Samoa. Having decided to become a writer he collaborated with Stevenson on three books—*The Wrong Box* (1889), *The Wrecker* (1892), and *The Ebb-Tide* (1894). After Stevenson's death he served as American vice-consul at Samoa until 1897. He subsequently went to New York, and became moderately successful as an author of plays and fiction. Two of his best books, *The Queen vs. Billy* (1900) and *Wild Justice* (1906, reprinted with additional material in 1921), are collections of stories set in the South Seas, a locale he knew well from his years of residence in Samoa and from several voyages made with Stevenson to many other groups of islands in the Pacific. Among his other volumes, the most praiseworthy is *Intimate Portrait of R. L. S.* (1924), a personal record of a devoted friendship.

**R**AKA-HANGA is a dot of an island in the mid-Pacific, and so far from anywhere that it doesn't belong to a group—as most islands do—but is all by its lonesome in the heave and roll of the emptiest ocean in the world. In my time it was just big enough to support two traders, not counting old man Fosby, who had sort of retired and laid down life's burden in a Kanaka shack, where if he did anything at all it was making bonito hooks for his half-caste family or playing the accordion with his trembly old fingers.

It was me and Stanley Hicks that divided the trade of the place, which was poor to middling, with maybe a couple of hundred tons of copra a year and as much pearl shell as the natives cared to get. It was deep shell, you understand, and sometimes a diver went down and never came up, and you could see him shimmering down below like the back of a shark, as dead as a doornail. Nobody would dive after that, and a whole year might pass with the Kanakas still holding back unless there was a church assessment or a call for something special like a sewing machine or a new boat. It averaged anywhere from five tons to sixty, and often, as I said, nothing at all.

I had got rooted in Raka-hanga, and so had Stanley Hicks, and though we both had ideas of getting away and often talked of it, we never did—being like people half asleep in a feather bed, with life drifting on unnoticed, and the wind rustling in the palms, and one summer day so like another that you lost count of time altogether.

You would have to go far to see a prettier island than Raka-hanga, or nicer, friendlier, finer-looking people; and when I say they never watered their copra on us, nor worked any of those heartbreaking boycotts to bring prices down, you can realize how much out of the beaten track it was and how little they had yet learned of civilization. They were too simple and easygoing for their own good and that's a fact, for they allowed David, the Tongan pastor, to walk all over them, which he did right royal with his great, fat, naked feet; and when

Reprinted from *Wild Justice*, by Lloyd Osbourne, copyright, 1906, 1921, by D. Appleton & Company, by permission of D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc.

anything didn't please this here David nor the deacons, they stuck him or her in the coral jail and locked the door on him—or her—as the case might be and usually was.

We were what might be called a republic, having no king and being supposed to be ruled by the old men, who met from time to time in a wickerwork building that looked more like a giant clothesbasket than anything resembling a house. Yes, Raka-hanga was an independent country, and no flag floated over us but our own—or would have if we had had one, which we hadn't. Of course Stanley and I knew it could not last like this forever, and even the natives weren't unprepared for our being annexed some day by a passing man-of-war—though all hoped it would go on as it was, with nobody interfering with us nor pasting proclamations on trees. It is all very fine to see "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" or "VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE" at the bottom of a proclamation, but Stanley and I knew it meant taxes and licenses and penal servitude if you did this or failed to do that, and all those other blessings that are served out to a Pacific island when one of the great powers suddenly discovers it on the map.

Our republic was more in name than anything else, for old David, the missionary, ruled the island with a rod of iron, and was so crotchety and tyrannical that no Kanaka could call his soul his own. Every night at nine he stood out in front of his house and rang a hand bell, and then woe betide any one who didn't go to bed instanter and shut up, no matter if it were in the full of the moon and they in the middle of a game of cards or yarning sociable on an upturned boat.

One had to get up just as military and autocratic—and as for dancing, why, the word itself could hardly be said, let alone the actual thing, which meant the jail every time and a dose of the pastor's whip thrown in extra. It was a crime to miss church, and a crime to flirt or make love, and the biggest crime of all was not to come up handsome with church offerings when they were demanded. If you will believe me it was a crime to grieve too much if somebody died—if the dead person were married that is, and if you were of the opposite sex and not closely related!

As I said before, the natives were so easygoing that they took it all lying down, and allowed this here David to swell into a regular despot, though there must have been coming on two thousand of them, and him with nothing but his bell and his whip and his big roaring voice. Naturally he did not dare interfere with us white men, though Stanley and I toed the line more than we liked for the sake

of business and keeping clear of his ill will. The only one who wasn't scared of the old Tartar, and stood right up to him, was a hulking big Fijian, named Peter Jones. Nobody knew how he came by that name, for there wasn't a white drop in his body, he being unusually dark and powerful and full of the Old Nick, and with a mop of hair on him like you never saw, it was that thick and long and stood out on end all round his head, which was the Fiji fashion of wearing it.

Peter could lick his weight in wildcats, as the saying goes, and was always ready to do it at the fall of a hat. He was a bullying, overbearing individual and had terrorized his way into a family and married their daughter, helping himself promiscuous, besides, to anything he fancied, with nobody daring to cross him nor complain. Stanley and I were afraid of him and that's the truth, and gave him a little credit for peace and quietness' sake, which was well worth an occasional can of beef or a fathom or two of Turkey cotton.

Once, when there was a ship in, he got most outrageously drunk, and rolled about the village, singing and yelling—swigging from the bottle he carried and stumbling after the girls, trying to hug them. If ever there was a scandal in Raka-hanga it was the sight of this six-foot-three of raving, roaring savage, roughhousing the place upside down and bellowing insults at the top of his lungs. But nothing was done to stop him till the liquor took its course, and then old David, he gathered the Parliament about him, and ran him into the jail with a one-two-three like a sack of oats.

But Peter Jones was none of your stand-up-at-the-altar-and-repent-boys, being a white man by training, if not by blood, and after he had sobered up, what if his wife didn't smuggle him in a knife, and what if he didn't dig his way out! Yes, sir, that's what Peter Jones did—dug through the gravel floor and tunneled out, rising from the grave, so to speak, to the general uproar and hullabaloo of the entire settlement. Then—no one stopping him—he armed himself with an old Springfield rifle and an ax and a crowbar, and the cry went up he was going to murder the pastor, with the children running along in front and the women screaming.

But Peter wasn't gunning for any missionary, which even in Raka-hanga might have had a nasty comeback—the natives being mild but not cowards, and beginning to buzz like hornets and reach for their shark-tooth spears. No, what Peter was inflamed against was the coral jail, which he set at most ferocious with crowbar and ax until it was nothing but a heap of rubbish. Then he shot holes through the

galvanized roofing, and burned it in a blazing fire along of the iron-studded door and window framing. By this time the missionary was trying to raise the multitude against Peter, but they were none too fond of the coral jail themselves and did nothing but hoot and shout like a pack of boys at a circus, which indeed it was and enough to make you split your sides laughing. After that Peter was let alone and nobody dared cross him, no matter what he did.

But this is all by the way to give you an idea of what Raka-hanga was like, and make the rest of the yarn the easier to understand. I shall always feel sorry all my life that Stanley and I were off fishing on the windward side of the island and thereby missed Clemm's arrival in the lagoon, which was well over before we got there, with the stern of a ten-oared boat heading for a man-of-war, and Clemm himself standing kind of helpless on the beach in the midst of all his chests and boxes and bedding.

He made a splendid appearance in his white clothes and shirt and pipe-clayed shoes and pith helmet, being a short, thickset man with gray hair and a commanding look. When we came running up he spoke to us very grand, though genial, saying: "Gentlemen, I am the new Resident Deputy Commissioner, and I call on you to assist me raise the flag and annex this island in the name of her Royal and Imperial Majesty, Queen Victoria!"

At this he took his hat off, and we did the same, though I am an American, and then went on to tell us that he had just been landed by H.M.S. *Ringarooma* to take possession of the island, and would we kindly inform the natives and escort him to the king.

On learning we were a republic and that it would take time to assemble the old men, he condescended to accept my hospitality for a spell, and was most pleased and gracious at the little we could do in his honor. Meanwhile messengers were sent to gather in the chiefs and tell them the great news, and how the Commissioner was soon coming to meet them in the "Speak-house," as the natives called the wickerwork. Mr. Clemm said the *Ringarooma* had been sent under hurry orders to annex right and left in order to forestall the French, who had broken their international agreement and were hoisting their flag all over the place. He also explained that was the reason why the man-of-war could not stop, it being a neck-and-neck race between her and the French which could reach the Tokelaus first. Between drinks he likewise showed us his commission, which was written very big and imposing on crinkly paper, with seals, where he was

called "Our well-beloved and right trusty James Howard Fitzroy Clemm, Esquire,"—as well as the flag he had brought with him, which was an eight-by-twelve ensign, with the halyards all ready to run it up.

I can tell you Stanley and I were mighty proud to escort the Deputy Commissioner to the Parliament, which we did slow and stately in our best pajamas, with the natives reverencing him as he passed and eyeing us two most respectful. The old men were there in rows, and also David, the pastor, who took the interpreting out of my hands and as usual hogged the whole show. Perhaps it was as well he did, for he had a splendid voice and a booming way of speaking that suited the grandeur of the occasion.

Then Mr. Clemm's commission was read aloud, first by him in English and then by David in Kanaka, and afterwards the Commissioner made a rousing speech, all about the loving English and the low, contemptible French, and at the end he asked everybody to hold up his right hand who wished to be a loyal, faithful, obedient subject of the Great Queen.

Up shot every hand most grateful at the narrow escape they had had of being French; and then outside it was again repeated, even the children holding up their little paws, and the flag hoisted temporary to a coconut palm amid shouts of rejoicing led off by Stanley and me and Peter Jones, who had followed along after us.

The next question was where to lodge the Commissioner till a proper house could be built for him, and he showed he wasn't a gentleman to be trifled with by cutting short their jabber, and choosing Fono's, which was the finest in the settlement, and ordering him to clear out, bag and baggage—which Fono didn't want to do and objected very crossly till Peter Jones snatched up a rock and ran at him like he meant to pound his head in. This pleased Mr. Clemm so much that he right off appointed Peter marshal of his court at a salary of forty dollars a month, and put him in charge of shifting his things into his new quarters.

I took the liberty of warning Mr. Clemm against the Fijian, but he only threw back his head and told me most cutting to kindly mind my own business. But any rancor I might have felt at this disappeared when he made me clerk of the court, and Stanley tax collector, each at a salary of sixty dollars a month, with David "Native Adviser and Official Interpreter" at the same figure.

This was the beginning of the new government, with everything old done away with, and the first official sign of it was a brand-new, white-painted flagpole with crosstrees and ratlines in front of the fine big house that was next built for the Commissioner to live in. The natives had to do this for nothing, supplying forty men, turn and turn about, though the galvanized iron, hardware, paint, varnish and what not were bought of Stanley and me, and paid for in taxes. It was a very fine place when done, with a broad veranda in front and an inner court behind, where Mr. Clemm used to lie in a striped hammock, waited on hand and foot.

But I fancy the wicked French couldn't have taxed the Kanakas any harder than Mr. Clemm did, which was the best thing in the world for them, considering how slack they were by nature and not given to doing anything they could help. It only needed a little attention to double the copra crop of the island, not to speak of shell—so that the taxes were a blessing in disguise, the natives being better off than they had ever been before. Of course they didn't like it and put up a great deal of opposition till Mr. Clemm raised a Native Constabulary of seven men, commanded by Peter Jones, and all of them armed any way he could, including Stanley's shotgun and my Winchester repeater, old man Fosby's Enfield and several rusty Springfields pounced on here and there as against the law to own them.

They were tricked out very smart in red lava-lavas and white drill coats, and being all of them of the obstreperous, no-good class like Peter, they were soon the terror of the island. Not that Mr. Clemm didn't keep them tight in hand, but when it came to an order of court or any backwardness in taxes he never seemed to care much whom they plundered and beat, which was what they revelled in and thirsted for the chance of.

Old David was the first to feel the weight of authority, and I believe his job of Native Adviser was merely a plan to keep him in good humor till Mr. Clemm was ready to squash him, which Mr. Clemm did three months later most emphatic. The Kanakas were forbidden to contribute to the church, and the pastor's private laws were abolished, and there was no more excommunicating nor jail for church members nor any curfew either. The natives went wild with joy—all except a few old soreheads that are always to be found in every community—and the only folks who were now forced to go to



church were the Native Constabulary, who lined up regular to keep tab on what the missionary preached, and arrest him for sedition in case he let his tongue run away with him.

In private, however, old David made all the trouble he dared, and tried to hearten up his followers by saying there would be a day of reckoning for Mr. Clemm when the missionary vessel arrived on her annual visit—at which the Commissioner pretended to laugh but couldn't hide he was worried. Leastways he asked a raft of questions about the *Evangel of Hope*, and that with a ruminating look, and about the character of the people in charge, which were Captain Bins and the Reverend T. J. Simpkins. The *Evangel of Hope* never stayed any longer than to land a few stoies and hymnbooks for the pastor and take off what copra and shell he had acquired by way of church subscriptions. At that time she was about due in two months, and we all laughed at the empty larder she was going to find, though, as I said, Mr. Clemm seemed worried, remarking it was hard to be misrepresented and slandered when his only thought was for the good of the island.

He was certainly upsetting things very lively and bossed the island like it belonged to him. If the natives could play all they wanted, now that David was deposed, they had bumped into something they had never known before and that was—work. The Commissioner couldn't abide laziness in a Kanaka, and went at them terrific, building a fine road around the island and another across it, with bridges and culverts, where he used to ride of a sundown in a buggy he had bought off Captain Sachs of the *H. L. Tiernan*, with men tugging him instead of horses, and the Native Constabulary trotting along in the rear like a Royal Progress.

He built a fine-appearing wharf, too, and an improved jail with a cement floor, and heaven help anybody who threw fish guts on the shore or didn't keep his land as clean as a new pin. There was a public well made in the middle of the settlement, with cement steps and a white-painted fence to keep away the pigs, and the natives, though they hated to work, were proud, too, of what they had done, and I doubt if they had ever been so prosperous or freer of sickness. I know Stanley and I doubled our trade, in spite of having to take out heavy licenses, which meant that not only we, but everybody else were that much better off. Petty thieving disappeared entirely, and likewise all violence, and one of the Commissioner's best reforms was a land court where titles were established and boundaries marked out,

that stopping the only thing the Kanakas ever seriously quarreled about. Six months of the Commissioner had revolutionized the island, and few would have cared to go back to the old loose days when your only Supreme Court was the rifle hanging on your wall.

Well, it grew nearer and nearer for the *Evangel of Hope* to arrive, and Mr. Clemm he began to do a most extraordinary thing, which was nothing else than a large cemetery! Yes sir, that's what Mr. Clemm did, tearing down five or six houses for the purpose on the lagoon side, nigh the wharf, and planting rows on rows of white headstones, with low mounds at each, representing graves. There must have been a couple of hundred of them, and often it was a whitewashed cross instead of a stone or maybe a pointed stake—the whole giving the impression of a calamity that had suddenly overtaken us.

It was no good asking him what it was for; the Commissioner wasn't a man to be questioned when he didn't want to be; all he said was that Stanley and I were to stick inside our stores when the ship came and not budge an inch till we were told. With us orders were orders, but the Kanakas were panicky with terror, and that cemetery with nobody in it seemed to them like tempting Providence. It took all of Mr. Clemm's authority to keep them quiet, and it got out that the Commissioner was expecting the end of the world, and the graves were for those that wouldn't go to heaven! Kanakas are like that, you know—spreading the silliest rumors and making a lot out of nothing—though in this case they couldn't be blamed for being considerable scared. But Mr. Clemm knew how to turn everything to account, and on the principle that the church was the safest place to be found in on the Day of Judgment, ordered that everybody should go there the moment he fired three pistol shots from his veranda. I noticed, however, that the Native Constabulary seemed to be taking the end of the world mighty calm, which looked like they had been tipped off ahead for something quite different.

But the meaning of the cemetery appeared later when one morning, along of ten or so, my little boy came running in to say the *Evangel* was sighted in the pass. Of course, I stuck indoors, mindful of instructions, though that didn't prevent me from looking out of my upper window and taking in all that happened. The first was a tremendous yellow flag raised on the Commissioner's staff, and the second were those three pistol shots which were to announce the Day of Judgment. Then you ought to have seen the settlement

scoot! There was a rush for the church like the animals at the Ark, though old David, the pastor, wasn't any Noah. Him and the deacons were led down to the jail and locked in, and then Peter Jones and his constables divided into two parties—three of them returning to the church, while the other three with Peter got a boat ready, with another yellow flag in the stern.

By this time the missionary vessel was well up under a spanking spread of canvas, with the water hissing at her bows and parting white and sparkling in a way dandy to watch. You could almost feel her shiver at the sight of Peter's yellow flag rowing toward her, and through the glass I noticed a big commotion aboard, with half a dozen racing up the rigging and making signs at those below. It was plainer than words that they had seen the cemetery and were struck of a heap, which was no wonder considering how new and calamitous it looked, with them rows on rows of neat little headstones and nicely mounded graves.

She never even dropped her anchor nor lowered her gangway, but hove to, short; and when Peter came up he was made to lay on his oars and keep his distance, yelling what he had to say with both hands at his face while the captain he yelled back with a speaking trumpet. Of course I didn't hear a word, but it was easy enough to put two and two together, remembering the sea meaning of a yellow flag, which is seldom else than smallpox. Yes, that was why we had all took and died in the new cemetery, and that was why the settlement looked so lifeless and deserted! After no end of a powwow they hoisted out a boat, and when it was loaded to the gunwales with stores and cases, it was cast off for Peter to pick up and take in tow. It held half a ton of medical comforts, and I often had the pleasure of drinking some of them afterwards on Mr. Clemm's veranda, where we all agreed it was prime stuff and exactly suited to our complaints.

What old David thought of it all through the bars of the coral jail can only be left to the imagination. He had been banking on the *Evangel* to turn the scales against Mr. Clemm, and there she was heading out of the lagoon again, not to return for another year! We celebrated it that night with medical comforts unstinted, while the natives they celebrated, too, thankful to find the world still here and the Day of Judgment postponed. Old David wrote a red-hot protest, countersigned by the deacons, and not knowing what else to do with it, sealed it in a demijohn and threw it into the sea, where like

enough it still is, bobbing around undelivered to the missionary society and still waiting for the angels to take charge of it.

Mr. Clemm's next move was to start building a small cutter of twenty tons, which he named the *Felicity* and charged to the government as an official yacht. Old man Fosby had been a shipwright in years gone by, and under his direction the Kanakas made a mighty fine job of the little vessel, which was fitted up regardless and proved to be remarkably fast and weatherly. She was the apple of the Commissioner's eye, with a crew of four in uniform, and a half-caste Chinaman named Henry for captain, whom he had persuaded to desert from a German schooner where he was mate. Mr. Clemm was so fond of taking short cruises in the *Felicity* that we never gave his coming and going much thought, till one day he went off and never came back! Yes, sir, clean disappeared over the horizon and was never seen again from that day to this, nor the party with him, which included several very fine-looking young women!

The natives took it like the loss of a father, which indeed it was, Mr. Clemm being a grand man and universally beloved—kindly yet strict, and always the soul of justice. After giving him up altogether for lost, we put seals on his private effects, and Peter Jones took charge of the government, advised by Stanley and me. It showed the splendid influence Mr. Clemm had had that Peter had become quite a model, and instead of breaking loose was all on the side of law and order. Our idea was to hold the fort until a new Commissioner might be sent, and the only slight change we made was to double our salaries. The natives had grown so used to civilized government that they made no trouble, and we three might have been governing the island yet if a man-of-war hadn't suddenly popped in.

It was the *Ringarooma*, the self-same ship that had landed Mr. Clemm some eighteen months before, and Stanley and I were the first to board her, meeting the captain at the break of the poop, just when he had come down from the bridge.

"I have the honor to report the disappearance of Deputy Commissioner James Howard Fitzroy Clemm," said I. "He sailed from here on March sixteenth in the government yacht *Felicity*, and has never been seen nor heard from since."

The captain, who was a sharp, curt man, looked puzzled.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, as abrupt as a thunderbolt.

"Why, sir, you landed him yourself," said Stanley, "and the same day he took possession of the island and hoisted the British flag."

"Annexed us," said I.

The captain frowned very angry, like if we were making sport of him we should fast rue it.

"I never landed anybody here but a fellow named Baker," he said. "I deported him from the Ellice Islands for sedition, bigamy, selling gin to the natives, suspected arson, and receiving stolen goods. If he called himself a Deputy Commissioner he was a rank impostor, and had no more authority to annex this island than you have."

Months afterwards we learned that instead of being lost in the *Felicity* like we all had thought, Clemm had turned pirate in a small way down to the westward till the natives took and ate him at Guadalcanal.

## **The House of Mapuhi**

By JACK LONDON, 1876–1916. Born in San Francisco, the illegitimate son of an itinerant astrologer, Jack London had an unsettled and adventurous youth in which he was in turn an oyster pirate, a sailor on a sealing ship, a tramp, a student for one semester at the University of California, and a prospector in Alaska. Drawing on his experiences in the Yukon, he began to write vigorous stories of adventure, and with the publication of *The Call of the Wild* (1903) he became one of the most popular writers of his time. In 1907, aboard his fifty-five foot sailboat, the *Snark*, he and his wife Charmian began a voyage that lasted for over two years and included visits to Hawaii, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, Samoa, Fiji, the Solomons, and other Pacific islands. This experience, reported factually in *The Cruise of the Snark* (1911), supplied him with material for several novels and collections of short stories, including *South Sea Tales* (1911), *Adventure* (1911), *The House of Pride* (1911), *A Son of the Sun* (1912), and *Jerry of the Islands* (1917). “*The House of Mapuhi*,” from *South Sea Tales*, is one of Jack London’s best short stories of Polynesia.

**D**ESPITE the heavy clumsiness of her lines, the *Aorai* handled easily in the light breeze, and her captain ran her well in before he hove to just outside the suck of the surf. The atoll of Hikueru lay low on the water, a circle of pounded coral sand a hundred yards wide, twenty miles in circumference, and from three to five feet above high-water mark. On the bottom of the huge and glassy lagoon was much pearl shell, and from the deck of the schooner, across the slender ring of the atoll, the divers could be seen at work. But the lagoon had no entrance for even a trading schooner. With a favoring breeze cutters could win in through the tortuous and shallow channel, but the schooners lay off and on outside and sent in their small boats.

The *Aorai* swung out a boat smartly, into which sprang half a dozen brown-skinned sailors clad only in scarlet loincloths. They took the oars, while in the stern sheets, at the steering sweep, stood a young man garbed in the tropic white that marks the European. But he was not all European. The golden strain of Polynesia betrayed itself in the sun-gilt of his fair skin and cast up golden sheens and lights through the glimmering blue of his eyes. Raoul he was, *Alexandré Raoul*, youngest son of *Marie Raoul*, the wealthy quarter-caste, who owned and managed half a dozen trading schooners similar to the *Aorai*. Across an eddy just outside the entrance, and in and through and over a boiling tide rip, the boat fought its way to the mirrored calm of the lagoon. Young Raoul leaped out upon the white sand and shook hands with a tall native. The man's chest and shoulders were magnificent, but the stump of a right arm, beyond the flesh of which the age-whitened bone projected several inches, attested the encounter with a shark that had put an end to his diving days and made him a fawner and an intriguer for small favors.

"Have you heard, Alec?" were his first words. "Mapuhi has found a pearl—such a pearl. Never was there one like it ever fished up in Hikueru, nor in all the Paumotus, nor in all the world. Buy it

Reprinted by permission of Charmian London and the publishers from *South Sea Tales* (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1911).

from him. He has it now. And remember that I told you first. He is a fool and you can get it cheap. Have you any tobacco?"

Straight up the beach to a shack under a pandanus tree Raoul headed. He was his mother's supercargo, and his business was to comb all the Paumotu for the wealth of copra, shell, and pearls that they yielded up.

He was a young supercargo, it was his second voyage in such capacity, and he suffered much secret worry from his lack of experience in pricing pearls. But when Mapuhi exposed the pearl to his sight he managed to suppress the startle it gave him, and to maintain a careless, commercial expression on his face. For the pearl had struck him a blow. It was large as a pigeon egg, a perfect sphere, of a whiteness that reflected opalescent lights from all colors about it. It was alive. Never had he seen anything like it. When Mapuhi dropped it into his hand he was surprised by the weight of it. That showed that it was a good pearl. He examined it closely, through a pocket magnifying glass. It was without flaw or blemish. The purity of it seemed almost to melt into the atmosphere out of his hand. In the shade it was softly luminous, gleaming like a tender moon. So translucently white was it that when he dropped it into a glass of water he had difficulty in finding it. So straight and swiftly had it sunk to the bottom that he knew its weight was excellent.

"Well, what do you want for it?" he asked, with a fine assumption of nonchalance.

"I want—" Mapuhi began, and behind him, framing his own dark face, the dark faces of two women and a girl nodded concurrence in what he wanted. Their heads were bent forward, they were animated by a suppressed eagerness, their eyes flashed avariciously.

"I want a house," Mapuhi went on. "It must have a roof of galvanized iron and an octagon drop clock. It must be six fathoms long with a porch all around. A big room must be in the center, with a round table in the middle of it and the octagon drop clock on the wall. There must be four bedrooms, two on each side of the big room, and in each bedroom must be an iron bed, two chairs, and a washstand. And back of the house must be a kitchen, a good kitchen, with pots and pans and a stove. And you must build the house on my island, which is Fakarava."

"Is that all?" Raoul asked incredulously.

"There must be a sewing machine," spoke up Tefara, Mapuhi's wife.



"Not forgetting the octagon drop clock," added Nauri, Mapuhi's mother.

"Yes, that is all," said Mapuhi.

Young Raoul laughed. He laughed long and heartily. But while he laughed he secretly performed problems in mental arithmetic. He had never built a house in his life, and his notions concerning house building were hazy. While he laughed, he calculated the cost of the voyage to Tahiti for materials, of the materials themselves, of the voyage back again to Fakarava, and the cost of landing the materials and of building the house. It would come to four thousand French dollars, allowing a margin for safety—four thousand French dollars were equivalent to twenty thousand francs. It was impossible. How was he to know the value of such a pearl? Twenty thousand francs was a lot of money—and of his mother's money at that.

"Mapuhi," he said, "you are a big fool. Set a money price."

But Mapuhi shook his head, and the three heads behind him shook with his.

"I want the house," he said. "It must be six fathoms long with a porch all around—"

"Yes, yes," Raoul interrupted. "I know all about your house, but it won't do. I'll give you a thousand Chili dollars."

The four heads chorused a silent negative.

"And a hundred Chili dollars in trade."

"I want the house," Mapuhi began.

"What good will the house do you?" Raoul demanded. "The first hurricane that comes along will wash it away. You ouk. schoolow. Captain Raffy says it looks like a hurricane right now."

"Not on Fakarava," said Mapuhi. "The land is much higher there. On this island, yes. Any hurricane can sweep Hikueru. I will have the house on Fakarava. It must be six fathoms long with a porch all around—"

And Raoul listened again to the tale of the house. Several hours he spent in the endeavor to hammer the house-obsession out of Mapuhi's mind; but Mapuhi's mother and wife, and Ngakura, Mapuhi's daughter, bolstered him in his resolve for the house. Through the open doorway, while he listened for the twentieth time to the detailed description of the house that was wanted, Raoul saw his schooner's second boat draw up on the beach. The sailors rested on the oars, advertising haste to be gone. The first mate of the *Aorai* sprang ashore, exchanged a word with the one-armed native,

then hurried toward Raoul. The day grew suddenly dark, as a squall obscured the face of the sun. Across the lagoon Raoul could see approaching the ominous line of the puff of wind.

"Captain Raffy says you've got to get the hell outa here," was the mate's greeting. "If there's any shell, we've got to run the risk of picking it up later on—so he savs. The barometer's dropped to twenty-nine-seventy."

The gust of wind struck the pandanus tree overhead and tore through the palms beyond, flinging half a dozen ripe coconuts with heavy thuds to the ground. Then came the rain out of the distance, advancing with the roar of a gale of wind and causing the water of the lagoon to smoke in driven windrows. The sharp rattle of the first drops was on the leaves when Raoul sprang to his feet.

"A thousand Chili dollars, cash down, Mapuhi," he said. "And two hundred Chili dollars in trade."

"I want a house—" the other began.

"Mapuhi!" Raoul yelled, in order to make himself heard. "You are a fool!"

He flung out of the house, and side by side with the mate, fought his way down the beach toward the boat. They could not see the boat. The tropic rain sheeted about them so that they could see only the beach under their feet and the spiteful waves from the lagoon that snapped and bit at the sand. A figure appeared through the deluge. It was Huru-Huru, the man with the one arm.

"Did you get the pearl?" he yelled in Raoul's ear.

"Mapuhi is a fool!" was the answering yell, and the next moment they were lost to each other in the descending water.

Half an hour later, Huru-Huru, watching from the seaward side of the atoll, saw the two boats hoisted in and the Aorai pointing her nose out to sea. And near her, just come in from the sea on the wings of the squall, he saw another schooner hove to and dropping a boat into the water. He knew her. It was the *Orohena*, owned by Toriki, the half-caste trader, who served as his own supercargo and who doubtlessly was even then in the stern sheets of the boat. Huru-Huru chuckled. He knew that Mapuhi owed Toriki for trade goods advanced the year before.

The squall had passed. The hot sun was blazing down, and the lagoon was once more a mirror. But the air was sticky like mucilage, and the weight of it seemed to burden the lungs and make breathing difficult.

"Have you heard the news, Toriki?" Huru-Huru asked. "Mapuhi has found a pearl. Never was there a pearl like it ever fished up in Hikueru, nor anywhere in the Paumotus, nor anywhere in all the world. Mapuhi is a fool. Besides, he owes you money. Remember that I told you first. Have you any tobacco?"

And to the grass shack of Mapuhi went Toriki. He was a masterful man, withal a fairly stupid one. Carelessly he glanced at the wonderful pearl—glanced for a moment only; and carelessly he dropped it into his pocket.

"You are lucky," he said. "It is a nice pearl. I will give you credit on the books."

"I want a house," Mapuhi began, in consternation. "It must be six fathoms—"

"Six fathoms your grandmother!" was the trader's retort. "You want to pay up your debts, that's what you want. You owed me twelve hundred dollars Chili. Very well; you owe them no longer. The amount is squared. Besides, I will give you credit for two hundred Chili. If, when I get to Tahiti, the pearl sells well, I will give you credit for another hundred—that will make three hundred. But mind, only if the pearl sells well. I may even lose money on it."

Mapuhi folded his arms in sorrow and sat with bowed head. He had been robbed of his pearl. In place of the house, he had paid a debt. There was nothing to show for the pearl.

"You are a fool," said Tefara.

"You are a fool," said Nauri, his mother. "Why did you let the pearl into his hand?"

"What was I to do?" Mapuhi protested. "I owed him the money. He knew I had the pearl. You heard him yourself ask to see it. I had not told him. He knew. Somebody else told him. And I owed him the money."

"Mapuhi is a fool," mimicked Ngakura.

She was twelve years old and did not know any better. Mapuhi relieved his feelings by sending her reeling from a box on the ear; while Tefara and Nauri burst into tears and continued to upbraid him after the manner of women.

Huru-Huru, watching on the beach, saw a third schooner that he knew heave to outside the entrance and drop a boat. It was the *Hira*, well named, for she was owned by Levy, the German Jew, the greatest pearl buyer of them all, and, as was well known, *Hira* was the Tahitian god of fishermen and thieves.

"Have you heard the news?" Huru-Huru asked, as Levy, a fat man with massive asymmetrical features, stepped out upon the beach. "Mapuhi has found a pearl. There was never a pearl like it in Hikueru, in all the Paumotus, in all the world. Mapuhi is a fool. He has sold it to Toriki for fourteen hundred Chili—I listened outside and heard. Toriki is likewise a fool. You can buy it from him cheap. Remember that I told you first. Have you any tobacco?"

"Where is Toriki?"

"In the house of Captain Lynch, drinking absinthe. He has been there an hour."

And while Levy and Toriki drank absinthe and chattered over the pearl, Huru-Huru listened and heard the stupendous price of twenty-five thousand francs agreed upon.

It was at this time that both the *Orohena* and the *Hira*, running in close to the shore, began firing guns and signalling frantically. The three men stepped outside in time to see the two schooners go hastily about and head off shore, dropping mainsails and flying jibs on the run in the teeth of the squall that heeled them far over on the whitened water. Then the rain blotted them out.

"They'll be back after it's over," said Toriki. "We'd better be getting out of here."

"I reckon the glass has fallen some more," said Captain Lynch.

He was a white-bearded sea captain, too old for service, who had learned that the only way to live on comfortable terms with his asthma was on Hikueru. He went inside to look at the barometer.

"Great God!" they heard him exclaim, and rushed in to join him at staring at a dial, which marked twenty-nine-twenty.

Again they came out, this time anxiously to consult sea and sky. The squall had cleared away, but the sky remained overcast. The two schooners, under all sail and joined by a third, could be seen making back. A veer in the wind induced them to slack off sheets, and five minutes afterward a sudden veer from the opposite quarter caught all three schooners aback, and those on shore could see the boom tackles being slacked away or cast off on the jump. The sound of the surf was loud, hollow, and menacing, and a heavy swell was setting in. A terrible sheet of lightning burst before their eyes, illuminating the dark day, and the thunder rolled wildly about them.

Toriki and Levy broke into a run for their boats, the latter ambling along like a panic-stricken hippopotamus. As their two boats swept out the entrance, they passed the boat of the *Aorai* coming in. In the

stern sheets, encouraging the rowers, was Raoul. Unable to shake the vision of the pearl from his mind, he was returning to accept Mapuhi's price of a house.

He landed on the beach in the midst of a driving thunder squall that was so dense that he collided with Huru-Huru before he saw him.

"Too late," yelled Huru-Huru. "Mapuhi sold it to Toriki for fourteen hundred Chili, and Toriki sold it to Levy for twenty-five thousand francs. And Levy will sell it in France for a hundred thousand francs. Have you any tobacco?"

Raoul felt relieved. His troubles about the pearl were over. He need not worry any more, even if he had not got the pearl. But he did not believe Huru-Huru. Mapuhi might well have sold it for fourteen hundred Chili, but that Levy, who knew pearls, should have paid twenty-five thousand francs was too wide a stretch. Raoul decided to interview Captain Lynch on the subject, but when he arrived at that ancient mariner's house, he found him looking wide-eyed at the barometer.

"What do you read it?" Captain Lynch asked anxiously, rubbing his spectacles and staring again at the instrument.

"Twenty-nine-ten," said Raoul. "I have never seen it so low before."

"I should say not!" snorted the captain. "Fifty years boy and man on all the seas, and I've never seen it go down to that. Listen!"

They stood for a moment, while the surf rumbled and shook the house. Then they went outside. The squall had passed. They could see the Aorai lying becalmed a mile away and pitching and tossing madly in the tremendous seas that rolled in stately procession down out of the northeast and flung themselves furiously upon the coral shore. One of the sailors from the boat pointed at the mouth of the passage and shook his head. Raoul looked and saw a white anarchy of foam and surge.

"I guess I'll stay with you tonight, Captain," he said; then turned to the sailor and told him to haul the boat out and to find shelter for himself and fellows.

"Twenty-nine flat," Captain Lynch reported, coming out from another look at the barometer, a chair in his hand.

He sat down and stared at the spectacle of the sea. The sun came out, increasing the sultriness of the day, while the dead calm still held. The seas continued to increase in magnitude.

"What makes that sea is what gets me," Raoul muttered petulantly. "There is no wind, yet look at it, look at that fellow there!"

Miles in length, carrying tens of thousands of tons in weight, its impact shook the frail atoll like an earthquake. Captain Lynch was startled.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, half rising from his chair, then sinking back.

"But there is no wind," Raoul persisted. "I could understand it if there was wind along with it."

"You'll get the wind soon enough without worryin' for it," was the grim reply.

The two men sat on in silence. The sweat stood out on their skin in myriads of tiny drops that ran together, forming blotches of moisture, which, in turn, coalesced into rivulets that dripped to the ground. They panted for breath, the old man's efforts being especially painful. A sea swept up the beach, licking around the trunks of the coconuts and subsiding almost at their feet.

"Way past high-water mark," Captain Lynch remarked; "and I've been here eleven years." He looked at his watch. "It is three o'clock."

A man and woman, at their heels a motley following of brats and curs, trailed disconsolately by. They came to a halt beyond the house, and, after much irresolution, sat down in the sand. A few minutes later another family trailed in from the opposite direction, the men and women carrying a heterogeneous assortment of possessions. And soon several hundred persons of all ages and sexes were congregated about the captain's dwelling. He called to one new arrival, a woman with a nursing babe in her arms, and in answer received the information that her house had just been swept into the lagoon.

This was the highest spot of land in miles, and already, in many places on either hand, the great seas were making a clean breach of the slender ring of the atoll and surging into the lagoon. Twenty miles around stretched the ring of the atoll, and in no place was it more than fifty fathoms wide. It was the height of the diving season, and from all the islands around, even as far as Tahiti, the natives had gathered.

"There are twelve hundred men, women, and children here," said Captain Lynch. "I wonder how many will be here tomorrow morning."

"But why don't it blow?—that's what I want to know," Raoul demanded.

"Don't worry, young man, don't worry; you'll get your troubles fast enough."

Even as Captain Lynch spoke, a great watery mass smote the atoll. The sea water churned about them three inches deep under their chairs. A low wail of fear went up from the many women. The children, with clasped hands, stared at the immense rollers and cried piteously. Chickens and cats, wading perturbedly in the water, as by common consent, with flight and scramble took refuge on the roof of the captain's house. A Paumotan, with a litter of newborn puppies in a basket, climbed into a coconut tree and twenty feet above the ground made the basket fast. The mother floundered about in the water beneath, whining and yelping.

And still the sun shone brightly and the dead calm continued. They sat and watched the seas and the insane pitching of the Aorai. Captain Lynch gazed at the huge mountains of water sweeping in until he could gaze no more. He covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight, then went into the house.

"Twenty-eight-sixty," he said quietly when he returned.

In his arm was a coil of small rope. He cut it into two-fathom lengths, giving one to Raoul and, retaining one for himself, distributed the remainder among the women with the advice to pick out a tree and climb.

A light air began to blow out of the northeast, and the fan of it on his cheek seemed to cheer Raoul up. He could see the Aorai trimming her sheets and heading off shore, and he regretted that he was not on her. She would get away at any rate, but as for the atoll—A sea breached across, almost sweeping him off his feet, and he selected a tree. Then he remembered the barometer and ran back to the house. He encountered Captain Lynch on the same errand and together they went in.

"Twenty-eight-twenty," said the old mariner. "It's going to be fair hell around here—what was that?"

The air seemed filled with the rush of something. The house quivered and vibrated, and they heard the thrumming of a mighty note of sound. The windows rattled. Two panes crashed; a draft of wind tore in, striking them and making them stagger. The door opposite banged shut, shattering the latch. The white door knob crumbled in fragments to the floor. The room's walls bulged like a gas balloon in the process of sudden inflation. Then came a new sound like the rattle of musketry, as the spray from a sea struck the wall of the house. Captain Lynch looked at his watch. It was four o'clock. He put on a coat of pilot cloth, unhooked the barometer,

and stowed it away in a capacious pocket. Again a sea struck the house, with a heavy thud, and the light building tilted, twisted quarter-around on its foundation, and sank down, its floor at an angle of ten degrees.

Raoul went out first. The wind caught him and whirled him away. He noted that it had hauled around to the east. With a great effort he threw himself on the sand, crouching and holding his own. Captain Lynch, driven like a wisp of straw, sprawled over him. Two of the Aorai's sailors, leaving a coconut tree to which they had been clinging, came to their aid, leaning against the wind at impossible angles and fighting and clawing every inch of the way.

The old man's joints were stiff and he could not climb, so the sailors, by means of short ends of rope tied together, hoisted him up the trunk, a few feet at a time, till they could make him fast, at the top of the tree, fifty feet from the ground. Raoul passed his length of rope around the base of an adjacent tree and stood looking on. The wind was frightful. He had never dreamed it could blow so hard. A sea breached across the atoll, wetting him to the knees ere it subsided into the lagoon. The sun had disappeared, and a lead-colored twilight settled down. A few drops of rain, driving horizontally, struck him. The impact was like that of leaden pellets. A splash of salt spray struck his face. It was like the slap of a man's hand. His cheeks stung, and involuntary tears of pain were in his smarting eyes. Several hundred natives had taken to the trees, and he could have laughed at the bunches of human fruit clustering in the tops. Then, being Tahitian-born, he doubled his body at the waist, clasped the trunk of his tree with his hands, pressed the soles of his feet against the near surface of the trunk, and began to walk up the tree. At the top he found two women, two children, and a man. One little girl clasped a house cat in her arms.

From his cyrie he waved his hand to Captain Lynch, and that doughty patriarch waved back. Raoul was appalled at the sky. It had approached much nearer—in fact, it seemed just over his head; and it had turned from lead to black. Many people were still on the ground grouped about the bases of the trees and holding on. Several such clusters were praying, and in one the Mormon missionary was exhorting. A weird sound, rhythmical, faint as the faintest chirp of a far cricket, enduring but for a moment, but in that moment suggesting to him vaguely the thought of heaven and celestial music, came to his ear. He glanced about him and saw, at the base of another



tree, a large cluster of people holding on by ropes and by one another. He could see their faces working and their lips moving in unison. No sound came to him, but he knew that they were singing hymns.

Still the wind continued to blow harder. By no conscious process could he measure it, for it had long since passed beyond all his experience of wind; but he knew somehow, nevertheless, that it was blowing harder. Not far away a tree was uprooted, flinging its load of human beings to the ground. A sea washed across the strip of sand, and they were gone. Things were happening quickly. He saw a brown shoulder and a black head silhouetted against the churning white of the lagoon. The next instant that, too, had vanished. Other trees were going, falling and crisscrossing like matches. He was amazed at the power of the wind. His own tree was swaying perilously; one woman was wailing and clutching the little girl, who in turn still hung on to the cat.

The man, holding the other child, touched Raoul's arm and pointed. He looked and saw the Mormon church careering drunkenly a hundred feet away. It had been torn from its foundations, and wind and sea were heaving and shoving it toward the lagoon. A frightful wall of water caught it, tilted it, and flung it against half a dozen coconut trees. The bunches of human fruit fell like ripe coconuts. The subsiding wave showed them on the ground, some lying motionless, others squirming and writhing. They reminded him strangely of ants. He was not shocked. He had risen above horror. Quite as a matter of course he noted the succeeding wave sweep the sand clean of the human wreckage. A third wave, more colossal than any he had yet seen, hurled the church into the lagoon, where it floated off into the obscurity to leeward, half-submerged, reminding him for all the world of a Noah's ark.

He looked for Captain Lynch's house, and was surprised to find it gone. Things certainly were happening quickly. He noticed that many of the people in the trees that still held had descended to the ground. The wind had yet again increased. His own tree showed that. It no longer swayed or bent over and back. Instead, it remained practically stationary, curved in a rigid angle from the wind and merely vibrating. But the vibration was sickening. It was like that of a tuning fork or the tongue of a jew's-harp. It was the rapidity of the vibration that made it so bad. Even though its roots held, it could not stand the strain for long. Something would have to break.

Ah, there was one that had gone. He had not seen it go, but there

it stood, the remnant, broken off halfway up the trunk. One did not know what happened unless he saw it. The mere crashing of trees and wails of human despair occupied no place in that mighty volume of sound. He chanced to be looking in Captain Lynch's direction when it happened. He saw the trunk of the tree, halfway up, splinter and part without noise. The head of the tree, with three sailors of the Aorai and the old captain, sailed off over the lagoon. It did not fall to the ground, but drove through the air like a piece of chaff. For a hundred yards he followed its flight, when it struck the water. He strained his eyes, and was sure that he saw Captain Lynch wave farewell.

Raoul did not wait for anything more. He touched the native and made signs to descend to the ground. The man was willing, but his women were paralyzed from terror, and he elected to remain with them. Raoul passed his rope around the tree and slid down. A rush of salt water went over his head. He held his breath and clung desperately to the rope. The water subsided, and in the shelter of the trunk he breathed once more. He fastened the rope more securely, and then was put under by another sea. One of the women slid down and joined him, the native remaining by the other woman, the two children, and the cat.

The supercargo had noticed how the groups clinging at the bases of the other trees continually diminished. Now he saw the process work out alongside him. It required all his strength to hold on, and the woman who had joined him was growing weaker. Each time he emerged from a sea he was surprised to find himself still there, and next, surprised to find the woman still there. At last he emerged to find himself alone. He looked up. The top of the tree had gone as well. At half its original height, a splintered end vibrated. He was safe. The roots still held, while the tree had been shorn of its windage. He began to climb up. He was so weak that he went slowly, and sea after sea caught him before he was above them. Then he tied himself to the trunk and stiffened his soul to face the night and he knew not what.

He felt very lonely in the darkness. At times it seemed to him that it was the end of the world and that he was the last one left alive. Still the wind increased. Hour after hour it increased. By what he calculated was eleven o'clock, the wind had become unbelievable. It was a horrible, monstrous thing, a screaming fury, a wall that smote and passed on but that continued to smite and pass on—a wall with-

out end. It seemed to him that he had become light and ethereal; that it was he that was in motion; that he was being driven with inconceivable velocity through unending solidness. The wind was no longer air in motion. It had become substantial as water or quicksilver. He had a feeling that he could reach into it and tear it out in chunks as one might do with the meat in the carcass of a steer; that he could seize hold of the wind and hang on to it as a man might hang on to the face of a cliff.

The wind strangled him. He could not face it and breathe, for it rushed in through his mouth and nostrils, distending his lungs like bladders. At such moments it seemed to him that his body was being packed and swollen with solid earth. Only by pressing his lips to the trunk of the tree could he breathe. Also, the ceaseless impact of the wind exhausted him. Body and brain became wearied. He no longer observed, no longer thought, and was but semiconscious. One idea constituted his consciousness: *So this was a hurricane*. That one idea persisted irregularly. It was like a feeble flame that flickered occasionally. From a state of stupor he would return to it—*So this was a hurricane*. Then he would go off into another stupor.

The height of the hurricane endured from eleven at night till three in the morning, and it was at eleven that the tree in which clung Mapuhi and his women snapped off. Mapuhi rose to the surface of the lagoon, still clutching his daughter Ngakura. Only a South Sea islander could have lived in such a driving smother. The pandanus tree, to which he attached himself, turned over and over in the froth and churn; and it was only by holding on at times and waiting, and at other times shifting his grips rapidly, that he was able to get his head and Ngakura's to the surface at intervals sufficiently near together to keep the breath in them. But the air was mostly water, what with flying spray and sheeted rain that poured along at right angles to the perpendicular.

It was ten miles across the lagoon to the farther ring of sand. Here, tossing tree trunks, timbers, wrecks of cutters, and wreckage of houses killed nine out of ten of the miserable beings who survived the passage of the lagoon. Half-drowned, exhausted, they were hurled into this mad mortar of the elements and battered into formless flesh. But Mapuhi was fortunate. His chance was the one in ten; it fell to him by the freakage of fate. He emerged upon the sand, bleeding from a score of wounds. Ngakura's left arm was broken; the fingers of her right hand were crushed; and cheek and forehead were laid open to

the bone. He clutched a tree that yet stood, and clung on, holding the girl and sobbing for air, while the waters of the lagoon washed by knee-high and at times waist-high.

At three in the morning the backbone of the hurricane broke. By five no more than a stiff breeze was blowing. And by six it was dead calm and the sun was shining. The sea had gone down. On the yet restless edge of the lagoon, Mapuhi saw the broken bodies of those that had failed in the landing. Undoubtedly Tefara and Nauri were among them. He went along the beach examining them, and came upon his wife, lying half in and half out of the water. He sat down and wept, making harsh animal noises after the manner of primitive grief. Then she stirred uneasily, and groaned. He looked more closely. Not only was she alive, but she was uninjured. She was merely sleeping. Hers also had been the one chance in ten.

Of the twelve hundred alive the night before but three hundred remained. The Mormon missionary and a gendarme made the census. The lagoon was cluttered with corpses. Not a house nor a hut was standing. In the whole atoll not two stones remained one upon another. One in fifty of the coconut palms still stood, and they were wrecks, while on not one of them remained a single nut. There was no fresh water. The shallow wells that caught the surface seepage of the rain were filled with salt. Out of the lagoon a few soaked bags of flour were recovered. The survivors cut the hearts out of the fallen coconut trees and ate them. Here and there they crawled into tiny hutches, made by hollowing out the sand and covering over with fragments of metal roofing. The missionary made a crude still, but he could not distill water for three hundred persons. By the end of the second day, Raoul, taking a bath in the lagoon, discovered that his thirst was somewhat relieved. He cried out the news, and thereupon three hundred men, and women, and children could have been seen, standing up to their necks in the lagoon and trying to drink water in through their skins. Their dead floated about them, or were stepped upon where they still lay upon the bottom. On the third day the people buried their dead and sat down to wait for the rescue steamers.

In the meantime, Nauri, torn from her family by the hurricane, had been swept away on an adventure of her own. Clinging to a rough plank that wounded and bruised her and that filled her body with splinters, she was thrown clear over the atoll and carried away to sea. Here, under the amazing buffets of mountains of water, she lost her plank. She was an old woman nearly sixty; but she was Paumotan-

born, and she had never been out of sight of the sea in her life. Swimming in the darkness, strangling, suffocating, fighting for air, she was struck a heavy blow on the shoulder by a coconut. On the instant her plan was formed, and she seized the nut. In the next hour she captured seven more. Tied together, they formed a lifebuoy that preserved her life while at the same time it threatened to pound her to a jelly. She was a fat woman, and she bruised easily; but she had had experience of hurricanes, and, while she prayed to her shark god for protection from sharks, she waited for the wind to break. But at three o'clock she was in such a stupor that she did not know. Nor did she know at six o'clock when the dead calm settled down. She was shocked into consciousness when she was thrown upon the sand. She dug in with raw and bleeding hands and feet and clawed against the backwash until she was beyond the reach of the waves.

She knew where she was. This land could be no other than the tiny islet of Takokota. It had no lagoon. No one lived upon it. Hikueru was fifteen miles away. She could not see Hikueru, but she knew that it lay to the south. The days went by, and she lived on the coconuts that had kept her afloat. They supplied her with drinking water and with food. But she did not drink all she wanted, nor eat all she wanted. Rescue was problematical. She saw the smoke of the rescue steamers on the horizon, but what steamer could be expected to come to lonely, uninhabited Takokota?

From the first she was tormented by corpses. The sea persisted in flinging them upon her bit of sand, and she persisted, until her strength failed, in thrusting them back into the sea where the sharks tore at them and devoured them. When her strength failed, the bodies festooned her beach with ghastly horror, and she withdrew from them as far as she could, which was not far.

By the tenth day her last coconut was gone, and she was shrivelling from thirst. She dragged herself along the sand, looking for coconuts. It was strange that so many bodies floated up, and no nuts. Surely, there were more coconuts afloat than dead men! She gave up at last, and lay exhausted. The end had come. Nothing remained but to wait for death.

Coming out of a stupor, she became slowly aware that she was gazing at a patch of sandy-red hair on the head of a corpse. The sea flung the body toward her, then drew it back. It turned over, and she saw that it had no face. Yet there was something familiar about that patch of sandy-red hair. An hour passed. She did not exert herself

to make the identification. She was waiting to die, and it mattered little to her what man that thing of horror once might have been.

But at the end of the hour she sat up slowly and stared at the corpse. An unusually large wave had thrown it beyond the reach of the lesser waves. Yes, she was right; that patch of red hair could belong to but one man in the Paumotus. It was Levy, the German Jew, the man who had bought the pearl and carried it away on the *Hira*. Well, one thing was evident: the *Hira* had been lost. The pearl buyer's god of fisherman and thieves had gone back on him.

She crawled down to the dead man. His shirt had been torn away, and she could see the leather money belt about his waist. She held her breath and tugged at the buckles. They gave easier than she had expected, and she crawled hurriedly away across the sand, dragging the belt after her. Pocket after pocket she unbuckled in the belt and found empty. Where could he have put it? In the last pocket of all she found it, the first and only pearl he had bought on the voyage. She crawled a few feet farther, to escape the pestilence of the belt, and examined the pearl. It was the one Mapuhi had found and been robbed of by Toriki. She weighed it in her hand and rolled it back and forth caressingly. But in it she saw no intrinsic beauty. What she did see was the house Mapuhi and Tefara and she had builded so carefully in their minds. Each time she looked at the pearl she saw the house in all its details, including the octagon drop clock on the wall. That was something to live for.

She tore a strip from her *ahu* and tied the pearl securely about her neck. Then she went on along the beach, panting and groaning, but resolutely seeking for coconuts. Quickly she found one, and, as she glanced around, a second. She broke one, drinking its water, which was mildewy, and eating the last particle of the meat. A little later she found a shattered dugout. Its outrigger was gone, but she was hopeful, and, before the day was out, she found the outrigger. Every find was an augury. The pearl was a talisman. Late in the afternoon she saw a wooden box floating low in the water. When she dragged it out on the beach its contents rattled, and inside she found ten tins of salmon. She opened one by hammering it on the canoe. When a leak was started, she drained the tin. After that she spent several hours in extracting the salmon, hammering and squeezing it out a morsel at a time.

Eight days longer she waited for rescue. In the meantime she fastened the outrigger back on the canoe, using for lashings all the

coconut fibre she could find, and also what remained of her *ahu*. The canoe was badly cracked, and she could not make it watertight; but a calabash made from a coconut she stored on board for a bailer. She was hard put for a paddle. With a piece of tin she sawed off all her hair close to the scalp. Out of the hair she braided a cord; and by means of the cord she lashed a three-foot piece of broom handle to a board from the salmon case. She gnawed wedges with her teeth and with them wedged the lashing.

On the eighteenth day, at midnight, she launched the canoe through the surf and started back for Hikueru. She was an old woman. Hardship had stripped her fat from her till scarcely more than bones and skin and a few stringy muscles remained. The canoe was large and should have been paddled by three strong men. But she did it alone, with a makeshift paddle. Also, the canoe leaked badly, and one third of her time was devoted to bailing. By clear daylight she looked vainly for Hikueru. Astern, Takokota had sunk beneath the sea rim. The sun blazed down on her nakedness, compelling her body to surrender its moisture. Two tins of salmon were left, and in the course of the day she battered holes in them and drained the liquid. She had no time to waste in extracting the meat. A current was setting to the westward, she made westing whether she made southing or not.

In the early afternoon, standing upright in the canoe, she sighted Hikueru. Its wealth of coconut palms was gone. Only here and there, at wide intervals, could she see the ragged remnants of trees. The sight cheered her. She was nearer than she had thought. The current was setting her to the westward. She bore up against it and paddled on. The wedges in the paddle lashing worked loose, and she lost much time, at frequent intervals, in driving them tight. Then there was the bailing. One hour in three she had to cease paddling in order to bail. And all the time she drifted to the westward.

By sunset Hikueru bore southeast from her, three miles away. There was a full moon, and by eight o'clock the land was due east and two miles away. She struggled on for another hour, but the land was as far away as ever. She was in the main grip of the current; the canoe was too large; the paddle was too inadequate; and too much of her time and strength was wasted in bailing. Besides, she was very weak and growing weaker. Despite her efforts, the canoe was drifting off to the westward. She breathed a prayer to her shark god, slipped over the side, and began to swim. She was actually refreshed by the water, and quickly left the canoe astern. At the end of an hour the land

was perceptibly nearer. Then came her fright. Right before her eyes, not twenty feet away, a large fin cut the water. She swam steadily toward it, and slowly it glided away, curving off toward the right and circling around her. She kept her eyes on the fin and swam on. When the fin disappeared, she lay face downward on the water and watched. When the fin reappeared she resumed her swimming. The monster was lazy—she could see that. Without doubt he had been well fed since the hurricane. Had he been very hungry, she knew he would not have hesitated from making a dash for her. He was fifteen feet long, and one bite, she knew, could cut her in half.

But she did not have any time to waste on him. Whether she swam or not, the current drew away from the land just the same. A half hour went by, and the shark began to grow bolder. Seeing no harm in her he drew closer, in narrowing circles, cocking his eyes at her impudently as he slid past. Sooner or later, she knew well enough, he would get up sufficient courage to dash at her. She resolved to play first. It was a desperate act she meditated. She was an old woman, alone in the sea and weak from starvation and hardship; and yet she, in the face of this sea tiger, must anticipate his dash by herself dashing at him. She swam on, waiting her chance. At last he passed languidly by, barely eight feet away. She rushed at him suddenly, feigning that she was attacking him. He gave a wild flirt of his tail as he fled away, and his sandpaper hide, striking her, took off her skin from elbow to shoulder. He swam rapidly, in a widening circle, and at last disappeared.

In the hole in the sand, covered over by fragments of metal roofing, Mapuhi and Tefara lay disputing.

"If you had done as I said," charged Tefara, for the thousandth time, "and hidden the pearl and told no one, you would have it now."

"But Huru-Huru was with me when I opened the shell—have I not told you so times and times and times without end?"

"And now we shall have no house. Raoul told me today that if you had not sold the pearl to Toriki—"

"I did not sell it. Toriki robbed me."

"—that if you had not sold the pearl, he would give you five thousand French dollars, which is ten thousand Chili."

"He has been talking to his mother," Mapuhi explained. "She has an eye for a pearl."

"And now the pearl is lost," Tefara complained.



"It paid my debt with Toriki. That is twelve hundred I have made anyway."

"Toriki is dead," she cried. "They have heard no word of his schooner. She was lost along with the Aorai and the *Hira*. Will Toriki pay you the three hundred credit he promised? No, because Toriki is dead. And had you found no pearl, would you today owe Toriki the twelve hundred? No, because Toriki is dead, and you cannot pay dead men."

"But Levy did not pay Toriki," Mapuhi said. "He gave him a piece of paper that was good for the money in Papeete; and now Levy is dead and cannot pay; and Toriki is dead and the paper lost with him, and the pearl is lost with Levy. You are right, Tefara. I have lost the pearl, and got nothing for it. Now let us sleep."

He held up his hand suddenly and listened. From without came a noise, as of one who breathed heavily and with pain. A hand fumbled against the mat that served for a door.

"Who is there?" Mapuhi cried.

"Nauri," came the answer. "Can you tell me where is my son, Mapuhi?"

Tefara screamed and gripped her husband's arm.

"A ghost!" she chattered. "A ghost!"

Mapuhi's face was a ghastly yellow. He clung weakly to his wife.

"Good woman," he said in faltering tones, striving to disguise his voice, "I know your son well. He is living on the east side of the lagoon."

From without came the sound of a sigh. Mapuhi began to feel elated. He had fooled the ghost.

"But where do you come from, old woman?" he asked.

"From the sea," was the dejected answer.

"I knew it! I knew it!" screamed Tefara, rocking to and fro.

"Since when has Tefara bedded in a strange house?" came Nauri's voice through the matting.

Mapuhi looked fear and reproach at his wife. It was her voice that had betrayed them.

"And since when has Mapuhi, my son, denied his old mother?" the voice went on.

"No, no, I have not—Mapuhi has not denied you," he cried. "I am not Mapuhi. He is on the east end of the lagoon, I tell you."

Ngakura sat up in bed and began to cry. The matting started to shake.

"What are you doing?" Mapuhi demanded.

"I am coming in," said the voice of Nauri.

One end of the matting lifted. Tefara tried to dive under the blankets, but Mapuhi held on to her. He had to hold on to something. Together, struggling with each other, with shivering bodies and chattering teeth, they gazed with protruding eyes at the lifting mat. They saw Nauri, dripping with sea water, without her *ahu*, creep in. They rolled over backward from her and fought for Ngakura's blanket with which to cover their heads.

"You might give your old mother a drink of water," the ghost said plaintively.

"Give her a drink of water," Tefara commanded in a shaking voice.

"Give her a drink of water," Mapuhi passed on the command to Ngakura.

And together they kicked out Ngakura from under the blanket. A minute later, peeping, Mapuhi saw the ghost drinking. When it reached out a shaking hand and laid it on his, he felt the weight of it and was convinced that it was no ghost. Then he emerged, dragging Tefara after him, and in a few minutes all were listening to Nauri's tale. And when she told of Levy, and dropped the pearl into Tefara's hand, even she was reconciled to the reality of her mother-in-law.

"In the morning," said Tefara, "you will sell the pearl to Raoul for five thousand French."

"He will build the house," Tefara answered. "He says it will cost four thousand French. Also will he give one thousand French in credit, which is two thousand Chili."

"And it will be six fathoms long?" Nauri queried.

"Ay," answered Mapuhi, "six fathoms."

"And in the middle room will be the octagon drop clock?"

"Ay, and the round table as well."

"Then give me something to eat, for I am hungry," said Nauri, complacently. "And after that we will sleep, for I am weary. And tomorrow we will have more talk about the house before we sell the pearl. It will be better if we take the thousand French in cash. Money is ever better than credit in buying goods from the traders."



## Tiare Tahiti

By RUPERT BROOKE, 1887–1915. No other poet who drew inspiration from the Pacific islands had the genius of Rupert Brooke. Born at Rugby, Warwickshire, he went to school there and in 1906 entered Kings College, Cambridge, where he was a brilliant student in classics and English literature. With the publication of his first book, *Poems* (1911), he was recognized as one of the most talented young writers in England. In the spring of 1913 he set out for a year of travel, first visiting the United States and Canada and then going on to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Soon after he returned to England, in June, 1914, the World War broke out. He was commissioned in the Royal Naval Division, took part in the Belgian campaign, and early in 1915 sailed with his division for the Dardanelles. On the way he contracted blood poisoning, and within two days he was dead. He was buried at Skyros in the Aegean. His book *1914 and Other Poems*, published posthumously, contains the poems written in the South Seas, among them "Tiare Tahiti," "The Great Lover," "Clouds," "Waikiki," and other examples of his finest work. In the following selection, "Pupure" was Brooke himself; the Tahitian name was given him because of his fair hair.

## *Tiare Tahiti*

Mamua, when our laughter ends,  
And hearts and bodies, brown as white  
Are dust about the doors of friends,  
Or scent a-blowing down the night,  
Then, oh! then, the wise agree,  
Comes our immortality.  
Mamua, there waits a land  
Hard for us to understand.  
Out of time, beyond the sun,  
All are one in Paradise,  
You and Pupure are one,  
And Tau, and the ungainly wise.  
There the Eternals are, and there  
The Good, the Lovely, and the True,  
And Types, whose earthly copies were  
The foolish broken things we knew;  
There is the Face, whose ghosts we are;  
The real, the never-setting Star;  
And the Flower, of which we love  
Faint and fading shadows here  
Never a tear, but only Grief;  
Dance, but not the limbs that move;  
Songs in Song shall disappear;  
Instead of lovers, Love shall be;  
For hearts, Immutability;  
And there, on the Ideal Reef,  
Thunders the Everlasting Sea!

And my laughter, and my pain,  
Shall home to the Eternal Brain.

*From The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. Copyright, 1915, by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. Canadian rights by permission of the publisher, McClelland & Stewart Limited, Toronto.*

And all lovely things, they say,  
Meet in Loveliness again;  
Miri's laugh, Teipo's feet,  
And the hands of Matua,  
Stars and sunlight there shall meet,  
Coral's hues and rainbows there,  
And Teiira's braided hair;  
And with the starred tiare's white,  
And white birds in the dark ravine,  
And flamboyants ablaze at night,  
And jewels, and evening's after-green,  
And dawns of pearl and gold and red,  
Mamua, your lovelier head!  
And there'll no more be one who dreams  
Under the ferns, of crumbling stuff,  
Eyes of illusion, mouth that seems,  
All time-entangled human love.  
And you'll no longer swing and sway  
Divinely down the scented shade,  
Where feet to Ambulation fade,  
And moons are lost in endless Day.  
How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,  
Where there are neither heads nor flowers?  
Oh, Heaven's Heaven!—but we'll be missing  
The palms, and sunlight, and the south;  
And there's an end, I think, of kissing,  
When our mouths are one with Mouth . . .

Tai here, Mamua,  
Crown the hair, and come away!  
Hear the calling of the moon,  
And the whispering scents that stray  
About the idle warm lagoon.  
Hasten, hand in human hand,  
Down the dark, the flowered way,  
Along the whiteness of the sand.  
And in the water's soft caress,  
Wash the mind of foolishness,  
Mamua, until the day.  
Spend the glittering moonlight there

Pursuing down the soundless deep  
Limbs that gleam and shadowy hair,  
Or floating lazy, half-asleep.  
Dive and double and follow after,  
Snare in flowers, and kiss, and call,  
With lips that fade, and human laughter  
And faces individual,  
We'll this side of Paradise! . . .  
There's little comfort in the wise.

PAPEETE, *February, 1914*

## Red

By WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM (1874- ). Maugham, the English novelist, short story writer, and playwright, has been making contributions to literature for the past fifty years. He was trained as a physician, but practiced writing instead. At home in many foreign lands, he wrote a number of pieces of fiction with Pacific settings. Best known of these are the short stories "Red," "Honolulu," and "Miss Sadie Thompson" (upon which the play *Rain* was based), and the novel *The Moon and Sixpence* (1919), suggested by the life of the French painter Paul Gauguin. "Red" has been chosen here because it presents with warm realism a not uncommon phase of South Sea life.



THE skipper thrust his hand into one of his trouser pockets and with difficulty, for they were not at the sides but in front and he was a portly man, pulled out a large silver watch. He looked at it and then looked again at the declining sun. The Kanaka at the wheel gave him a glance, but did not speak. The skipper's eyes rested on the island they were approaching. A white line of foam marked the reef. He knew there was an opening large enough to get his ship through, and when they came a little nearer he counted on seeing it. They had nearly an hour of daylight still before them. In the lagoon the water was deep and they could anchor comfortably. The chief of the village which he could already see among the coconut trees was a friend of the mate's, and it would be pleasant to go ashore for the night. The mate came forward at that minute and the skipper turned to him.

"We'll take a bottle of booze along with us and get some girls in to dance," he said.

"I don't see the opening," said the mate.

He was a Kanaka, a handsome, swarthy fellow, with somewhat the look of a later Roman emperor, inclined to stoutness; but his face was fine and clean-cut.

"I'm dead sure there's one right here," said the captain, looking through his glasses. "I can't understand why I can't pick it up. Send one of the boys up the mast to have a look."

The mate called one of the crew and gave him the order. The captain watched the Kanaka climb and waited for him to speak. But the Kanaka shouted down that he could see nothing but the unbroken line of foam. The captain spoke Samoan like a native, and he cursed him freely.

"Shall he stay up there?" asked the mate.

"What the hell good does that do?" answered the captain. "The blame fool can't see worth a cent. You bet your sweet life I'd find the opening if I was up there."

He looked at the slender mast with anger. It was all very well for

From *The Trembling of a Leaf*, by W. Somerset Maugham, copyright, 1921. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

a native who had been used to climbing up coconut trees all his life. He was fat and heavy.

"Come down," he shouted. "You're no more use than a dead dog. We'll just have to go along the reef till we find the opening."

It was a seventy-ton schooner with paraffin auxiliary, and it ran, when there was no head wind, between four and five knots an hour. It was a bedraggled object; it had been painted white a very long time ago, but it was now dirty, dingy, and mottled. It smelt strongly of paraffin and of the copra which was its usual cargo. They were within a hundred feet of the reef now and the captain told the steersman to run along it till they came to the opening. But when they had gone a couple of miles he realised that they had missed it. He went about and slowly worked back again. The white foam of the reef continued without interruption and now the sun was setting. With a curse at the stupidity of the crew the skipper resigned himself to waiting till next morning.

"Put her about," he said. "I can't anchor here."

They went out to sea a little and presently it was quite dark. They anchored. When the sail was furled the ship began to roll a good deal. They said in Apia that one day she would roll right over; and the owner, a German-American who managed one of the largest stores, said that no money was big enough to induce him to go out in her. The cook, a Chinese in white trousers, very dirty and ragged, and a thin white tunic, came to say that supper was ready, and when the skipper went into the cabin he found the engineer already seated at table. The engineer was a long, lean man with a scraggy neck. He was dressed in blue overalls and a sleeveless jersey which showed his thin arms tattooed from elbow to wrist.

"Hell, having to spend the night outside," said the skipper.

The engineer did not answer, and they ate their supper in silence. The cabin was lit by a dim oil lamp. When they had eaten the canned apricots with which the meal finished the Chink brought them a cup of tea. The skipper lit a cigar and went on the upper deck. The island now was only a darker mass against the night. The stars were very bright. The only sound was the ceaseless breaking of the surf. The skipper sank into a deck chair and smoked idly. Presently three or four members of the crew came up and sat down. One of them had a banjo and another a concertina. They began to play, and one of them sang. The native song sounded strange on these instruments. Then to the singing a couple began to dance. It was a

barbaric dance, savage and primeval, rapid, with quick movements of the hands and feet and contortions of the body; it was sensual, sexual even, but sexual without passion. It was very animal, direct, weird without mystery, natural in short, and one might almost say childlike. At last they grew tired. They stretched themselves on the deck and slept, and all was silent. The skipper lifted himself heavily out of his chair and clambered down the companion. He went into his cabin and got out of his clothes. He climbed into his bunk and lay there. He panted a little in the heat of the night.

But next morning, when the dawn crept over the tranquil sea, the opening in the reef which had eluded them the night before was seen a little to the east of where they lay. The schooner entered the lagoon. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water. Deep down among the coral rocks you saw little colored fish swim. When he had anchored his ship the skipper ate his breakfast and went on deck. The sun shone from an unclouded sky, but in the early morning the air was grateful and cool. It was Sunday, and there was a feeling of quietness, a silence as though nature were at rest, which gave him a peculiar sense of comfort. He sat, looking at the wooded coast, and felt lazy and well at ease. Presently a slow smile moved his lips and he threw the stump of his cigar into the water.

"I guess I'll go ashore," he said. "Get the boat out."

He climbed stiffly down the ladder and was rowed to a little cove. The coconut trees came down to the water's edge, not in rows, but spaced out with an ordered formality. They were like a ballet of spinsters, elderly but flippant, standing in affected attitudes with the simpering graces of a bygone age. He sauntered idly through them, along a path that could be just seen winding its tortuous way, and it led him presently to a broad creek. There was a bridge across it, but a bridge constructed of single trunks of coconut trees, a dozen of them, placed end to end and supported where they met by a forked branch driven into the bed of the creek. You walked on a smooth, round surface, narrow and slippery, and there was no support for the hand. To cross such a bridge required sure feet and a stout heart. The skipper hesitated. But he saw on the other side, nestling among the trees, a white man's house; he made up his mind and, rather gingerly, began to walk. He watched his feet carefully, and where one trunk joined on to the next and there was a difference of level, he tottered a little. It was with a gasp of relief that he reached the last tree and finally set his feet on the firm ground of the other

side. He had been so intent on the difficult crossing that he never noticed anyone was watching him, and it was with surprise that he heard himself spoken to.

"It takes a bit of nerve to cross these bridges when you're not used to them."

He looked up and saw a man standing in front of him. He had evidently come out of the house which he had seen.

"I saw you hesitate," the man continued, with a smile on his lips, "and I was watching to see you fall in."

"Not on your life," said the captain, who had now recovered his confidence.

"I've fallen in myself before now. I remember, one evening I came back from shooting, and I fell in, gun and all. Now I get a boy to carry my gun for me."

He was a man no longer young, with a small beard, now somewhat grey, and a thin face. He was dressed in a singlet, without arms, and a pair of duck trousers. He wore neither shoes nor socks. He spoke English with a slight accent.

"Are you Neilson?" asked the skipper.

"I am."

"I've heard about you. I thought you lived somewheres round here."

The skipper followed his host into the little bungalow and sat down heavily in the chair which the other motioned him to take. While Neilson went out to fetch whisky and glasses he took a look round the room. It filled him with amazement. He had never seen so many books. The shelves reached from floor to ceiling on all four walls, and they were closely packed. There was a grand piano littered with music, and a large table on which books and magazines lay in disorder. The room made him feel embarrassed. He remembered that Neilson was a queer fellow. No one knew very much about him, although he had been in the islands for so many years, but those who knew him agreed that he was queer. He was a Swede.

"You've got one big heap of books here," he said, when Neilson returned.

"They do no harm," answered Neilson with a smile.

"Have you read them all?" asked the skipper.

"Most of them."

"I'm a bit of a reader myself. I have the *Saturday Evening Post* sent to me reglar."

Neilson poured his visitor a good stiff glass of whisky and gave him a cigar. The skipper volunteered a little information.

"I got in last night, but I couldn't find the opening, so I had to anchor outside. I never been this run before, but my people had some stuff they wanted to bring over here. Gray, d'you know him?"

"Yes, he's got a store a little way along."

"Well, there was a lot of canned stuff that he wanted over, an' he's got some copra. They thought I might just as well come over as lie idle at Apia. I run between Apia and Pago-Pago mostly, but they've got smallpox there just now, and there's nothing stirring."

He took a drink of his whisky and lit a cigar. He was a taciturn man, but there was something in Neilson that made him nervous, and his nervousness made him talk. The Swede was looking at him with large dark eyes in which there was an expression of faint amusement.

"This is a tidy little place you've got here."

"I've done my best with it."

"You must do pretty well with your trees. They look fine. With copra at the price it is now. I had a bit of a plantation myself once, in Upolu it was, but I had to sell it."

He looked round the room again, where all those books gave him a feeling of something incomprehensible and hostile.

"I guess you must find it a bit lonesome here though," he said.

"I've got used to it. I've been here for twenty-five years."

Now the captain could think of nothing more to say, and he smoked in silence. Neilson had apparently no wish to break it. He looked at his guest with a meditative eye. He was a tall man, more than six feet high, and very stout. His face was red and blotchy, with a network of little purple veins on the cheeks, and his features were sunk into its fatness. His eyes were bloodshot. His neck was buried in rolls of fat. But for a fringe of long curly hair, nearly white, at the back of his head, he was quite bald; and that immense, shiny surface of forehead, which might have given him a false look of intelligence, on the contrary gave him one of peculiar imbecility. He wore a blue flannel shirt, open at the neck and showing his fat chest covered with a mat of reddish hair, and a very old pair of blue serge trousers. He sat in his chair in a heavy ungainly attitude, his great belly thrust forward and his fat legs uncrossed. All elasticity had gone from his limbs. Neilson wondered idly what sort of man he had been in his youth. It was almost impossible to imagine that this creature of vast bulk

had ever been a boy who ran about. The skipper finished his whisky, and Neilson pushed the bottle towards him.

"Help yourself."

The skipper leaned forward and with his great hand seized it.

"And how come you in these parts anyways?" he said.

"Oh, I came out to the islands for my health. My lungs were bad and they said I hadn't a year to live. You see they were wrong."

"I meant, how come you to settle down right here?"

"I am a sentimentalist."

"Oh!"

Neilson knew that the skipper had not an idea what he meant, and he looked at him with an ironical twinkle in his dark eyes. Perhaps just because the skipper was so gross and dull a man the whim seized him to talk further.

"You were too busy keeping your balance to notice, when you crossed the bridge, but this spot is generally considered rather pretty."

"It's a cute little house you've got here."

"Ah, that wasn't here when I first came. There was a native hut, with its beehive roof and its pillars, overshadowed by a great tree with red flowers; and the croton bushes, their leaves yellow and red and golden, made a pied fence around it. And then all about were the coconut trees, as fanciful as women, and as vain. They stood at the water's edge and spent all day looking at their reflections. I was a young man then—Good Heavens, it's a quarter of a century ago—and I wanted to enjoy all the loveliness of the world in the short time allotted to me before I passed into the darkness. I thought it was the most beautiful spot I had ever seen. The first time I saw it I had a catch at my heart, and I was afraid I was going to cry. I wasn't more than twenty-five, and though I put the best face I could on it, I didn't want to die. And somehow it seemed to me that the very beauty of this place made it easier for me to accept my fate. I felt when I came here that all my past life had fallen away, Stockholm and its University, and then Bonn: it all seemed the life of somebody else, as though now at last I had achieved the reality which our doctors of philosophy—I am one myself, you know—had discussed so much. 'A year,' I cried to myself. 'I have a year. I will spend it here and then I am content to die.'

"We are foolish and sentimental and melodramatic at twenty-five, but if we weren't perhaps we should be less wise at fifty."

"Now drink, my friend. Don't let the nonsense I talk interfere with you."

He waved his thin hand towards the bottle, and the skipper finished what remained in his glass.

"You ain't drinking nothin'," he said, reaching for the whisky.

"I am of a sober habit," smiled the Swede. "I intoxicate myself in ways which I fancy are more subtle. But perhaps that is only vanity. Anyhow, the effects are more lasting and the results less deleterious."

"They say there's a deal of cocaine taken in the States now," said the captain.

Neilson chuckled.

"But I do not see a white man often," he continued, "and for once I don't think a drop of whisky can do me any harm."

He poured himself out a little, added some soda, and took a sip.

"And presently I found out why the spot had such an unearthly loveliness. Here love had tarried for a moment like a migrant bird that happens on a ship in mid-ocean and for a little while folds its tired wings. The fragrance of a beautiful passion hovered over it like the fragrance of hawthorn in May in the meadows of my home. It seems to me that the places where men have loved or suffered keep about them always some faint aroma of something that has not wholly died. It is as though they had acquired a spiritual significance which mysteriously affects those who pass. I wish I could make myself clear." He smiled a little. "Though I cannot imagine that if I did you would understand."

He paused.

"I think this place was beautiful because here I had been loved beautifully." And now he shrugged his shoulders. "But perhaps it is only that my aesthetic sense is gratified by the happy conjunction of young love and a suitable setting."

Even a man less thick-witted than the skipper might have been forgiven if he were bewildered by Neilson's words. For he seemed faintly to laugh at what he said. It was as though he spoke from emotion which his intellect found ridiculous. He had said himself that he was a sentimentalist, and when sentimentality is joined with scepticism there is often the devil to pay.

He was silent for an instant and looked at the captain with eyes in which there was a sudden perplexity.

"You know, I can't help thinking that I've seen you before somewhere or other," he said.

"I couldn't say as I remember you," returned the skipper.

"I have a curious feeling as though your face were familiar to me. It's been puzzling me for some time. But I can't situate my recollection in any place or at any time."

The skipper massively shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"It's thirty years since I first come to the islands. A man can't figure on remembering all the folk he meets in a while like that."

The Swede shook his head.

"You know how one sometimes has the feeling that a place one has never been to before is strangely familiar. That's how I seem to see you." He gave a whimsical smile. "Perhaps I knew you in some past existence. Perhaps, perhaps you were the master of a galley in ancient Rome and I was a slave at the oar. Thirty years have you been here?"

"Every bit of thirty years."

"I wonder if you knew a man called Red?"

"Red?"

"That is the only name I've ever known him by. I never knew him personally. I never even set eyes on him. And yet I seem to see him more clearly than many men, my brothers, for instance, with whom I passed my daily life for many years. He lives in my imagination with the distinctness of a Paolo Malatesta or a Romeo. But I daresay you have never read Dante or Shakespeare?"

"I can't say as I have," said the captain.

Neilson, smoking a cigar, leaned back in his chair and looked vacantly at the ring of smoke which floated in the still air. A smile played on his lips, but his eyes were grave. Then he looked at the captain. There was in his gross obesity something extraordinarily repellent. He had the plethoric self-satisfaction of the very fat. It was an outrage. It set Neilson's nerves on edge. But the contrast between the man before him and the man he had in mind was pleasant.

"It appears that Red was the most comely thing you ever saw. I've talked to quite a number of people who knew him in those days, white men, and they all agree that the first time you saw him his beauty just took your breath away. They called him Red on account of his flaming hair. It had a natural wave and he wore it long. It must have been of that wonderful color that the pre-Raphaelites raved over. I don't think he was vain of it, he was much too ingenuous for that, but no one could have blamed him if he had been. He was tall, six feet and an inch or two—in the native house that



used to stand here was the mark of his height cut with a knife on the central trunk that supported the roof—and he was made like a Greek god, broad in the shoulders and thin in the flanks; he was like Apollo, with just that soft roundness which Praxiteles gave him, and that suave, feminine grace which has in it something troubling and mysterious. His skin was dazzling white, milky, like satin; his skin was like a woman's."

"I had kind of a white skin myself when I was a kiddie," said the skipper, with a twinkle in his bloodshot eyes.

But Neilson paid no attention to him. He was telling his story now and interruption made him impatient.

"And his face was just as beautiful as his body. He had large blue eyes, very dark, so that some say they were black, and unlike most red-haired people he had dark eyebrows and long dark lashes. His features were perfectly regular and his mouth was like a scarlet wound. He was twenty."

On these words the Swede stopped with a certain sense of the dramatic. He took a sip of whisky.

"He was unique. There never was anyone more beautiful. There was no more reason for him than for a wonderful blossom to flower on a wild plant. He was a happy accident of nature.

"One day he landed at that cove into which you must have put this morning. He was an American sailor, and he had deserted from a man-of-war in Apia. He had induced some good-humored native to give him a passage on a cutter that happened to be sailing from Apia to Safoto, and he had been put ashore here in a dugout. I do not know why he deserted. Perhaps life on a man-of-war with its restrictions irked him, perhaps he was in trouble, and perhaps it was the South Seas and these romantic islands that got into his bones. Every now and then they take a man strangely, and he finds himself like a fly in a spider's web. It may be that there was a softness of fiber in him, and these green hills with their soft airs, this blue sea, took the northern strength from him as Delilah took the Nazarite's. Anyhow, he wanted to hide himself, and he thought he would be safe in this secluded nook till his ship had sailed from Samoa.

"There was a native hut at the cove and as he stood there, wondering where exactly he should turn his steps, a young girl came out and invited him to enter. He knew scarcely two words of the native tongue and she a little English. But he understood well enough

what her smiles meant, and her pretty gestures, and he followed her. He sat down on a mat and she gave him slices of pineapple to eat. I can speak of Red only from hearsay, but I saw the girl three years after he first met her, and she was scarcely nineteen then. You cannot imagine how exquisite she was. She had the passionate grace of the hibiscus and the rich color. She was rather tall, slim, with the delicate features of her race, and large eyes like pools of still water under the palm trees; her hair, black and curling, fell down her back, and she wore a wreath of scented flowers. Her hands were lovely. They were so small, so exquisitely formed, they gave your heart-strings a wrench. And in those days she laughed easily. Her smile was so delightful that it made your knees shake. Her skin was like a field of ripe corn on a summer day. Good Heavens, how can I describe her? She was too beautiful to be real.

"And these two young things, she was sixteen and he was twenty, fell in love with one another at first sight. That is the real love, not the love that comes from sympathy, common interests, or intellectual community, but love pure and simple. That is the love that Adam felt for Eve when he awoke and found her in the garden gazing at him with dewy eyes. That is the love that draws the beasts to one another, and the gods. That is the love that makes the world a miracle. That is the love which gives life its pregnant meaning. You have never heard of the wise, cynical French duke who said that with two lovers there is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved; it is a bitter truth to which most of us have to resign ourselves; but now and then there are two who love and two who let themselves be loved. Then one might fancy that the sun stands still as it stood when Joshua prayed to the God of Israel.

"And even now after all these years, when I think of these two, so young, so fair, so simple, and of their love, I feel a pang. It tears my heart just as my heart is torn when on certain nights I watch the full moon shining on the lagoon from an unclouded sky. There is always pain in the contemplation of perfect beauty.

"They were children. She was good and sweet and kind. I know nothing of him, and I like to think that then at all events he was ingenuous and frank. I like to think that his soul was as comely as his body. But I daresay he had no more soul than the creatures of the woods and forests who made pipes from reeds and bathed in the mountain streams when the world was young, and you might catch

sight of little fawns galloping through the glade on the back of a bearded centaur. A soul is a troublesome possession and when man developed it he lost the Garden of Eden.

"Well, when Red came to the island it had recently been visited by one of those epidemics which the white man has brought to the South Seas, and one third of the inhabitants had died. It seems that the girl had lost all her near kin and she lived now in the house of distant cousins. The household consisted of two ancient crones, bowed and wrinkled, two younger women, and a man and a boy. For a few days he stayed there. But perhaps he felt himself too near the shore, with the possibility that he might fall in with white men who would reveal his hiding-place; perhaps the lovers could not bear that the company of others should rob them for an instant of the delight of being together. One morning they set out, the pair of them, with the few things that belonged to the girl, and walked along a grassy path under the coconuts, till they came to the creek you see. They had to cross the bridge you crossed, and the girl laughed gleefully because he was afraid. She held his hand till they came to the end of the first tree, and then his courage failed him and he had to go back. He was obliged to take off all his clothes before he could risk it, and she carried them over for him on her head. They settled down in the empty hut that stood here. Whether she had any rights over it (land tenure is a complicated business in the islands), or whether the owner had died during the epidemic, I do not know, but anyhow no one questioned them, and they took possession. Their furniture consisted of a couple of grass mats on which they slept, a fragment of looking-glass, and a bowl or two. In this pleasant land that is enough to start housekeeping on.

"They say that happy people have no history, and certainly a happy love has none. They did nothing all day long and yet the days seemed all too short. The girl had a native name, but Red called her Sally. He picked up the easy language very quickly, and he used to lie on the mat for hours while she chattered gaily to him. He was a silent fellow, and perhaps his mind was lethargic. He smoked incessantly the cigarettes which she made him out of the native tobacco and pandanus leaf, and he watched her while with deft fingers she made grass mats. Often natives would come in and tell long stories of the old days when the island was disturbed by tribal wars. Sometimes he would go fishing on the reef, and bring home a basket full of colored fish. Sometimes at night he would go out with a lantern to catch

lobster. There were plantains round the hut and Sally would roast them for their frugal meal. She knew how to make delicious messes from coconuts, and the breadfruit tree by the side of the creek gave them its fruit. On feast-days they killed a little pig and cooked it on hot stones. They bathed together in the creek; and in the evening they went down to the lagoon and paddled about in a dugout, with its great outrigger. The sea was deep blue, wine-colored at sundown, like the sea of Homeric Greece; but in the lagoon the color had an infinite variety, aquamarine and amethyst and emerald; and the setting sun turned it for a short moment to liquid gold. Then there was the color of the coral, brown, white, pink, red, purple; and the shapes it took were marvellous. It was like a magic garden, and the hurrying fish were like butterflies. It strangely lacked reality. Among the coral were pools with a floor of white sand and here, where the water was dazzling clear, it was very good to bathe. Then, cool and happy, they wandered back in the gloaming over the soft grass road to the creek, walking hand in hand, and now the myna birds filled the coconut trees with their clamor. And then the night, with that great sky shining with gold, that seemed to stretch more widely than the skies of Europe, and the soft airs that blew gently through the open hut, the long night again was all too short. She was sixteen and he was barely twenty. The dawn crept in among the wooden pillars of the hut and looked at those lovely children sleeping in one another's arms. The sun hid behind the great tattered leaves of the plantains so that it might not disturb them, and then, with playful malice, shot a golden ray, like the outstretched paw of a Persian cat, on their faces. They opened their sleepy eyes and they smiled to welcome another day. The weeks lengthened into months, and a year passed. They seemed to love one another as—I hesitate to say passionately, for passion has in it always a shade of sadness, a touch of bitterness or anguish, but as wholeheartedly, as simply and naturally as on that first day on which, meeting, they had recognised that a god was in them.

"If you had asked them I have no doubt that they would have thought it impossible to suppose their love could ever cease. Do we not know that the essential element of love is a belief in its own eternity? And yet perhaps in Red there was already a very little seed, unknown to himself and unsuspected by the girl, which would in time have grown to weariness. For one day one of the natives from the cove told them that some way down the coast at the anchorage was a British whaling-ship.

"‘Gee,’ he said, ‘I wonder if I could make a trade of some nuts and plantains for a pound or two of tobacco.’

"The pandanus cigarettes that Sally made him with untiring hands were strong and pleasant enough to smoke, but they left him unsatisfied; and he yearned on a sudden for real tobacco, hard, rank, and pungent. He had not smoked a pipe for many months. His mouth watered at the thought of it. One would have thought some premonition of harm would have made Sally seek to dissuade him, but love possessed her so completely that it never occurred to her any power on earth could take him from her. They went into the hills together and gathered a great basket of wild oranges, green, but sweet and juicy; and they picked plantains from around the hut, and coconuts from their trees, and breadfruit and mangoes; and they carried them down to the cove. They loaded the unstable canoe with them, and Red and the native boy who had brought them the news of the ship paddled along outside the reef.

"It was the last time she ever saw him.

"Next day the boy came back alone. He was all in tears. This is the story he told. When after their long paddle they reached the ship and Red hailed it, a white man looked over the side and told them to come on board. They took the fruit they had brought with them and Red piled it up on the deck. The white man and he began to talk, and they seemed to come to some agreement. One of them went below and brought up tobacco. Red took some at once and lit a pipe. The boy imitated the zest with which he blew a great cloud of smoke from his mouth. Then they said something to him and he went into the cabin. Through the open door the boy, watching curiously, saw a bottle brought out and glasses. Red drank and smoked. They seemed to ask him something, for he shook his head and laughed. The man, the first man who had spoken to them, laughed too, and he filled Red's glass once more. They went on talking and drinking, and presently, growing tired of watching a sight that meant nothing to him, the boy curled himself upon the deck and slept. He was awakened by a kick; and, jumping to his feet, he saw that the ship was slowly sailing out of the lagoon. He caught sight of Red seated at the table, with his head resting heavily on his arms, fast asleep. He made a movement towards him, intending to wake him, but a rough hand seized his arm, and a man, with a scowl and words which he did not understand, pointed to the side. He shouted to Red, but in a moment

he was seized and flung overboard. Helpless, he swam round to his canoe which was drifting a little way off, and pushed it on to the reef. He climbed in and, sobbing all the way, paddled back to shore.

"What had happened was obvious enough. The whaler, by desertion or sickness, was short of hands, and the captain when Red came aboard had asked him to sign on; on his refusal he had made him drunk and kidnapped him.

"Sally was beside herself with grief. For three days she screamed and cried. The natives did what they could to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. She would not eat. And then, exhausted, she sank into a sullen apathy. She spent long days at the cove, watching the lagoon, in the vain hope that Red somehow or other would manage to escape. She sat on the white sand, hour after hour, with the tears running down her cheeks, and at night dragged herself wearily back across the creek to the little hut where she had been happy. The people with whom she had lived before Red came to the island wished her to return to them, but she would not; she was convinced that Red would come back, and she wanted him to find her where he had left her. Four months later she was delivered of a still-born child, and the old woman who had come to help her through her confinement remained with her in the hut. All joy was taken from her life. If her anguish with time became less intolerable it was replaced by a settled melancholy. You would not have thought that among these people, whose emotions, though so violent, are very transient, a woman could be found capable of so enduring a passion. She never lost the profound conviction that sooner or later Red would come back. She watched for him, and every time someone crossed this slender little bridge of coconut trees she looked. It might at last be he."

Neilson stopped talking and gave a faint sigh.

"And what happened to her in the end?" asked the skipper.

Neilson smiled bitterly.

"Oh, three years afterwards she took up with another white man."

The skipper gave a fat, cynical chuckle.

"That's generally what happens to them," he said.

The Swede shot him a look of hatred. He did not know why that gross, obese man excited in him so violent a repulsion. But his thoughts wandered and he found his mind filled with memories of the past. He went back five and twenty years. It was when he first

came to the island, weary of Apia, with its heavy drinking, its gambling and coarse sensuality, a sick man, trying to resign himself to the loss of the career which had fired his imagination with ambitious thoughts. He set behind him resolutely all his hopes of making a great name for himself and strove to content himself with the few poor months of careful life which was all that he could count on. He was boarding with a half-caste trader who had a store a couple of miles along the coast at the edge of a native village; and one day, wandering aimlessly along the grassy paths of the coconut groves, he had come upon the hut in which Sally lived. The beauty of the spot had filled him with a rapture so great that it was almost painful, and then he had seen Sally. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen, and the sadness in those dark, magnificent eyes of hers affected him strangely. The Kanakas were a handsome race, and beauty was not rare among them, but it was the beauty of shapely animals. It was empty. But those tragic eyes were dark with mystery, and you felt in them the bitter complexity of the groping, human soul. The trader told him the story and it moved him.

"Do you think he'll ever come back?" asked Neilson.

"No fear. Why, it'll be a couple of years before the ship is paid off, and by then he'll have forgotten all about her. I bet he was pretty mad when he woke up and found he'd been shanghaied, and I shouldn't wonder but he wanted to fight somebody. But he'd got to grin and bear it, and I guess in a month he was thinking it the best thing that had ever happened to him that he got away from the island."

But Neilson could not get the story out of his head. Perhaps because he was sick and weakly, the radiant health of Red appealed to his imagination. Himself an ugly man, insignificant of appearance, he prized very highly comeliness in others. He had never been passionately in love, and certainly he had never been passionately loved. The mutual attraction of those two young things gave him a singular delight. It had the ineffable beauty of the Absolute. He went again to the little hut by the creek. He had a gift for languages and an energetic mind, accustomed to work, and he had already given much time to the study of the local tongue. Old habit was strong in him and he was gathering together material for a paper on the Samoan speech. The old crone who shared the hut with Sally invited him to come in and sit down. She gave him kava to drink and cigarettes to smoke. She was glad to have someone to chat with and while she talked he

looked at Sally. She reminded him of the Psyche in the museum at Naples. Her features had the same clear purity of line, and though she had borne a child she had still a virginal aspect.

It was not till he had seen her two or three times that he induced her to speak. Then it was only to ask him if he had seen in Apia a man called Red. Two years had passed since his disappearance, but it was plain that she still thought of him incessantly.

It did not take Neilson long to discover that he was in love with her. It was only by an effort of will now that he prevented himself from going every day to the creek, and when he was not with Sally his thoughts were. At first, looking upon himself as a dying man, he asked only to look at her, and occasionally hear her speak, and his love gave him a wonderful happiness. He exulted in its purity. He wanted nothing from her but the opportunity to weave around her graceful person a web of beautiful fancies. But the open air, the equable temperature, the rest, the simple fare, began to have an unexpected effect on his health. His temperature did not soar at night to such alarming heights, he coughed less and began to put on weight; six months passed without his having a hemorrhage; and on a sudden he saw the possibility that he might live. He had studied his disease carefully, and the hope dawned upon him that with great care he might arrest its course. It exhilarated him to look forward once more to the future. He made plans. It was evident that any active life was out of the question, but he could live on the islands, and the small income he had, insufficient elsewhere, would be ample to keep him. He could grow coconuts; that would give him an occupation; and he would send for his books and a piano; but his quick mind saw that in all this he was merely trying to conceal from himself the desire which obsessed him.

He wanted Sally. He loved not only her beauty, but that dim soul which he divined behind her suffering eyes. He would intoxicate her with his passion. In the end he would make her forget. And in an ecstasy of surrender he fancied himself giving her too the happiness which he had thought never to know again, but had now so miraculously achieved.

He asked her to live with him. She refused. He had expected that and did not let it depress him, for he was sure that sooner or later she would yield. His love was irresistible. He told the old woman of his wishes, and found somewhat to his surprise that she and the neighbors, long aware of them, were strongly urging Sally to accept his



offer. After all, every native was glad to keep house for a white man, and Neilson according to the standards of the island was a rich one. The trader with whom he boarded went to her and told her not to be a fool; such an opportunity would not come again, and after so long she could not still believe that Red would ever return. The girl's resistance only increased Neilson's desire, and what had been a very pure love now became an agonising passion. He was determined that nothing should stand in his way. He gave Sally no peace. At last, worn out by his persistence and the persuasions, by turns pleading and angry, of everyone around her, she consented. But the day after when, exultant, he went to see her he found that in the night she had burnt down the hut in which she and Red had lived together. The old crone ran towards him full of angry abuse of Sally, but he waved her aside; it did not matter; they would build a bungalow on the place where the hut had stood. A European house would really be more convenient if he wanted to bring out a piano and a vast number of books.

And so the little wooden house was built in which he had now lived for many years, and Sally became his wife. But after the first few weeks of rapture, during which he was satisfied with what she gave him, he had known little happiness. She had yielded to him, through weariness, but she had only yielded what she set no store on. The soul which he had dimly glimpsed escaped him. He knew that she cared nothing for him. She still loved Red, and all the time she was waiting for his return. At a sign from him, Neilson knew that, notwithstanding his love, his tenderness, his sympathy, his generosity, she would leave him without a moment's hesitation. She would never give a thought to his distress. Anguish seized him and he battered at that impenetrable self of hers which sullenly resisted him. His love became bitter. He tried to melt her heart with kindness, but it remained as hard as before; he feigned indifference, but she did not notice it. Sometimes he lost his temper and abused her, and then she wept silently. Sometimes he thought she was nothing but a fraud, and that soul simply an invention of his own, and that he could not get into the sanctuary of her heart because there was no sanctuary there. His love became a prison from which he longed to escape, but he had not the strength merely to open the door—that was all it needed—and walk out into the open air. It was torture and at last he became numb and hopeless. In the end the fire burnt itself out and, when he saw her eyes rest for an instant on the slender bridge, it was no longer

rage that filled his heart but impatience. For many years now they had lived together bound by the ties of habit and convenience, and it was with a smile that he looked back on his old passion. She was an old woman, for the women on the islands age quickly, and if he had no love for her any more he had tolerance. She left him alone. He was contented with his piano and his books.

His thoughts led him to a desire for words.

"When I look back now and reflect on that brief passionate love of Red and Sally, I think that perhaps they should thank the ruthless fate that separated them when their love seemed still to be at its height. They suffered, but they suffered in beauty. They were spared the real tragedy of love."

"I don't know exactly as I get you," said the skipper.

"The tragedy of love is not death or separation. How long do you think it would have been before one or other of them ceased to care? Oh, it is dreadfully bitter to look at a woman whom you have loved with all your heart and soul, so that you felt you could not bear to let her out of your sight, and realise that you would not mind if you never saw her again. The tragedy of love is indifference."

But while he was speaking a very extraordinary thing happened. Though he had been addressing the skipper he had not been talking to him, he had been putting his thoughts into words for himself, and with his eyes fixed on the man in front of him he had not seen him. But now an image presented itself to them, an image not of the man he saw, but of another man. It was as though he were looking into one of those distorting mirrors that make you extraordinarily squat or outrageously clongate, but here exactly the opposite took place, and in the obese, ugly old man he caught the shadowy glimpse of a stripling. He gave him now a quick, searching scrutiny. Why had a haphazard stroll brought him just to this place? A sudden tremor of his heart made him slightly breathless. An absurd suspicion seized him. What had occurred to him was impossible, and yet it might be a fact.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

The skipper's face puckered and he gave a cunning chuckle. He looked then malicious and horribly vulgar.

"It's such a damned long time since I heard it that I almost forget it myself. But for thirty years now in the islands they've always called me Red."

His huge form shook as he gave a low, almost silent laugh. It was

obscene. Neilson shuddered. Red was hugely amused, and from his bloodshot eyes tears ran down his cheeks.

Neilson gave a gasp, for at that moment a woman came in. She was a native, a woman of somewhat commanding presence, stout without being corpulent, dark, for the natives grow darker with age, with very grey hair. She wore a black Mother Hubbard, and its thinness showed her heavy breasts. The moment had come.

She made an observation to Neilson about some household matter and he answered. He wondered if his voice sounded as unnatural to her as it did to himself. She gave the man who was sitting in the chair by the window an indifferent glance, and went out of the room. The moment had come and gone.

Neilson for a moment could not speak. He was strangely shaken. Then he said:

"I'd be very glad if you'd stay and have a bit of dinner with me. Pot luck."

"I don't think I will," said Red. "I must go after this fellow Gray. I'll give him his stuff and then I'll get away. I want to be back in Apia tomorrow."

"I'll send a boy along with you to show you the way."

"That'll be fine."

Red heaved himself out of his chair, while the Swede called one of the boys who worked on the plantation. He told him where the skipper wanted to go, and the boy stepped along the bridge. Red prepared to follow him.

"Don't fall in," said Neilson.

"Not on your life."

Neilson watched him make his way across and when he had disappeared among the coconuts he looked still. Then he sank heavily in his chair. Was that the man whom Sally had loved all these years and for whom she had waited so desperately? It was grotesque. A sudden fury seized him so that he had an instinct to spring up and smash everything around him. He had been cheated. They had seen each other at last and had not known it. He began to laugh, mirthlessly, and his laughter grew till it became hysterical. The gods had played him a cruel trick. And he was old now.

At last Sally came in to tell him dinner was ready. He sat down in front of her and tried to eat. He wondered what she would say if he told her now that the fat old man sitting in the chair was the lover whom she remembered still with the passionate abandonment of her

youth. Years ago, when he hated her because she made him so unhappy, he would have been glad to tell her. He wanted to hurt her then as she hurt him, because his hatred was only love. But now he did not care. He shrugged his shoulders listlessly.

"What did that man want?" she asked presently.

He did not answer at once. She was old too, a fat old native woman. He wondered why he had ever loved her so madly. He had laid at her feet all the treasures of his soul, and she had cared nothing for them. Waste, what waste! And now, when he looked at her, he felt only contempt. His patience was at last exhausted. He answered her question.

"He's the captain of a schooner. He's come from Apia."

"Yes."

"He brought me news from home. My eldest brother is very ill and I must go back."

"Will you be gone long?"

He shrugged his shoulders.



## **“Occupation: Journalist”**

By JAMES NORMAN HALL (1887– ). Hall was born in Colfax, Iowa. He went to Grinnell College and did social work in Boston until the outbreak of the European war. In August, 1914, he joined Kitchener's Volunteer Army, "the First Hundred Thousand," and served as a machine gunner for two years. Released from the British Army in 1916, he joined the Lafayette Flying Corps of the French Foreign Legion, and later flew for the U. S. Air Service. He was shot down over Germany and spent the last six months of the war as a prisoner. In the Lafayette Escadrille he met his future collaborator on many novels about the Pacific, Charles Nordhoff. In January, 1920, Hall left for Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands, where with interruptions he has resided ever since, for reasons given in his essay, "Why I Live in Tahiti." Aside from eleven volumes written with Nordhoff, Hall has published a number all his own; those with Pacific settings include three books of travel essays—*On the Stream of Travel* (1926), *Mid-Pacific* (1928), and *The Tale of a Shipwreck* (1935)—and a novel, *Lost Island* (1944). The autobiographical essay that follows was one of Hall's earliest writings from the South Seas.

## I

**I** WAS at a loose end that spring, in common with hundreds of thousands of other men, most of them just out of the demobilization camps, with the ink on their army discharge papers scarcely dried. Day after day there had been a shrieking of sirens and a tooting of whistles in New York Harbor as the troop ships returned from France. The canyon-like streets echoed and reechoed with a confused tumult of shouting, and looking up, one saw tier after tier of blurred faces at the windows of lofty office buildings. There were parades up and down Fifth Avenue, regimental reunions, public receptions, innumerable addresses of welcome. But the most memorable sight, to me, was the line of soldiers filing eagerly in and happily out of every shop where ready-made, civilian clothing was sold. I remember vividly my own keen pleasure as I came from one of those places with my uniform in a paper parcel under my arm. That chapter of experience was definitely closed.

It was bright, windy March weather. The days were lengthening perceptibly, but for all that they were not long enough by half for the enjoyment of the blessed sense of freedom one had. A week passed, and during this time I was as idle as it is possible to be. I rose late of a morning and had breakfast in my room. Then, with a book in my pocket or under my arm, I would seek out the quietest places I could find. Usually I spent the mornings in Bronx Park, and the afternoons in wandering through the Art Museum or the Natural History Museum. But it was impossible to find solitude in New York, and one wanted it badly after the experience overseas. I felt that I could never have enough of it now, even though I were to spend the rest of my life on some uninhabited island, a thousand miles from the nearest steamship route. "I might seek out such an island," I thought, as I stood in a subway train, tightly wedged in a solid mass of humanity. "There must be many of them scattered over the seven seas." I had some money—not a large amount, but enough to carry

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Mid-Pacific* (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1928).

me to the other side of the world if I wished to go so far. The more I thought of an island sojourn the more the idea appealed to me, and the upshot of the matter was that after many imaginary journeys, I decided to set out, in reality, for a period of wandering among some of the remote archipelagos of the South Pacific.

A friend, resident in New York, went with me for purposes of identification, to the passport office. Prospective travelers were lined five deep in front of the counter, for the great horde of souvenir hunters was already preparing for the invasion of the battlefields of France. The clerks were being harassed with questions from a dozen applicants at once, and had reason, I thought, to be out of patience and temper. My turn came at length, and a young woman, seizing an application blank, said, "I'll make this out for you. Save time." She did it very rapidly: name, description of bearer, distinguishing marks or features, place of birth, date of birth. I answered with alacrity until she asked, "What occupation?"

"I haven't any," I replied, "unless 'ex-soldier' is considered one."

"What were you before the war?"

"Oh, various things, but none of them will do now. Can't you leave the space blank?"

"No," she replied, "I must write in something." She waited with pen poised. A drop of ink gathered at the point and splashed on the paper. She blotted it impatiently.

"Please hurry!" she said. "There are others waiting."

There were many others waiting. I heard behind me a nervous tapping of feet and several exasperated sighs.

"Why don't you put down 'Journalist'?" my friend suggested. "Didn't you used to write things occasionally for newspapers and magazines?"

"Yes, but only occasionally," I said. "It was never an occupation. I couldn't be called a ——"

"It doesn't matter; 'Journalist' will do," said the young woman, writing rapidly. "Have you your photographs? The fee is ten dollars. Next, please!"

## II

Several months later I was sitting on the deck of a sixty-ton schooner, eating a dish of rice and red beans. The schooner was called the *Toafa*. There were six of us aboard—a Chinaman named



Chan Lee, captain and owner of the vessel, four Polynesian sailors, natives of the Low Archipelago, and myself. We were carrying a cargo of general merchandise to be exchanged among the Low Islands for copra and pearl shell. The tiny cabin was alive with cockroaches and copra bugs, and day after day for many weeks we had been sharing with them our rice and red beans. Nevertheless, although I was conscious, at moments, of a wistful longing for the fleshpots of New York, I wouldn't have gone back there—not for any consideration, and at this particular moment I had only to lift my eyes to see, on the port bow, an island so lost in the immense waste of the Pacific that it may truthfully be called one of the authentic ends of the earth.

Its Polynesian name is Hopéaroa, which means "The Farthest Land," or more literally, "The Very Last." This is not quite true, however. Another crumb of land lies one hundred miles farther to the south. After calling at Hopéaroa, the *Toafa* was to proceed to this other island and return to Hopéaroa for cargo and a supply of rain water before continuing the homeward voyage. I decided that an island called "The Farthest Land" was far enough for me. Furthermore, I was a little tired of rice and red beans, so I decided to go ashore here and wait till Chan Lee came back.

All atolls are very much alike in their general features, but one never tires of seeing them, and it is hard even to imagine that places so solitary can belong to the world of reality. Hopéaroa was smaller than most of those I had seen, and Chan told me there were about one hundred inhabitants. In shape it is an almost perfect circle, three quarters of it barren reef enclosing a lagoon five miles wide. Four small islands are threaded on the reef, the largest of them, where the village is, being a mile and a half long. Another, of about the same size, lies to windward across the lagoon. There is a good pass through the reef where the water shoals to three fathoms over a forest of coral of every conceivable variety of shape and color. We came abreast of it shortly after noon, and as the current was favorable, the *Toafa* was carried gently past two islets, on either side of the entrance, into the quiet waters of the lagoon. A cloud of white terns rose at our approach, fluttered noiselessly over the bush and around the tops of a few tall coconut palms, and settled again like scraps of wind-blown paper. We crept along with a light breeze, skirting the shore of the main island which was so narrow in places that it looked like a causeway rather than an island. Through the trees I could see the surf piling up on the outer beaches, but there was no other sound than

this, and we moved along in the midst of a silence that seemed never to have been broken.

Presently, rounding a point of land, we came within view of the settlement, and I was surprised to see another schooner, considerably larger than the *Toafa*, at anchor about one hundred yards offshore. The paint on her top sides, once white, was now a dirty yellow, blistered and peeling. The seams gaped; thick streams of rust extended from her chain plates to the luxuriant growth of marine vegetation which covered her bottom. The standing rigging hung slack, and the ends of the springstay, which had parted, dangled from the masts, swaying gently with the imperceptible motion of the vessel. An awning made of bits of rotten canvas and pieces of sacking stitched together, was stretched over the main boom, and lying asleep in the shade of it was a native who looked as ancient and weather-beaten as the vessel itself. Another, a lean old man with white hair, naked except for a wisp of cloth about his loins, stood amidships, with his back to us, working the handle of a ship's pump. He too appeared to be asleep, for his head was sunk on his breast. Nevertheless he moved slowly back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum on a grandfather's clock, and a stream of clear water, its flow keeping time with his movements, gushed over the ship's side.

We approached so noiselessly that he was not aware of our presence until the anchor was let go. At the sound of the splash the old man turned in amazement. The one asleep under the awning raised his head too, and both of them gazed at us without speaking.

"What in the world is this old wreck doing here, Chan?" I asked.

"Stay long time—hlee, four year," said Chan. "I come Hopéaroa once year. Always see old mans, pump, pump. No pump, go down below with fish."

"Why don't they let her go down? That's certainly where she belongs."

"She got *popaa* captain." ("*Popaa*" is the native term for white man.) "He say fine ship, only want fix up little bit. Bimeby maybe he get some money, make more better."

"What do you think about it?"

"No good. Captain dlink, dlink, alltime dlink. Plitty soon he finish too."

The village was quickly astir. The natives came crawling out of thatched huts scarcely larger than dog kennels, and gathered on the beach. They were the most primitive-looking islanders I had seen in

that part of the Pacific. All the children were naked, but the men and women wore European clothing of a sort. The men were bare to the waist, with dungarees, in all stages of raggedness, for nether garments. They were a healthy, happy-looking lot, and it was evident from their excitement and pleasure that the arrival of Chan's schooner was a great event in their lives.

Near the beach, in the center of the village, there was one house of European style, covered with a roof of corrugated iron. Although not large as houses go in other parts of the world, it towered like a palace above the huts around it. The eaves were ornamented with a great deal of gingerbread scrollwork, and a wide veranda faced the lagoon. A faded French flag hung from a staff slanted out over the stairway. I asked Chan whose house it was.

"Flenchman, half-caste—got native mamma," he replied. "He belong government. Get dless up now. Bimeby he come."

When he did come, the *Toafa's* small boat was lowered and Chan and I were rowed ashore. My host—at least I hoped he was to be my host—awaited us at the end of a rickety landing stage. He was a man of fifty, a giant in stature, swarthy in complexion, with iron-gray hair and blue-gray eyes. He was dressed very warmly for the tropics in a double-breasted serge suit, a white shirt with an old-fashioned "choker" collar, a black derby hat, and yellow shoes. The shoes, evidently, were much too small for him. He kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The sweat streamed down his face, and the stiff collar had melted by the time we had reached him. There was something gentle and deprecatory in his manner, and his smile was so friendly and engaging that my heart warmed to him at once.

He shook my hand cordially and presented me with a card which read:

Monsieur Raoul Clémont  
Administrateur  
Hopéaroa

He greeted me in fluent French, but Chan having made some remark about my being a "Melican man," he immediately changed to English which he spoke with a quaintness I cannot hope to render here. I asked him whether I might stay at the island until the return of the *Toafa*, two weeks later.

"You wish to do so?" he said, beaming upon me. "Then it shall

arrange. You shall stay in my house. This is the greatest honor for me!"

Immediately he gave orders to one of Chan's sailors to fetch my things. Chan went aboard again, for there was some merchandise to be sent ashore, and he wanted to get away as early as possible. I followed my host to his house.

The loud squeaking of his shoes seemed to give voice to the pain they caused him. I was relieved when he asked if he might remove them.

"Please do," I said. "It is a very warm day. Make yourself comfortable."

He excused himself and returned a moment later, barefoot, but he had put on another stiff collar which melted at once, as the first had done. I was tempted to suggest that he remove his heavy serge coat, but he seemed to feel that his position as administrator demanded both the coat and the collar.

My arrival caused him an immense amount of concern, but he was so pleased at having some official business to transact that, clearly, no apology was necessary. He conducted me to his "bureau" where he spent nearly two hours over the matter of getting me registered as a "Temporary Resident." He transcribed my passport word for word in his ledger, beginning with the "Notice" on the inside front cover, and ending with the six abstracts from the passport regulations at the back.

"I wish to have everything in due process of law," he explained. So I waited while he wrote everything out in a neat Spencerian hand. While copying the "Caution" on the inside cover, which tells what is to be done in case a passport is lost, he stopped and read aloud this sentence: "New passports in such cases can be issued only after exhaustive inquiry."

"Exhaustive, exhaustive," he said, musingly. "I have forgotten this meaning. But no! I remember! When I am tired I say I am exhaustive. This is true?"

I explained the sense of it and he thanked me with warmth and sincerity, as though I had done him a great service. Upon reaching the "Description of Bearer," he again paused and looked at me with an expression of deep respect.

"My guest! You are journalist! You write and write, and many people read what you write! This is the greatest honor for me! What journal in America have you the duty to be their author?"

"Oh, I'm not really a journalist," I replied. "As a matter of fact—" He thought I was being modest.

"But you shall be!" he insisted eagerly. "Your Government says you are journalist. The Secrétaire de l'État of your great nation"—he turned for reference to the passport—"insists that your value be known. You are journalist, he writes. You must be safe and free, and have all lawful aid and protection."

I wish I could convey an idea of the deep seriousness with which he said this. Had I been carrying a personal letter from the President of the United States, it could hardly have made a more profound impression than my passport had done. His belief more than half convinced me that I was a journalist after all. Of a sudden a new light dawned in his eyes.

"Here too you must write," he said. "You must meet my friend, Captain Handy. He has had a life of great deeds. I am sure of it! He wishes his memoirs to be written into a book. How glad he shall be if you will help him with his history!"

"Who is Captain Handy?" I asked. "Is that his schooner lying offshore?"

"Yes. He is an aged man. We shall go to see him. He shall be happy."

Nothing would do but we must go at once. I had, I confess, a good deal of curiosity to see the captain of this ancient vessel which looked as though all the waters of the Pacific had been pumped through her. What was he doing at Hopéaroa? I made some inquiries as we were paddling out, but my host merely told me what I already knew, that the vessel had been for some years at the island. He gave me to understand that I should learn everything from the captain himself.

The canoe leaped across the water. At every powerful stroke of the paddle my head was flung back and I expected to see Monsieur Clémont's coat burst into tatters. We were alongside in no time, the canoe was made fast, and we clambered aboard. The old native who had been asleep when the *Toafa* came in, was now taking his shift at the pump. He looked at us with a worried expression, and said something in the native tongue to Monsieur Clémont, who hesitated for a moment, and then turned to me.

"All day the captain sleeps," he said in a low voice. "Perhaps he shall be uneasy that I speak to him now, but your coming is the great reason. He should know this. I shall try to be bold to tell him."

I followed him down the companionway into a cabin as dilapidated and dirty as the rest of the vessel. There was a small table in the middle of the floor, heaped with piles of old newspapers. Glancing at one, I saw that it was the *Brooklyn Eagle* of a date more than three years past. A tin lamp with a rusty shade hung above the table. Against one wall was a curtained recess. Monsieur Clémont stopped irresolutely before it, then with the air of making a heroic decision, he put back the curtains, revealing a bunk over a chest of drawers. There lay Captain Handy, asleep.

He was naked to the waist, a tiny man, with a body incredibly thin and hairy. In fact his arms as well as his chest were covered with a matting of thick white hair. His head was enormous, long and lean and angular. His temples were deep hollows, and the skull was quite bald on top, but the hair of his beard mingled with the growth on his chest and reached almost to his waist. I could divine rather than see the long bony jaw beneath it, which looked even longer than it was, for his chin had fallen down and he was breathing noisily through his mouth. The skin was of the color of fungus, as though it had not been touched by sunlight in many months. I was conscious of a feeling of uncasiness as I gazed at this gnomelike little man. He seemed scarcely human.

Monsieur Clémont reached over to touch him on the shoulder, but before he had done so he drew his hand quickly back and seized it nervously with the other as though to prevent a second attempt.

"Should I awaken him?" he whispered, looking at me anxiously.

"I don't see why not, now that we have come," I replied. "Would he object, do you think?"

"Only once before have I done this," he said. At length he called in a low voice, "Captain!" There was no response. Then with one huge finger, nearly as thick through as the old man's arm, he touched his shoulder and called again.

"He's a sound sleeper," I said. "You'd better shake him, hadn't you?"

After a good deal of hesitation he did so, very gently, and immediately looked at me with a frightened expression, as though he had committed a sacrilege.

The mouth snapped shut, and the captain made a frightful grimace as though he had bitten into something nauseating.

"All right, all right," he said with a petulant intonation. His voice was amazingly deep and resonant. It was hard to realize that so great

a volume of sound could come so easily from such a wraith of a man. Then he opened his eyes, glassy blue and cold. The light of recognition came into them slowly, but once it had he quickly raised himself on one elbow.

"What's this?" he roared.

"Captain! You will excuse me? The *Toafa* is here. We have a—"

With a great effort the old man got to his knees and grasped the edge of his bunk, and at the same moment Monsieur Clémont seemed to be pushed by invisible hands backward to the companionway where he paused for the fraction of a second, gave me a frightened, apologetic look, and disappeared. The captain remained motionless for a moment, staring at the empty doorway, then the baleful light died from his eyes. The muscles of his face relaxed, his head dropped as though its weight were too much for his strength; he balanced unsteadily on his knees, then collapsed on his side and lay still. I waited until I again heard his regular breathing, whereupon I went quietly out. Monsieur Clémont was already in the canoe.

"Well!" I said, as I climbed in. "He wasn't so happy to see us as you expected."

He looked at me sorrowfully.

"I was too bold," he said. "In the daytime Captain Handy sleeps, and he is uneasy to be awakened."

"Is he always like that?"

"Oh, no! You shall not think of him by this meeting. In the evening time when he has had his breakfast, you shall see! I shall tell him you are journalist. He shall be glad. And he plays the zither. Sometimes he permits me to listen. It is beautiful! I am never tired to hear."

Chan Lee was awaiting us on the beach. The breeze had freshened a little, and as the current was now running out of the lagoon, he planned to sail at once. He would be back in a week's time, or ten days at the latest, he said. We watched the schooner until she had vanished beyond the point; then Monsieur Clémont showed me my room. I saw at once that it was his own, but he insisted that I should occupy it.

"I have not often a guest from the great world," he said. "Not since eight years has a visitor come. This shall be a souvenir for me."

"Have you always lived at Hopéaroa?"

"Yes. I am born here. My mother is of this island. But you have

understood that I am of the French blood by my father? He was an honored man of that great nation. See! He is there!"

On the wall over a table was a framed photograph of a French naval officer in full-dress uniform. Despite his black beard there was a very perceptible likeness between this man and Monsieur Clémont. One hand rested on a pedestal and the other was lightly clasped around the hilt of his sword. Across the bottom of the photograph was written:

A ma petite Manukura,

Souvenir affectueux de nos promenades sur la belle isle de Hopéaroa.

RAOUL CLÉMONT

Capne de Frégate Le 5 Aout, 1875

"I wish to have known my father," he said wistfully, after a moment of silence. "His ship of war came but once to Hopéaroa. Manukura is my mother. She loved him but she heard of him no more. She gave me his name. But you shall see a beautiful picture of my father I have had made from this one. It is in my mother's room. Should you wish to meet her?"

I said I should like very much to do so, and he led me down a narrow hallway to the other end of the house. He paused at the door.

"My mother has lost her health since five years," he said. "Now she remains in her bed."

He rapped gently, then opened the door and motioned me to follow. We entered a large chamber filled to overflowing with furniture upholstered in faded red plush. A brass lamp ornamented with innumerable glass pendants hung from the center of the ceiling, and the walls were covered with a great variety of shell ornaments in beautiful designs and colors. But my attention was at first drawn to the bed where my host's mother lay, propped up by pillows.

She was of the finest type of full-blooded Polynesian, rarely seen in these days except on such remote islands as Hopéaroa. Her face was full of beauty and character, and it was easy to imagine how lovely she must have been as a young girl. Although now a woman of seventy, her hair was but lightly streaked with gray. It was parted in the middle and lay in two thick braids on the counterpane. As we entered she turned her head slowly, and her face lighted up with pleasure and surprise. Her son addressed her in the native dialect, explaining who I was. Then he turned to me.



"My mother says you are welcome here. You shall be our guest."

She took one of my hands in hers and spoke to me direct, and although I did not understand, I was in no doubt of the sincerity of her welcome. She again spoke to her son, eagerly, and at some length. When she had finished, he said,

"My mother wishes to know if you have heard in other lands of my father, le Capitaine de Frégate, Raoul Clémont?"

I confessed, reluctantly, that I had not, adding that doubtless I would have heard of him had I been of French nationality.

The colored enlargement hung on the wall facing her bed. With its huge gilt frame it must have covered twelve square feet. The cheeks and lips were red, the hair and beard a bluish black, the uniform a bright blue, and the sword, buttons, and epaulettes, gilt. Every line and wrinkle had been smoothed out of the face which looked like that of a wax figure. The inscription, too, had been enlarged, of course, and one might have read it from a great distance. In one corner was printed, in bold type, "Midwest Art-Photo Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A."

Having returned to my room I spoke of some books on a shelf above the table. I was surprised to find on that remote island an edition of Tennyson's *Poems*, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Jeremy Taylor's *Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*, and a volume of *Selected English and American Poems*. All four volumes had been well thumbed, and a copy of a French-English conversation manual had been worn to tatters with use. Monsieur Clémont told me they had belonged to a missionary of the French Protestant church who had died at Hopéaroa many years ago.

"He was so good to me," he said gratefully. "He gave me the lessons in English. Since then I am aptly self-taught. Every day I read in these books. I know how to say many poesies in your language. Should you wish to hear one?"

He then recited with fervor, many vehement gestures, and quaint mispronunciations:

"Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, Night, hath flown."

It sounded so odd that I had difficulty in maintaining a grave face, but I managed somehow, and commended him warmly at the close. He was much pleased.

"Yes," he said, "I speak the English very well. But the writing I cannot. How I should wish to do this! Then I should have pleasure to compose. Perhaps I should help Captain Handy with his history."

"Has he written much of it?"

"Oh, yes. He says it will be printed in a book, and he shall be a rich man when this is done."

"Chan Lee told me that he drinks rather heavily."

"It is true, he has too much of the drink," he replied sadly. "He had many barrels of rum in his vessel when he came here four years ago. It is still not exhaustive."

"Did he have a supply of food as well?" I asked.

"No, he had forgotten to bring this. It has been my duty to—"

He broke off abruptly, as though he had said more than he meant to say. Then he went on to tell me of the captain's zither playing which was so beautiful that he sometimes wept to hear it. I asked no further questions, but as Monsieur Clémont was the storekeeper as well as the administrator at Hopéaroa, I concluded that he had been furnishing the captain with food, and judging by the appearance of the schooner and the length of time she had been there, he had not been paid for it. I was more than ever convinced of this later in the evening when, at my host's suggestion, I took a walk to the far end of the island. I had not been gone long when I saw a small fleet of canoes stealing out from the village to the schooner. When they came alongside I heard the captain's booming voice, "What's this? My supplies?" I was sure, then, that my host had wished to send the captain, unobserved, some of the provisions he had received by the *Toafa*. If he had been doing that for four years, it seemed to me that he was paying rather heavily for the captain's zither playing, however ravishing that might be.

I went on to the extremity of the island, and it was late before I returned to the village. Light was streaming from the portholes of Captain Handy's schooner. I listened intently for the sound of music, but all I heard was the faint creaking of the pump and the rhythmical splash of water over the side. In the settlement there was much coming and going. The natives stood in a line before Monsieur Clémont's store, a small building adjoining his house, and he was hard at work passing out the newly arrived provisions.

"My guest!" he exclaimed. "I have searched for you. I have seen Captain Handy. He wishes to greet you."

"Has he come ashore?"

"Oh, no. He comes not often to the land. But I have told him you are journalist. He is pleased. He wishes to offer you to prepare his history. Soon I shall be ready if you will go."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait until tomorrow?" I suggested. "I'm rather tired tonight."

He regarded me with an expression of compassion.

"Of course! You wish for your sleep. Well, tomorrow evening we will go. Now you retire to your bed."

But I was not really sleepy, so I said I would wait until he had finished his work. It was interesting to watch the crowd of natives pressing eagerly forward for supplies. Case after case of bully beef was disposed of. The mere sight of those familiar tins with their familiar labels, "Hellaby's Corned Beef," "Armour & Company," etc., made me feel squeamish at the stomach. It brought back the very feel of the war, and a vivid recollection of the rending roar of nine-inch shells, the smell of lyddite, gas, decaying human flesh. I remembered the peculiar odor of trenches and damp dugouts filled with unwashed men. No ex-soldier, surely, can ever again look with complacency, at a tin of beef.

The expression of anticipation on the faces of Monsieur Clémont's customers convinced me that there were no ex-soldiers at Hopéaroa. But it was not only beef they craved. Four already emptied casks testified to the demand for sour pickles. I saw one old man eat a quart of them within five minutes, whereupon he ordered a fresh supply which he carried outside. No money changed hands, nor was there any bookkeeping. Monsieur Clémont told me there was no need to keep a record of his sales. Everyone knew what he had bought and would pay for his purchases in copra before the return of Chan Lee's schooner.

"I keep store only these few days each year when the *Toafa* comes," he explained. "Then no more food. All is finished."

Certainly an immense amount of it was being finished on this first evening. Soon the whole settlement had gathered around fires of coconut husks in the vicinity of the store. I never again expect to see a beef-and-pickle orgy to be compared with this one. Empty tins were scattered everywhere. Some of the natives, having eaten to repletion, were lying with their heads pillowed on their arms, asleep. Others, who had overestimated their capacity for sour pickles, were sitting cross-legged, rocking back and forth, groaning with faint dolefulness. But their misery had not the slightest deterrent effect upon those

whose pickles were yet to be consumed. Monsieur Clémont himself was not at all alarmed. The same thing happened each year, he said, upon the arrival of the *Toafa*.

"They like so much these delicacies, and they are not useted to them. Always afterward there are stomach pains."

He left me at the door of my room.

"Good night," he said. "I hope you shall sleep with comfort."

And as I had eaten but a fragment of one pickle, I did sleep soundly until morning.

### III

As a matter of fact I didn't awake until nine o'clock. My host had slipped a note under my door. "Good morning!" it read. "Your coffee shall be waiting for you when you wish it. You shall find me at my store." And there it was I found him a few moments later. He had just opened another packing case, and had arranged along his counter a dozen large funeral wreaths of imitation flowers made of colored glass beads strung on wire framework—the kind one saw during the war in every French cemetery back of the trenches. Evidently the holocaust of 1914–18 had not fulfilled the expectations of the makers of such equipment, and the surplus stocks were being disposed of wherever a market for them could be found. All the wreaths bore ornate beaded inscriptions twined among the flowers: "Mort Pour La France," "Mort Pour La Patric," and the like. Monsieur Clémont stood before them, lost in admiration.

"These shall be so beautiful in our cemetery," he said. He carried one to the doorway to examine it under a better light, but immediately he turned to me with an exclamation of astonishment.

"My guest! Captain Handy is coming! Never he visits the land since long time! He wishes to greet you!"

He stuffed the funeral wreaths back in their box, moved it to one side, brought out another chair and placed a small table beside it. Then, excusing himself, he hurried over to his house and returned with a pitcher of water and two tumblers which he placed on the table. Meanwhile the captain, who was being rowed ashore by one of his retainers, had almost reached the wharf.

"Way enough!" he roared, and then, "Stern all!" as though in command of at least a dozen rowers. The old native backed gently on his oars and made fast at the end of the pier. The captain climbed the

ladder, and with the sailor following at a respectful distance, came slowly up the beach. Under an enormous sun helmet, with his white beard streaming out from under it, he looked even more gnomelike than he had the day before. Monsieur Clémont went out to meet him, but he waved him aside without speaking and entered the store. He gave me a nod, sat down, and with his hands braced on his knees and his head drooping forward, breathed heavily for some time, puffing out his cheeks as he exhaled. It was plain that he was all but exhausted.

"Warm," he said at length, and again I gave an inward start of surprise at the deep, sonorous voice issuing from the corpse-like body.

I agreed that it was.

He turned his head slightly, and the ancient retainer, who was standing behind his chair, stepped forward and put a bottle on the table.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

"With pleasure," I replied, and he poured out two half-tumblers of rum. He drank his own at a gulp.

"Well, sir!" he said, smacking his lips and sucking in on his beard, "I understand you're going to make us a visit? This your first trip in the Pacific?"

"The first," I replied. "I came six months ago."

"Hmm! I've been out here fifty-two years."

"As long as that! You must know these islands pretty well."

"I'd like to meet the man, white or kanaka, that knows 'em better. But they're not what they were. You ought to have been here in the seventies. Then you might have had something to write about. Our friend here," with a contemptuous nod toward Monsieur Clémont, "tells me you're an author."

"Oh, no. Hardly that. I'm merely traveling. I've always wanted to visit the South Seas."

He poured himself another stiff drink.

"That's right. Keep your business to yourself. That's been my practice. I reckon story writers are like the rest of us—they want a free field if they can get it and no competition. Ever hear of a man named Becke?"

"Becke? Do you mean Louis Becke, the writer?"

"That's the one."

"Oh, yes, I've read many of his stories."

"They say he made a pile of money out of 'em?"

"It may be," I replied. "His work is popular in America. Did you know him by any chance? I believe he spent most of his life in the Pacific."

"Know him! I've got the best of Louis Becke many a time trading through these islands. But I wouldn't have thought he had it in him to be an author."

"His stories have the stamp of truth on them," I remarked, "and they're written simply. Readers like that."

The captain snorted contemptuously.

"Truth? I can tell you more truth about the South Seas in twenty minutes than Louis Becke could tell you in twenty years. And that's what I've come to see you about," he added. "I've got an offer to make you."

Again he turned his head, and the old native who watched his every move, placed before him a parcel wrapped in a newspaper.

"As I said," he went on, "I've been fifty-two years in the Pacific. I know it from the Carolines to Easter Island as well as you know the back of your hand. Romance? Adventure? I've had more of it in a day than most men have in a lifetime. Well, the last two or three years I've been writing out some of my recollections. I've got 'em in the back of this old ledger, not everything, of course, but the most interesting ones. Now, then, what I want you to do is this: take this book, read it over, print it out for me on your writing machine on nice paper, put in any fancy work you want to about waving palms and blue lagoons, and when you go back to America get it made into a proper book for me. Here's a chance you won't have again in your whole life. It'll sell, you needn't worry about that, and I'll go halves with you. We'll split fifty-fifty. How's that? Fair enough?"

I tried to excuse myself, but it was useless. He thought I was merely holding out for better terms. By that time he had more than half emptied the rum bottle, and he went on at great length to assure me that I should have little to do except to make a fair copy of his manuscript and carry it to some publisher.

"It's all there," he said, laying his hand on the parcel; "and better as it stands than any story Louis Becke ever wrote. Wait till you read it! Man! there's a fortune in it! But mind! I want my share! I'll go fifty-fifty and not a penny above it!"

"It's not that," I explained again, and so it went on. I was astonished to see that frail old man—he looked as though he might drop dead at any moment—carry his liquor so well. I had had but the one drink.

He alone finished the rest of the bottle, and the only apparent effect was to make him more loquacious and argumentative, to accentuate the bell-like quality of his voice, and to deepen his conviction, both that he had a masterpiece here and that I wanted the lion's share of the proceeds from the sale of it. At last I agreed to read it. He pushed the parcel across the table, and keeping his hand on it, drew down his eyebrows and regarded me suspiciously.

"I can trust you?" he asked.

"You'll have to," I replied, "if you leave it with me."

He weighed the matter and decided that the risk must be taken. Then he tried to pour himself another drink. Noticing that the bottle was empty, he rose.

"Time to go aboard," he said.

He grasped the corner of the table, swaying slightly. The ancient retainer gave him his helmet, and made a timid offer of assistance, but the captain threw off his arm and walked gingerly to the door. I watched with concern as he went along the rickety wharf and down the ladder to his skiff. He managed it without accident, however, took the tiller, and ordered his oarsman to push off. When halfway out to the vessel he turned with difficulty in his seat, and looked back, holding his helmet against the sun.

"Be careful of that ledger," he called out. "And mind! Fifty-fifty! Not a penny more!"

#### IV

It was then past midday and oppressively hot and still. Every one at Hopéaroa slept during the heat of the day. In fact, repose was the principal island occupation. The natives could lie down anywhere, at any time, and go to sleep at once, as dogs or cats do. After lunch, observing that my host was getting drowsy, I excused myself, went to my room, put on my pajamas, and lay down on the bed to cool off. It was a good time, I thought, to examine Captain Handy's Memoirs, so I propped the ledger against my knees and opened it.

It had a bouquet like that of an empty rum keg, and there was no doubt that a great deal of liquid of various sorts had been spilled on its pages. It was redolent, too, of coffee, fish, tobacco, and salt beef. The memoirs filled about two hundred pages in the back of the volume, written in pencil, in a quavery hand. I began with page one:

## FIFTY YEARS IN THE PACIFIC

Or

The Life of George C. Handy

There's been a lot of books about the South Sea Islands and most of them are not worth the paper they're printed on. I ought to know. I've traded in the Pacific for fifty years as my title shows, and if anybody knows the ways of kanakas, I do. I've decided to put down some of my recollections, and reader when you've finished this book if you don't wish there was more of it I'll miss my guess.

I'll begin at the time when I was supercargo on the schooner *Manaura* that belonged to Wyatt & McClintock of Papeete. That was in 1872 when the kanakas would take anything you'd a mind to sell them and pay anything you'd a mind to ask. They didn't pay money of course they didn't have any, but they'd give you pearls and pearl shell and copra which is as good as money any day.

Old Joe Cheeseman was captain of the *Manaura*. All we had for cargo was some cheap laundry soap, some kegs of salt beef, some calico and overalls, and about ten cases filled with bottles of physic pills. Well, this trip we went first to Tikehau. There's a good pass into the lagoon at this island and we anchored in front of the village. The natives paddled out and we said we'd give them two bars of soap, three pairs of overalls and six yards of calico for every ton of copra they brought us. We laid up there till we had fifteen tons then we went to Rairoa. That's a big island with several villages. They had a lot of pearls. We got a tobacco sack full, A-1 quality and all we paid for them was a case of physic pills. We said the medicine was good for anything from sore throat to rheumatism. We had good luck all that voyage and went back to Papeete with 70 tons of copra and pearl shell and a cigar box full of fine pearls.

The next trip we went to the south'ard. We carried about the same cargo only instead of physic pills we had three barrels of rum and a lot of cheap mouth organs. Kanakas are a lazy lot as everybody knows who has had to deal with them but when you've got something they want they'll work for it. In these days of course trading is nothing to what it was in the seventies and eighties. We loaded the schooner again in no time and most of the cargo was paid for with the three barrels of rum and five dollars worth of mouth organs.

I read on for a dozen pages, then dipped into the record farther along, and it was all like this. It seemed incredible that a man who had spent half a century in the Pacific, voyaging among widely scattered archipelagos, should have found nothing worthy of record



but his trading ventures. There was something awe-inspiring in his singleness of interest and purpose, which was to get as much as he could from the islanders and to give as little as possible in return. Occasionally there were such passages as the following: "We landed at Puka-Puka and found a big powwow going on, singing and dancing and all that," but no mention about what "all that" was—nothing but long diatribes against the natives who could not be tempted at such times with laundry soap or overalls. I searched diligently for an hour, and the only passage I found to relieve the bleak monotony of the narrative was this:

When we were coming up from Manga Reva, Joe (Cheeseman) got sick. We didn't have any medicine aboard but I found one of the bottles of physic pills we'd been passing off on kanakas. I asked Joe if he wanted some and he said he guessed he could get along without. He got worse and worse and was out of his head a good deal of the time. He kept saying, "Put me ashore George put me ashore" so when we came to an island not far off our course we took him over the reef in the whaleboat and came within one of getting swamped. It was a god forsaken place no people on it. He was thirsty for coconut water so I gave him some. He kept getting worse and worse and the next day he died. Just before he died he said "Don't you bury me at sea George. Leave me here." So I did. We got to Papeete two weeks later.

I put the ledger on the table and took down one of Monsieur Clémont's English books—Jeremy Taylor's *Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*, but because of the sultriness of the afternoon, perhaps, the text soon blurred before my eyes and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door and was surprised to find that it was quite dark in the room. "Come in!" I called, and my host entered.

"My guest! I have aroused you!" he said apologetically. "But the food is ready."

After a plunge in the lagoon I felt greatly refreshed and did full justice to a supper of delicious baked fish. We were in the midst of the meal when a note was brought in from Captain Handy, asking us to come out to the schooner that evening. He said he had something important to tell me.

We found him perched in a sort of child's high chair at the cabin table, with a bottle of rum before him. He took it for granted that I had spent the afternoon reading his story.

"Well, what did you think of it?" he asked at once.

He awaited my reply so eagerly that I couldn't find it in my heart to disappoint the old man. So I said, which was true, that I thought it a remarkable document.

"Didn't I say so?" he replied, triumphantly. "But I haven't told the half of what I might. That's what I want to see you about."

Then he began a long account of some experiences which he now believed should be included in the memoirs, and I sat there, again marveling at his capacity for rum. I asked some questions, hoping to get him started on something interesting, but I might just as well have saved my breath. An hour passed and still he rambled on. Finally, Monsieur Clémont, who had not spoken a word all evening, said, "Captain, should you wish to play on the zither?" I warmly seconded the suggestion, and the captain, after a moment's hesitation, told M. Clémont to fetch it from the drawer under his bunk. We waited while he tuned some of the strings. Then, tucking his beard more carefully under the table, he began.

I thought I was prepared for anything, but certainly I was not prepared for the performance which followed. At first he played some simple pieces, waltzes, marches, and the like, to limber up his fingers; but each number was more difficult than the one preceding. When he played "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "Listen to the Mocking Bird," his fingers were all but invisible as they flew over the strings. Monsieur Clémont sat on the extreme edge of his chair, tightly clasping his shoulders, and I felt little thrills racing up and down my spine. But "Larboard Watch" was the most remarkable performance. He sang this to his own accompaniment, and when he came to the refrain,

Larboard watch, ahoy!  
Larboard watch, ahoy!

his virtuosity with the instrument at the end of each line was truly wonderful. And for depth and volume, his singing voice surpassed his speaking voice. Indeed, it seemed miraculous, coming from a man well into his seventies, who was nothing but skin and bones and beard.

Had he continued singing and playing in the manner of "Larboard Watch," I could have listened with pleasure all night; but he soon became very muddled, which was not surprising, considering all the rum he had drunk. He tried a few other songs but made increasingly

sorry work of them. At length he pushed back the instrument in disgust.

"No use," he said. "Can't sing an' more."

Then he began calling me "Joe," and it was evident that he thought I was his old trading partner, Captain Cheeseman.

"You gwan with that bus'ness, Joe," he said. "Lot of money in it—both of us. I'll trust you, but mind you don't try any your monkey tricks! Fifty-fifty, fair enough, ain't it? 'Sfar's I'll go anyway."

Presently his glazed eyes rested on Monsieur Clémont, and he pointed a limp, skinny finger at him.

"Hey, Joe! Wha's that kanaka doin' here? Owe 'im anything? Give 'im bottle physic pills. Tell 'im run along."

His utterance became thicker and thicker, and a few moments later he passed out completely. He would have fallen over in his chair had not Monsieur Clémont sprung forward to catch him. He carried him to his bunk and covered him with a soiled sheet, tucking the edges gently around his shoulders. Then, having carefully put the zither back in its drawer, he extinguished the light, and the faint radiance of the last-quarter moon, streaming through the porthole, fell on the captain's face, silvering his beard and the tufts of snowy hair at his temples. He was in a profound stupor, but he looked like some ancient holy man, sleeping peacefully after a supper of herbs and water.

"Does this happen often, Monsieur Clémont?" I asked, as we were paddling back to shore.

"Yes, but today is more unusual than before. He has failed his sleep."

After a long silence he added, "I should wish to play on the zither like Captain Handy."

I supposed that we should see no more of the captain for a day or two, at least, but late the following afternoon he again came ashore. It had been raining during the early part of the afternoon, and having nothing better to do, I had been writing some letters to be posted later, when I should again be on a steamship route. The natives had never before seen a typewriter, and every one in the village had assembled in front of the veranda where I was at work. Monsieur Clémont was as deeply interested as any of them. He thought a typewriter a marvelous instrument, which it is, in fact. After watching for a while, he asked whether I would mind letting the others come up to see how it worked. I was glad to comply, so he lined them up

and brought them forward one by one, to look over my shoulder for an instant. He made them keep absolute silence, and finding it difficult even to compose letters under those circumstances, I wrote and rewrote, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." I had covered three pages with this immortal sentence by the time Captain Handy appeared.

He thought I was transcribing the Memoirs, and was greatly disappointed to learn that I had not yet begun it. Being in an indulgent mood, I decided that I might as well make a day of it, so I copied his first chapter to show him how it looked in print. This was a great mistake, as I soon realized, for he came again the following day, and the day after that, and the day after that, always followed by the old retainer carrying the usual bottle. He looked more and more haggard and disheveled, for the loss of his daylight sleep and the increased consumption of rum were telling on him severely. Then a curious thing happened: the ledger disappeared.

We searched high and low, without success. I confess that I was glad. I knew the book couldn't be lost, and meanwhile I was relieved of the dreary task of copying it. But the captain became increasingly suspicious, and one day he accused me of stealing it. His opinion of his story, never a modest one, had risen enormously since its disappearance, and he really thought I meant to smuggle it away with me and rob him of his fifty per cent. I tried to reassure him, but only succeeded in thoroughly convincing him of my guilt. At last he made an official complaint before Monsieur Clémont, Administrateur.

His position was a delicate one. Here was I, his guest, and a journalist for whom the Secretary of State of the United States of America had asked a safe and free passage through foreign lands, and "all lawful aid and protection," accused of theft by Captain Handy, who had had a life of great deeds, and who played so beautifully on the zither. He informed me of the accusation with a delicacy and tact which would have done credit to a French ambassador.

"But Monsieur Clémont!" I said. "You don't really believe that I have stolen his ledger, do you?"

"My guest! I should never believe this! But Captain Handy exacts you. I am Administrateur. It is my duty to accept his complaining. But you shall see! You shall be excused by due process of law."

So he made out the complaint in French. It was an interesting document, but too long to be included here. I had the honor of copying it for him on my typewriter—the first typewritten legal docu-

ment ever uttered at Hopéaroa. But to my great regret, before the trial took place the ledger was found. It had slipped down at the head of my bed and worked in under the mattress.

To prevent any possible further complications I decided to make an excursion to the island on the opposite side of the lagoon. I took some fishing tackle, a light blanket, and nothing by way of provisions but some salt and a box of matches, for I wanted to see whether I could support myself for a few days something in the fashion of the islanders.

Monsieur Clémont carried me across in a sailing canoe. No one lived on this other island, but there were two or three thatched huts used by the natives when they came over to fish or to make copra. My host spent the afternoon with me, showed me where to find hermit crabs for bait, and the best places to fish. They all seemed best places to me, and the fish took the hook so readily that I saw at once I should have plenty of food. He left me at dusk, and I asked him not to return for me until the end of the week.

I had a gloriously lonely time, one of the happiest weeks I have ever spent anywhere. My only fear was that Monsieur Clémont might come back too soon or bring Captain Handy over. Fortunately, on the second day it began to blow very hard, and the wind increased steadily, so that it would have been impossible for any one to cross from the village island which was dead to the leeward. It was an awe-inspiring sight, particularly at night, to see the surf piling up on the reef. The great swells rose higher than the land, it seemed, and fell with a thundering shock which shook the little island to its foundations. I thought my hut was going to be blown away, and in fact one of the empty ones was demolished. Despite the wind, it was bright, clear weather, and I spent the days, and most of the nights as well, in the open.

On Saturday it fell calm again, and to my great disappointment I saw the canoe returning. I gathered at once from Monsieur Clémont's manner that something unusual had happened. I was not mistaken. Captain Handy was dead.

It happened three days before. One of his sailors had found him in the morning, lying on the cabin floor. He had been dead for some hours.

"It was needed to bury him at once," he said. "I should have wished to come for you, but this was prevented by the great wind. We gave him the funeral that afternoon."

The old schooner looked even more forlorn than usual, I thought. The soul had quite gone out of her now, but one of the ancient sailors was still at the pump. I wondered whether he would ever be able to stop pumping, having done it for so long. We passed close alongside, and through the clear water I could see innumerable rusty tins lying beneath her. A small mountain of them rose from the floor of the lagoon. It was roughly of the same shape as the schooner, and hollow in the center, like the crater of an extinct volcano.

"Monsieur Clémont," I said, "I wish you would tell me something."

He looked at me inquiringly.

"It is none of my business, of course, but have you been supplying Captain Handy with provisions all these years?"

"He was my guest," he said. "And he was an aged man. This was my duty."

He volunteered no further information and I did not press him for any; but as we were walking out to the cemetery, he said, "Should you think I might have Captain Handy's zither?"

I told him that I thought he was fully entitled to it.

The cemetery was on the ocean beach, a quarter of a mile from the village. A wooden cross had been erected over the captain's grave, and leaning against it was one of Monsieur Clémont's beaded funeral wreaths which bore the inscription, "Tombé Sur Le Champs d'Honneur." We removed our hats.

"He was a man of great deeds," said my host, gravely. "He is sleeping now."

I nodded, without speaking.

"Should you wish to continue with his memoirs?" he added, after a brief silence.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. Then for the first time I felt the prompting of what must have been the journalistic instinct.

"I wonder whether I could make something of the captain's history after all?" I thought. I had very little money left, after my six months of wandering. If I could write a little story perhaps I might be able to sell it to some editor—

Then I heard, or thought I heard, a deep, muffled, sepulchral voice issuing from the newly made grave:

"Now mind! Fifty-fifty!"



## **The Forgotten One**

*By JAMES NORMAN HALL. Hall's story, "The Forgotten One," is not a tale of the commonplace seeker of solitude; for Crichton's agony is greater than this. The story is subtle; it is somber; and its oddness is not of a sort that the reader will readily forget.*



SOME one, reading this memoir, may recall my earlier account of Crichton, the solitary white inhabitant of a small coral island in the Low Archipelago. The recollection would be vague at best, I fear; for although I tried to give a vivid impression both of the man and of the lonely beauty of Tanao, the island where he lives, the attempt, I know, was a failure. I spent a good deal of time over that earlier sketch, writing, rewriting, changing a word here and a phrase there, hoping to discover, either by chance or by dint of patient effort, the magic formula which would conjure up the place for some reader who would never see it. It was useless. The best I could do fell so far short of my hopes that at last I gave up in despair and ended my little story abruptly, with these words:

The damaged whaleboat having been repaired, we rowed out to the schooner and were under way by midafternoon. For three hours I watched the island dwindling and blurring until, at sunset, it was lost to view beneath the rim of the southern horizon. Still I looked back, imagining that I could see a diminishing circle of palm-clad land—a mere speck at last—dropping farther and farther away down the reverse slope of the sea as though it were vanishing for all time from the knowledge and the concern of men.

So I closed my story. That was four years ago. I have wandered far from Tanao since then, but the memory of it has followed me everywhere: through America, England, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Iceland. In a crowded restaurant in New York, where the waitresses shouted orders down a call-tube and the air was loud with the clatter of dishes and the hum of conversation, I have seen the palm trees of Tanao bending to the southeast trade, and Crichton sitting in the shade, far up the beach, hands clasped about his knees, looking out over the empty sea. I have walked at high noon along Princes Street in Edinburgh, and heard the "Mamma-Ruau," the old native

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *On the Stream of Travel* (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1926).

woman from whom Crichton leased his island, singing softly to herself as she broiled fish over an open fire on the lagoon beach. In Iceland, while watching the visible music of the northern lights, I have felt the softness of the air at Tanao and the smoke of the surf on my face from the combers rising to their height and thundering over the barrier reef. The island and its two lonely inhabitants have been more real to me, often, than the streets through which I passed or the people with whom I sat at table. No effort of will was needed to call them up. They came of themselves, at strange moments, in strange places; and then, no matter where my body happened to be, my spirit seemed to leave it and fly straight to an atom of an island in the midmost Pacific.

Despite the briefness of the first visit—of two days' duration only—I must have left a part of myself at Tanao, as it is said one does wherever one goes; and it is necessary at times to revisit these shadowy, fragmentary selves left behind as one grows older. But it was not so much a lost self to which I returned at Tanao as one I had never had, and Crichton was its flesh-and-blood embodiment. He represented, to me, certain qualities I have always longed to possess, but chiefly, I think, I envied him his exceptional capacity for solitude—at least I thought it exceptional then. I am not likely to forget the day in March, 1920, when we landed at Tanao, and he found that it was, in truth, the ideal retreat he had searched for during ten years of continual wandering. It was the first time he had seen it and I chanced to be traveling on the schooner which had carried him out. The only inhabitant was the old Paumotan woman—"Mamma-Ruau" (Grandina) he always called her—who owned the place. No boats touched there except by arrangement. The lagoon had no entrance and in order to land it was necessary to ride the surf in a small boat, over one of the most dangerous reefs in the whole of the Dangerous Archipelago. All of this delighted him—but that is not the word. His joy was something so much deeper than delight that it seemed there could be no adequate expression of it. He conveyed to me—I scarcely know how—a sense of this. Life could never be long enough for him now. He was only twenty-eight, and I confess that, at times, this deep joy at the prospect of uninterrupted solitude seemed to me a little mad in a man of his age. What had life done to him that he should be so glad to leave it—to bury himself here? He did not have a guilty conscience. Five minutes of talk with him would have convinced any one of that. Furthermore, no man with a guilty con-

science would have sought out a place where he would be so terribly alone with it. I came to the conclusion—and despite what happened later I still think it the right one—that he is one of those men who love solitude as other men love beauty; that to him it is really a manifestation of beauty in its most ravishing, pitiless form.

At last the desire to return in the flesh to Tanao was no longer to be withstood. I remember precisely the moment when the ache of longing became hardest to bear and the decision to appease it was made. It was on a November evening. I was in Boston at the time, living in lodgings high up on Beacon Hill, my windows looking down one of the side streets leading to the Common and beyond to Boylston Street. I had been trying to read, gave it up, turned out the light and sat by the window. Facing me from across the Common was a huge electric sign, an arresting, exasperating device in which a series of lighted words moved endlessly out of darkness into darkness. I must have observed it before, subconsciously, but on this occasion, in order to keep from thinking I let my eyes follow the moving inscription, and my brain took the impress of it with the accuracy of a photographic plate. I believe I can still quote it, word for word: THERE IS ON SALE IN THE DRUG-STORES OF THIS CITY AN ANTISEPTIC PREPARATION ONE HUNDRED TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC ACID AND YET AS HARMLESS WHEN APPLIED TO THE HUMAN BODY AS PURE WATER. IT IS NON-POISONOUS AND DOES NOT BUBBLE WHEN APPLIED. IT ACTUALLY KILLS GERMS. IT PUTS AN END TO ACCIDENTAL POISONING AND SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST. THE NAME OF THIS ANTISEPTIC IS

But neither the name nor the antiseptic itself is of any great consequence in this memoir. I left Boston that same evening, and awoke, not many weeks later, in my old room at the hotel on the water front at Papeete.

I might have left the place yesterday. The same old paper on the walls; the same mosquito netting around the bed, with the rents in it neatly drawn together; the same tin bucket, with the dent in it, by the washstand; the same dilapidated wardrobe, the shelves covered with pages from the *Sydney Bulletin* and the *Auckland Weekly News*; the same tattered hotel register dating from 1902, and the same genial, portly landlord bringing it up for me to sign before I was out of bed. We had a pleasant chat about island affairs, and in the midst of it I chanced to speak of a defective board in the floor of the veranda, and how I had nearly broken my leg there, coming in in the dark the night before.

"Why don't you remember that hole?" he asked, quite seriously, with genuine surprise: and I realized, clearly enough, that the fault was not his for not having it repaired, but mine for not having remembered during four years that repair was needed. How glad I was to be back in a place where life is so leisurely as that! Where all things animate and inanimate—even a hole in a veranda floor—seem to partake of a timeless, ideal existence like that of the figures on Keats's Grecian urn.

It was still quite early. Chinamen were sweeping the street with their long-handled brooms, heaping into neat piles the dead leaves and twigs and withered blossoms from the flamboyant trees, against the coming of the rubbish cart. I had a pleasant thrill of anticipation, remembering the former driver of this cart. Girot was his name, a thin, wiry little Frenchman of uncertain age. He called his horse "Banane," and carried on with her an endless, animated conversation as they wandered along the street. Were they too under the enchantment of timelessness? Yes, here they came presently, Girot barefoot as usual, walking behind the cart, carrying the two little boards with which he picked up the piles of leaves. He was in the usual costume: floppy pandanus hat, tattered undershirt, and denim overalls faded to a whitish blue by many washings. More than likely it was the same pair of overalls. Banane was a trifle bonier, if that is possible, than I had remembered her. She moved as deliberately as ever. I could count twenty-five while the wheel of the cart was making a single revolution, but Girot was reproaching her in the old manner for going too fast:

"Whoa! Whoa, sacré nom de Balzac! Écoute, Banane! Penses-tu que nous sommes sur un champ de course? Comment? Ah, non alors! Oui, je comprends; pour toi ça ne fait rien. Mais pour moi? Je ne suis pas garçon, moi. J'ai plus de soixante ans. Maintenant nous allons jusqu'au coin de la rue—tu vois?—là! Et la prochaine fois quand je dis 'Whoa!' arrête-toi. Tu comprends? Bon! En route!"

No one paid the least attention to them—no one ever did—and at last they were out of hearing. Natives were passing to and from the market with strings of fish, containers of green bamboo filled with fermented coconut sauce, and baskets of fresh-water shrimps, fruit, and vegetables. It was good to hear again their soft voices, the slither of their bare feet, to smell the humid odors of tropical vegetation; to look across the still lagoon to the island of Moorea, fifteen miles distant, every fantastic peak outlined against the sky—all that a South

Sea island should be, and surpassing my most splendid dreams of one, as a boy. I whistled for the first time in months while taking my bath—luckily there were no other guests at the hotel—then sat down in pajamas to breakfast on the upstairs veranda, just as I used to do.

While I was drinking my coffee, the landlord returned, bringing a suit of white drill I had left behind in the hurry of departure, four years ago.

"I thought you would come back some time," he said, "so I didn't give it away."

In one of the pockets I found a piece of scratch paper covered with penciled notes, all of them having to do either with Crichton or his island, reminding me how completely he had engaged my interest during the time of my first sojourn in the South Seas. Among other notes I found this one, an attempt to describe him in a paragraph:

He is one of those lonely spirits—without friends or any of the ties which make life pleasant to most of us—who wander the unpeopled places of the earth, interested in a detached way at what they see from afar or faintly hear; but looking quietly on, taking no part, being blessed—or cursed—by Nature with a love of silence, of the unchanging peace of great solitudes. Now and then one reads of such men in fiction, and if they live in fiction it is because of individuals like Crichton, their prototypes in reality, seen for a moment as they slip apprehensively across some bypath leading from the outside world.

Reading this again, I wondered, as I had at the time of writing it, whether it were true—whether I had not been describing a quite imaginary figure rather than an Englishman named Crichton. Well, I should know, soon. Four years had passed, ample time for any one to test the nature of his capacities for solitude. Had Crichton found his adequate? Viewed in one light, my interest in this question seemed absurd. And yet, as I have said, or implied, here was a man, sensitive, imaginative, highly organized, who appeared to have within himself inexhaustible resources against boredom—the greatest curse which spirit is heir to. He at least was confident of having them. He would never leave Tanao, he had told me. He was sure that he could be happy there, though he were never again to see a man of his own race—a human being of any kind. It would have been hard to

rest content without knowing what had happened to him.

I made a hasty breakfast and set out in the cool of the morning in search of some schooner bound for the Low Islands. Along the water front fifteen or twenty vessels from all parts of the eastern Pacific were unloading pearl shell and copra, taking in cargoes of rice and flour, lumber, tinned food, and assorted merchandise. Among them was the *Caleb Winship*, the two-masted schooner which had taken Crichton to Tanao at the time when I was a passenger. Tino, her supercargo then, had since been made captain. I found him in the cabin checking over bills of lading. He is a dry, blunt man, Tino, three-quarters American blood and one-quarter Rarotongan. For all the fact that he was born among them, I doubt whether he has ever seen the islands or ever will see them; but he can tell you to a dot what each of them produces in pearl shell and copra.

"Well!" he said, holding out his hand. "Haven't seen you for some time. Where you been keeping yourself? Living out in the country?"

I told him I had just come from America; then, after a quarter of an hour's chat of indifferent matters, I asked in a by-the-way fashion for news of Crichton.

"Crichton? Crichton? Who's— Oh! You mean that Swede—that Dane—"

"He is an Englishman," I said.

"Whoever he was. Hell, no! I haven't seen him since we was out there—you remember?—the time we stoved in the new whaleboat going over the reef. Funny thing," he added. "I haven't thought of him from that day to this. He might be dead, for all I know—or care, for that matter."

Now that he was reminded, it was plain that Tino was still sore on the subject of Crichton. He had consented to carry him to Tanao because he thought there was something of commercial interest in view. "He can't fool me!" I remembered him saying more than once during that voyage. "He's got something up his sleeve and I'm going to find out what it is." When he had satisfied himself that the island was as poor as it had always been, he set Crichton down either as crazy or some knave in hiding. Remembering his disgust at the loss of time in going so far out of his way, I knew that it would be useless asking him to go again. Nevertheless, I did ask, for the *Winship* was on the point of sailing for that part of the Pacific.

"What! Tanao? Not much! I'm not traveling for my health; but

what do you want to go back there for, if it's any of my business?"

"I rather liked the place," I said. "You don't see such islands in my part of the world."

"Ought to be glad you don't. Why any one should go to one of them Godforsaken little holes of his own free will, beats me. Well, that Swede can rot in his. I expect he has. He's probably dead or gone somewhere else long before this."

At the end of two weeks I was at the point of accepting this opinion. During that time I spent many hours along the water front, loafed through long afternoons at the club, the hotel, and the other favorite resorts of traders, planters, pearl buyers, and sailors. I made many discreet inquiries—never direct, interested ones—knowing how jealous for his solitude Crichton had been, how concerned lest even talk of Tanao by others should sully the purity of its loneliness. Little chance of that! "Tanao? Oh, yes! The *Madeleine* went on the reef there—let me see, when was it? Nineteen-four, I think." That was the most recent bit of information I gathered in talk on the club veranda. As for Crichton, no one apparently, in that place where everyone is known, could tell me what had become of him. I was considering the possibility of chartering a small Paumotu cutter for a special voyage, when I met an old friend, Chan Lee, captain of a one-hundred-ton schooner belonging to a firm of his fellow countrymen. I had once made a long voyage with Chan. He is a good sailor for a Chinaman, with all the fine personal qualities of the Oriental at his best; but he carries minding-his-own-business to curious lengths. It was not until a week after I had first spoken to him of Crichton that he admitted knowing him.

"Go Tanow once year," he said, holding up a finger as though to emphasize the infrequency of his visits. "Not much copla—five ton." Then, as an afterthought apparently, "Clichton say, suppose I see you, tell you come back some time."

"What! He asked you to tell me that?"

I confess that I was pleased. Slightly as I knew Crichton, I had a warm regard for him, carefully concealed, of course; for his attitude throughout our brief acquaintanceship on the *Winship* had been merely that of fellow passengers on shipboard everywhere—pleasant, courteous, but without a hint of intimacy.

"Yes, he say that," said Chan. "Hlee year ago, now. Bimeby next week I go. You come along me?"

On the following Monday we were outward bound. Chan had a

dozen islands to visit first, and during the early part of the voyage the schooner was crowded with native passengers. These were gradually dispersed, the last of them at an island one hundred and fifty miles from Tanao. Owing to alternate calms and head winds we were five days in covering the last leg of the voyage, and thirty-eight days out when we sighted the island.

Crichton need not have feared for the purity of its loneliness. It was lonelier than the sea. It seemed to have gathered to itself an esoteric kind of loneliness, peculiar to the man who lived at the heart of it. It seemed a place he had dreamed into being, created out of fancy through sheer strength of longing. And there he was, alone of his kind, and there he had been for four years without once having left it. Chan gave me this information.

"He like stay here. Stay all time. Never go 'way.

"No, no womans. I want get him nice Paumotu wife. Help make copla, make him big fambly. He no want."

He had, however, imported a Chinese family—father, mother, two children, and an elderly relative of theirs, who did his housework. Chan had brought them two years before, he said. The old man had a hut on the main island, near Crichton. The others lived on a little islet across the lagoon. There was no one else except the Mamma-Ruau. She was still living, in good health. At least she had been a year ago.

"What about letters?" I asked—"and books, and papers? Does he receive many?"

"Mebbe some book. One letta evely year. Always same place. No more."

Chinamen living in exile are often lonely enough men, but even Chan seemed to wonder at this lack of correspondence. He spoke of it several times during the voyage and showed me the letter he was carrying out to Crichton. It was as impersonal in appearance as a bank note. The name and address of a London trust company was stamped on the envelope. I could imagine the nature of this one yearly communication from the outside world: "Dear Sir:—You will find attached for your examination, the statement of your account for the year just closed. Very Respectfully," and so forth.

As I held this letter in my hand a truer conception of Crichton's isolation came to me. He was like those men Matthew Arnold speaks of in his "Rugby Chapel"—men who die without leaving a trace behind them:



and no one asks  
Who or what they have been  
More than he asks what waves  
In the moonlit solitudes mild  
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,  
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

Certainly that is true of Crichton, and he is still living, in the full vigor of manhood. But beyond the borders of his own little physical world he has long been as good as dead and buried. There is Chan to think of him, and some clerk in a London banking house—once a year at least, when he sends him his statement of account—myself, and no one else. I suppose this is really what has prompted me to write of him again. Crichton would not thank me for meddling, but it gives me a quite definite feeling of relief to know that a few others, reading this sketch, will share, momentarily at least, in the task of keeping the man alive. I have guarded his anonymity, of course, as well as that of his island.

But to continue, we passed the northwestern extremity of Tanao, close inshore, between three and four in the afternoon. At that point the atoll is mostly barren reef washed over by the surf. There is but one small islet—a boy's dream of an island to be shipwrecked on. Indeed, the bones of an old vessel lie there, high and dry above the reef, bleaching in the sun—all that remains from the wreck of the *Madeleine*. The island is just boy-size, not more than one hundred paces across either way. It is of clean coral sand, as level as a floor, with thick green bush fringing it on the lagoon side. There are eight tall coconut palms, three in one clump and four in another, with one tree growing apart, holding its tuft of fronds far out over the surface of the lagoon. A pass goes through the reef at one side of the islet, but it is too narrow to permit entrance to any craft larger than a skiff or canoe. On that side an ancient pandanus tree throws a patch of deep shade on the sand. Well within the shelter of it was a thatch-roofed hut, open to the four winds; and I saw a roughhewn bench facing seaward, with its back against the trunk of the tree.

"Very likely Crichton comes here to fish," I thought, but the place was deserted now. The sunshine, of that mellow, golden quality of late afternoon, gilded the stems of the palms. I saw not even a sea bird there. Nothing moved save the trees bending to the wind and their shadows on the yellow sand.

We passed the islet all too quickly, then stood away from the reef to come in to the main island on the starboard tack. There are seven widely separated islands around the lagoon, which is five miles across at the widest point. From the mainmast crosstrees I had them all in view. Three were on the opposite side and from that distance the trees seemed to be growing directly out of the water. Crichton lives on the largest of the seven, a fringe of land less than a mile long and some three hundred yards broad. With my glasses I searched the shore line without result until Chan called up to me, "You no see?"

I saw them plainly enough when they were pointed out—Crichton and the Mamma-Ruau sitting just within the border of shade at the upper slope of the beach, hidden momentarily by the sunlight-filtered smoke of the surf. He had on a pair of dark glasses, and, for clothing, a pair of knee-length trousers and a soft-brimmed straw hat. The old woman was in her best black dress and hat. Both were squatting, native fashion, their chins resting on their hands. How many times I had seen them thus, in the imagination! I could hardly credit the reality of the scene before me, it had appeared so often in my dreams. The old woman was talking in an excited manner, pointing to the schooner from time to time. Once I saw her take Crichton by the shoulders and turn him till he sat directly facing us.

The sea was fairly calm here on the leeward side, but for all that the great swells looked dangerously high as they swept shoreward and toppled with a deafening crash over the ledge of the reef. We were carried across at terrific speed; the whaleboat shot down the broad slope of broken water and through the shallows, grounding almost at the point where Crichton and the Mamma-Ruau were sitting.

"O vai tera? Chan?" (Who is it? Chan?) Crichton called when he heard the keel grating and bumping over the coral.

"Yes, yes!" cried the old woman. "Don't you believe me? It is Chan and the white man who first came here with you. *Ia ora na orua!*"

She shook our hands warmly, saying "*Ia ora na orua*" (Health to you!) again and again. This kindly Polynesian greeting seems always to have the freshness of a phrase coined yesterday. The reason is, perhaps, that among the islands friends meet after long separation, after long and often hazardous sea voyages. They are in all truth glad to see each other again.

Mamma-Ruau put her hands on my shoulders and gazed long at me, searching my face feature by feature.

"*Ua tae mai oé?*" (You have come?) she said, as though still in doubt that any one from the outside world could, in reality, reach that lonely place. She had aged greatly in four years, but Crichton had not altered in the least, in so far as I could tell at first glance. He is a splendid type physically, just over six feet, broad-shouldered, deep-chested—he looked more than ever the athlete he is, in fact. The ghost of the smile I remembered curved his lips almost imperceptibly, and he spoke English in the same curious, exotic way. His eyes were concealed by the smoked glasses.

"You will forgive me for not recognizing you?" he said. "Until recently I've never taken any precaution against the glare of the sun. It was very unwise, and the result is—well, I'm nearly blind."

Mamma-Ruau, who was standing behind him, gave me a look of all but agonized appeal, as much as to say, "Don't encourage him to talk of it!"

"Rather a nuisance," he went on. "I may get over it, of course, but in six months' time I can't say there has been any change for the better.—Well, enough of that. Shall we go to the house? Luckily, I know my way about after four years. I could go anywhere, blind-fold."

The island as I had first seen it had been a wilderness of brush, pandanus trees and self-sown coconut palms. Now everything was clean and orderly, the palms thinned out to six or eight paces apart so that one had charming views in every direction. A well-shaded road, bordered with shrubbery, led from the ocean beach to the lagoon. We followed it in silence. Having greeted each other, we seemed to have nothing more to say. Mamma-Ruau had gone on ahead. Chan remained at the beach to oversee the landing of some supplies. At last, with a good deal of effort, I remarked,

"You've not been idle here."

"No, there's been enough to do. I found that I needed some help at first. I had Chan bring me a dozen natives from another island. They stayed three months, clearing the land. They helped build my house, too."

I had often tried to picture Crichton's house. He had, I knew, the imagination to take full advantage of his exotic environment, and for all his years of wandering was still enough of an Englishman to be concerned about comfort. Nevertheless I was not prepared to find so spacious and homelike a dwelling. It stood on the lagoon beach at the end of the road, and was raised about three feet above the

ground, the open space beneath being concealed by shrubbery. The roof of thatch was steeply pitched, and extended low over a broad veranda. Crichton stopped at the foot of the steps. For a long moment he seemed to have forgotten me; then he said:

"I think I must be rather excited. I've some instructions to give Chan about my copra, and he never stops ashore unless his schooner is at anchor. Will you make yourself comfortable? You might look over the house if you care to."

A clock with a ship's-bell attachment, striking five as I entered the veranda, demanded immediate attention. "Odd!" I thought, "having a clock here." But it would be a wise precaution, perhaps, in so lonely a place. Crichton would need to live by schedule, to fill his days with self-imposed duties to be regularly performed. No doubt he did. The house gave evidence of his all but meticulous habits of mind, and of the strict obedience to his orders of his literal-minded Chinaman. Settees and cushioned chairs were as carefully arranged as pieces in an upholsterer's display window. The floors, oiled and polished, shone with a dull luster and the straw mats were precisely placed. Four shelves of books ran the length of the inner wall of the veranda. I took the opportunity offered me in Crichton's absence to make an examination of them. They had been classified and sub-classified. Novelists, historians, poets, biographers, travelers, stood in the ranks of their contemporaries and in the immediate company, one would have said, most congenial to them individually. There must have been fifteen hundred volumes in his library, nothing very recent, but all of them books to live with. The margins of the pages of those I looked into were covered with penciled notes and comments, and one could see what delight, what solace Crichton had found in their companionship. Now that he was deprived of it—but that would not bear thinking about. It would be a calamity worse than death to a man of his tastes, in his position. One section of the library contained only books on Polynesia, everything important, surely, which had been written about the islands of the eastern Pacific. There were many philological works in this section, and I remembered the interest Crichton had taken in the study of the various island dialects, speculating, with this study as a basis, on the probable routes followed during the great Polynesian migrations.

On a top shelf, bare of books, were models of ancient sailing canoes, spears and clubs of ironwood, coconut shells polished and carved with intricate designs, stone axes and taro-mashers. The windward end of

the veranda was enclosed with a wall of freshly braided palm fronds, and midway in it a section had been built to prop open, outward. Crichton's desk stood opposite this window space. The view from his chair was over an inlet from the lagoon, bordered with palms, through which now a greenish-golden sunset light sifted like impalpable dust. An open passageway led through the center of the house to a second veranda on the lagoon side. The first door to the right along this passageway—that leading to Crichton's room, no doubt—was closed. Three others, latched open, disclosed spacious, airy rooms, each of them prettily furnished as a combined bed- and sitting-room, with a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, a washstand, a reading-table holding a shaded lamp, several easy chairs or sofas, and above each of the beds a shelf filled with books. These rooms, in keeping with the rest of the house, were immaculately clean and the beds made up, ready for occupancy.

Returning to the front veranda, I walked up and down, saying to myself, "What a delightful spot! What an ideal home!" conscious all the while of a feeling very like depression. I was at a loss to assign a cause for this unless it were the clock, ticking away with self-important industry as though it were the only one in existence. Within half an hour I revised my opinion as to the wisdom of having a clock. The silence was too profound for any such noisy piece of furniture. I could all but hear the steady drip-drip of the minutes and the tiny splash they made as they fell into the sea of time past. Then I found myself listening for voices—of the wife who might have been there, of Crichton's unborn children. It was that kind of a house—much too large, it seemed to me, for one man, and much too homelike for spiritual comfort under those circumstances. One would have thought that Crichton had built it for the very purpose of evoking ghostly presences; to shelter some ideal conception of a family which he preferred to the warm, living, imperfect reality. Or, perhaps, not satisfied with the superficial aspects of a solitude which would have daunted most men, he meant his house to accentuate it, to remind him of its inviolability. Certainly he had succeeded in building into it a personality as strange as his own. It seemed conscious of having been prepared for guests and to be awaiting them with the complacent assurance that they would never come.

I, too, waited—anything but complacently—for the return of my host, reproaching myself, now that it was too late, for having taken a welcome for granted. To be sure, I had been invited, but that was

three years ago, and I had forgotten to ask Chan whether the invitation had ever been renewed. An hour passed and still I waited, sitting on the top step of the veranda as Crichton must have done times without number at that hour, looking down his empty roadway to the empty sea. The sun had set and the colorless light faded swiftly from the sky. The fronds of the palms, swaying gently in the last faint tremors of the breeze, came gradually to rest. In the trance-like calm of earth and air I was conscious again of the beating of the surf on the reef. Now it was measured, regular, as though it were the pulsing of the blood through the mighty heart of Solitude; now it seemed the confused roar of street traffic from a thousand cities, mingled with the voices of all humankind, flowing smoothly in soundless waves, in narrowing circles, over the rim of the world, to break audibly at last on this minute ringed shoal in the farthestmost sea of Silence.

After listening to that lonely sound for at least another hour, I began to feel very uncomfortable. What had happened to my host, and where was the Mamma-Ruau? I knew that she had her own little house farther down the beach, and that Crichton, with his strict ideas of propriety, would not ask her to dine with us. Nevertheless I thought it likely that she would be somewhere about. At last I saw a glimmer of light along the passageway leading to the lagoon-side veranda. A little while afterward a gong was sounded. "That means dinner, evidently," I thought. Perhaps Crichton had returned through the groves and along the beach and was waiting for me.

I have but mentioned, thus far, Crichton's lagoon-side veranda. It is semicircular in shape and extends over shoal water to the very brink of a magnificent coral precipice. Standing at the edge of it, one looks down into a submarine garden of exquisite beauty. Gorgeously colored fish, of the most fantastic shapes, swim lazily in and out of the caves which honeycomb the precipice, and from the floor of the lagoon forests of coral arise, spreading their symmetrical branches into water as clear as air. The veranda is roofed with canvas stretched over a framework of light poles, and this covering is so constructed that it may be drawn back, by means of ropes, against the wall of the house.

Emerging from the passageway, I gave an inward gasp of astonishment at the beauty and strangeness of the scene before me. It was now deep night. The veranda lay open to the sky, and the reflections of the stars in the water were so bright and clear, it was easy to imagine

that the little house was adrift, motionless, in the innermost depths of space. But what first attracted my attention was a table set for one, and holding a shaded lamp; and, standing beside it, a withered ancient Chinaman as small and frail of body as a delicate child of ten. He was dressed in a clean cotton undershirt and a black pareu, and carried a napkin over his arm in quite the approved fashion. He made a striking and memorable picture, standing with his back to the starlit lagoon. The lamplight filled the hollows of his eyes with shadow, and the black pareu blended so perfectly with the surrounding darkness that he looked only half a Chinaman suspended motionless above two bare feet.

I bade him good evening and inquired for Crichton, but his only reply was to draw back my chair and wait for me to be seated. When I had done so I noticed a piece of folded note paper tucked under the edge of my plate. It was a message from Crichton. "I am sorry," it read, "that I cannot join you at dinner, and as Chan expects to sail early tomorrow afternoon it may be that I shall not see you again before you go. Ling Foo, my Chinaman, will look after you. Please believe that you are welcome here and feel free to use my house as though it were your own."

Ling Foo had gone to the kitchen while I was puzzling over this message. At any rate, when I looked up again he was standing at my elbow holding a covered dish which certainly he had not been holding a moment before. After he had set it down in front of me, I should not have been surprised to have seen him conjure it away again with his napkin. It required an effort of the imagination to think of that voiceless wraith of a man, who moved soundlessly as a shadow, concerning himself in the usual manner with anything so substantial and matter-of-fact as food. Most of it was out of tins, but it had been admirably disguised in the preparation. I wish that I might have paid his art as a cook the tribute it deserved; but it was Ling's fate, apparently, to spend his days performing useless labor: airing empty rooms, making up unoccupied beds, sweeping dustless floors. He carried back the scarcely tasted food as though he had quite expected this. Then, having lighted a lamp on the front veranda and another in the room where I was to sleep, he again vanished, and that is the last I ever saw of him.

"Please believe that you are welcome here." The words kept repeating themselves in my mind. I tried to believe it, but under the

circumstances nothing seemed less likely than that Crichton meant me to accept this absentee welcome in good faith. I had seen his copra, stacked on the beach, ready for loading in the morning. The island afforded nothing else in the way of cargo. What other work could there be to do which would occupy his time until after our departure? No, he did not want to see me, that was plain. I wished I had not come. I wished with all my heart that I had not come.

Having come, there was nothing for it but to remain. Impossible to return to the schooner. When I had last seen her, just after sundown, she was at least three miles offshore. Chan had no engines and would stand well out to sea during the night. I smiled, rather lugubriously, however, at the thought of my anxiety to leave an island I had dreamed of with such longing during four years. But those dreams had been concerned with the Crichton I knew, or thought I knew, on board the *Caleb Winship*. Now, going back in thought over the details of that first voyage to his island, I realized how meager my knowledge of him really was. Although we had been much in each other's company, it had been a curiously silent companionship for the most part. Often for days together we scarcely spoke. I was new to the islands then, and could hardly believe that places with names and fixed positions on charts could so far surpass my most sanguine expectations. They could have thrown a glamor over one's relations with the most prosaic of fellow passengers, and whatever else he may have been Crichton was not prosaic. The mere fact of his searching out so lonely an island offered sufficient proof to the contrary. Once—it was the only occasion when he even approached making a confidence—he told me that he hoped to find Tanao a place where he could do his thinking and writing undisturbed. "What sort of thinking?" I had wanted to ask, but one could hardly venture so intimate a question without further encouragement, which he did not give. At another time, breaking an all-day silence, he had said, "I wish I had come out here years ago. They appeal to the imagination, don't you think—all these islands?" That struck me as a happy expression of one's feeling about them, for we were then in the very heart of the Archipelago, with islands all round us, and yet they did not seem real.

The glimpses I had into his mind were all of this fragmentary nature, and they were as brief as they were rare. I had taken the rest of him for granted. Even though I were justified then in doing so,



who could say what might have happened to him meanwhile—what changes had taken place during four appallingly lonely years? I was not hopeful. One might love solitude at a distance and long to know it intimately; but the heart of it was too vast, surely, for one poor human waif to snuggle against with impunity, or to attempt to explore in search of the secret of its peace. I tried to put myself in Crichton's place, and succeeded so well—or so ill, I could not be sure which—that I came back with a feeling of immense relief to my proper identity; but as a result of the attempt I could understand how one might so completely lose touch with humankind that the mere thought of renewing it, even for a moment, would be unbearable.

It was not yet nine—too early to think of going to bed. I returned to the front veranda to examine at leisure some charts and sketches—the latter Crichton's own handiwork—which hung on the wall above the bookshelves. Some of his drawings were extremely interesting. One had for title, "When the Seas Go Dry." It was a sketch in crayon of several of the atolls of the Low Archipelago as they would appear from the ocean floor if the waters should recede. Immensely high mountains, in the shape of truncated cones, were shown, with walls in many places falling almost sheer from heights of eight or ten thousand feet to the general level of the surrounding country. It was a vividly imaginative impression and true to fact at the same time. I could see that the idea had come from a chart of the islands with its data of soundings, which hung beside it. Another similar sketch showed Tanao alone, with two pygmy figures standing in the valley below, as they do in old engravings of mountain scenery, one of them pointing to the cliffs towering above them.

Having examined the drawings, I turned again to the library, taking volumes from the shelves at random, and reading a page here and there. Many of Crichton's books were in my own library, not a few of them in the same editions. It gave me an uncanny feeling to find it so. I seemed to have entered his mind, assumed his personality whether I would or no, and this sense of identity was intensified when I came upon marked passages which I too had thus noted in some of my own books. One of these was in a volume of Shelley's *Lyrics and Minor Poems*, which I chanced to open at Shelley's preface to "*Alastor: or, The Spirit of Solitude*." There was no marginal comment on the page, but the paragraph, underscored in pencil, was as follows:

Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tenderhearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow beings live unfruitful lives and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

The whole of the preface had a very special interest for me under those circumstances. As for "Alastor" itself, I had not read it in several years, and it occurred to me that I could never have a more favorable opportunity than this for a sympathetic appreciation of the poem, if not for its fullest enjoyment. Therefore, drawing a chair close to the lamp, I began, and at the second stanza, started reading aloud that I might better sense the sonorous beauty of the words:

Mother of this unfathomable world!  
Favor my solemn song, for I have loved  
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched  
Thy shadow and the darkness of thy steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours  
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness—

I had been reading for a quarter of an hour, I should say, sometimes aloud, sometimes silently, when I heard from the adjoining room a slight but very distinct noise: a drumming of fingers against the wall just back of my head. I don't believe I have ever been so curiously startled in my life before. A cry, a crash of breaking glass, a pistol fired behind my back, might have produced a more violent shock, but nothing like such an eerie one. I got up at once, blew out the light, tiptoed into my room at the other end of the veranda, and closed the door. The reaction was purely instinctive, as a child's would be upon hearing at night a sound it could not understand.

Theoretically, I should then have jumped into bed and hidden under the coverlet, but instinct did not carry me so far as that. I knew well enough, of course, that Crichton was in the other room. That is to say, I knew it after hearing the noise. Before that his presence in the house had not so much as occurred to me. The fact of his sending a message had given me a sense of his remoteness. I seem to have taken it for granted that he was far away—across the lagoon, perhaps, on one of the other islands, anywhere but under his own roof.

For some time I stood, listening, in the middle of the floor; then, hearing no further sound, I sat in the darkness by the open window and gave myself up to the most disquieting reflections. I winced at the thought of having read aloud. Had I set to work deliberately, maliciously, to devise for Crichton some exquisite form of torment, I doubted whether I could have hit upon one more likely to prove successful. Deprived through his blindness of the enjoyment of his books, I had reminded him what a deprivation it was. Accustomed during four years to all but unbroken silence, he had been compelled to listen to the monotonous intonation of my voice. "Alastor" might very well be the last poem in the world so lonely a man would care to hear read, and he must have heard distinctly, every word, for only a thin board partition separated the veranda from the rooms behind it. At last, irritated beyond endurance, he had let me know of his presence.

Thus I reasoned myself into a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I was tempted to go to Crichton's room; to make my apologies for having disturbed him—for having come to Tanao at all. What would have happened, I wonder, had I done so? Perhaps I then missed the greatest opportunity I am ever likely to have to be of service to a man in dire need—whether he knew it or not—of human companionship, of human sympathy. And yet it is doubtful that I should have known how to offer it or he to accept it. I might have succeeded only in creating a situation so embarrassing as to be ludicrous. At the moment—Heaven knows!—I felt that I had been sufficiently meddling without making further advances. Then, too, his method of warning me of his presence had something scarcely human about it. He had drummed twice, very lightly, with the tips of his fingers, and after a moment of silence had repeated the sound. It is hard to convey, in words, a sense of the uncanny feeling it produced in me. If he had pounded on the wall with his fist, or if he had shouted, "In

Heaven's name! stop that infernal mumbling, will you?" I should have felt that he was within reach, so to speak. And I should have felt a welcome flush of anger at churlishness which even his blindness could hardly excuse. As the matter stood, I was awed rather than angry at the strangeness of his behavior, and it seemed best to remain in my room, wearing out the rest of the night as unobtrusively as possible.

But although Ling Foo had turned the coverlet invitingly back, I did not go to bed. Instead, I sat by the window listening to the clock on the veranda striking the half-hours and the hours, each of them a little eternity in itself. I dozed off at last to be awakened out of uneasy slumber by the crowing of a cock. It was a welcome sound, for I thought day was at hand, but this was far from being the case. Paumotan chickens, like the Paumotans themselves, are semi-nocturnal in their habits. Roosters greet the rising of the moon as well as of the sun, and I have often heard them break into a prolonged ecstasy of crowing for no reason at all, in the middle of a starlit night. One can hardly blame them, for the nights are enchantingly beautiful; but the sound of persistent crowing may be extremely annoying if close at hand, and this cock was perched in some shrubbery just in front of the veranda. A late moon was rising, which may have been the cause of his outburst. However that may be, he kept it up. With a premonitory flapping of wings he shattered the silence time after time, waiting with seeming intent for it to heal that he might shatter it again the more effectively. I endured it as long as I could; then climbed noiselessly out of the window, that I might not have to pass Crichton's room, and walked down the lagoon beach, keeping well within the shadow of the trees.

The crowing stopped almost at once. I was in the mood to be chagrined at this, and to take as an intentional affront the habitual action of the hermit crabs—there were hundreds of them along the beach—snapping into their shells at my approach and closing their doors behind them. The land crabs, too, showed hostility in their own fashion, holding up their claws in menace, scurrying away on either side and dodging into their burrows as though fleeing a pestilence. "I'm having a strange welcome all round!" I thought. And yet the Mamma-Ruau had been friendly. I could not doubt the sincerity of her welcome, and the fact of her disappearance immediately after our arrival was easily accounted for. She had old-fashioned ideas which Crichton, I knew, encouraged as to the propriety of women

sharing uninvited in the companionship of men. No doubt she had gone straight to her house to wait until she should be sent for.

Her little hut on the lagoon beach, a five-minutes' walk from Crichton's place, seemed as essential a feature of the landscape as the old *kahaia* tree growing near by. All was silent there. A fire of coconut husks still smouldered on the earthen floor of the back kitchen. I knocked lightly on the doorpost, and, receiving no reply, looked in. The reflections from the moonlit water made the room almost as light as day. A wooden chest for clothing stood against a wall and a sewing machine in a corner. That was all the room contained in the way of furniture except for some shell necklaces and hat wreaths and some beautifully formed branches of coral hanging on the walls. The Mamma-Ruau lay on a mat, her hands palm to palm, tucked under her cheek. She was sleeping so peacefully that I had not the heart to waken her; therefore I slipped quietly away and sat down for a time under the *kahaia* tree.

Here Crichton and I had had our first meal together upon our arrival four years ago. I recalled the story the Mamma-Ruau had told us that evening, of the spirit of the last of her children—a son of twenty, who had been drowned while fishing outside the reef of one of the neighboring islets. It appeared to her but rarely, she said, and always in the form of an enormous dog, so large that it could have picked up her little house in its teeth, like a basket. But it never offered to harm her. She would come upon it—only at the full of the moon—lying on the beach, its huge head resting on its paws. It would regard her mournfully for a long time, beating its tail on the ground. Then it would rise, take a long drink of sea water, and start at a lope up the beach. Soon it would break into a run, gathering tremendous speed, until, reaching the end of the island, it would make a flying spring, and she would last see it high in air, clearly outlined against the moonlit sky, crossing in one gigantic leap the two-mile gap to the island where her son had been drowned.

Her manner of telling the story had made a deep impression upon me, and I had no doubt of the realness, to her, of the apparition. She was pure heathen, and believed in all sorts of spirits, good and bad. I was glad for her sake that she had missed contact with the itinerant missionaries—Seventh-Day Adventists and Latter-Day Saints—who wander through the Archipelago from time to time, seeking converts. They would have destroyed what beliefs she had without giving her anything she could honestly accept to replace them. Indeed, her

mother had been converted to Christianity, but evidently she had not been at all happy in her new faith, for she had counseled her children to have nothing to do with it. She had never been sure what to believe, and shortly before her death at Tanao, many years ago, had left instructions that a little stone idol, which she had always kept, was to be set at the head of her grave, and at the foot, a slab of coral with a cross carved on it. I had seen this grave at the time of my last visit. It is in the family burying ground at the far end of the island. As day was still long distant, I decided to go there again and look at it by moonlight.

I doubt whether there is a cemetery in all the Pacific—except at the bottom of it—more impressively lonely than the one at Tanao. It lies close to the ocean beach, where, owing to the contour of the fringing reef, the sea breaks with unusual violence; and the moonlight-silvered spray drifting slowly over the land makes one think of an endless procession of ghosts. There must be fifteen or twenty graves in all, most of them now in a sadly neglected condition, overgrown with shrubs and bushes. I found the grave of Mamma-Ruau's mother. The little idol, its hands folded across its fat stomach, seemed to be gazing with stony-eyed hostility at the near-by cross.

But what interested me most was another grave, freshly prepared, ready for occupancy. It had been dug to a depth of five or six feet and carefully roofed over with sheets of corrugated iron to keep out the rain. A drainage trench surrounded it, and close by were stacked a number of large flat stones, chiseled square and the edges beveled, with which to cover over the grave at last. The headstone was ready to be set in place, and on it was carved the Mamma-Ruau's name: Fainau a Hiva. I was not greatly surprised at this, for it is not unusual for Paumotans to make preparations for death when they know that it cannot be far distant. They have no dread of it. In old age they seem rather to welcome the approach of death, and make all ready for their last long sleep. The Mamma-Ruau was merely following the custom of her people; but she was too frail, I knew, to have done this work herself. Crichton must have helped her with it, and a shiver of dismay went through me when I saw how thoroughly and painstakingly he had set about the business. It struck me that he must have found pleasure in it, as though he were thinking, "It won't be long now. I'll soon have the place to myself."

I stood for a time watching the great seventh waves crashing over the reef. The ground trembled under the ceaseless impact, and the

roar of broken water was loud enough, one would think, to disturb even the profound repose of the dead. Crichton would be lying here eventually if he held fast to his voluntary exile. But that would be years hence. Meanwhile, supposing he were to go completely and permanently blind? The possibility must have presented itself to him often. Walking slowly back along the ocean beach, I again tried to persuade myself that it was my duty to go to him at once; to urge him to come away with us. His blindness gave me a good pretext. I could urge the need of his going to England or America for expert advice and treatment. Quickening my pace, I crossed the island to the lagoon beach, and, if I had been five minutes earlier, who can say what might have happened? Perhaps—but conjecturing is futile. What did happen was this: When I was within fifty yards of the house, that cock started crowing again as though it had been waiting all this while to warn Crichton of the return of his unwelcome guest. The shrill cry stopped me as effectively as a stone wall would have done. While I stood there, doubtful as to what I should do, Crichton himself emerged from the darkness of the veranda, walked down the steps, and groped among the bushes where the cock was roosting. He was lost to view for a moment, and when he reappeared I saw that he had the fowl under his arm. To my dismay he came down the beach directly toward me. I was standing in the shadow, against a tree. He passed so closely that I could have touched him, and he stopped not half a dozen paces distant. He was not now wearing the smoked glasses, and his eyes had a vacant, expressionless look. He stood for a moment gently stroking the bird; then speaking to it softly, in a half-bantering, half-aggrieved tone, "You shouldn't have made such an infernal racket," he said. "And just under my window, too! It isn't the first time either, and you know you've been warned. Now I'm going to punish you—a quite serious little punishment. You won't like it in the least."

With that he took the fowl firmly by the legs, one in each hand, and very slowly and deliberately tore it apart. I could plainly hear the smothered rending of the flesh. To say that it was a horrible sight is to say nothing at all, but more horrible still was the expression on Crichton's face. I shall not attempt to describe it. The cock gave one loud squawk, almost human in its quality of terror and pain, but Crichton soon silenced it. He bashed it again and again against the trunk of a tree until it was only a misshapen mass of bloody feathers. Then he threw it into the lagoon.

His bare chest and his face and hands were spattered with blood.

Having washed carefully, he dried his body with his pareu and sat down on the beach in such a position that he was turned half toward me with the moon shining full in his face. I would not venture to guess how long he sat thus, quite motionless, his eyes closed, as though he were deep in reverie. At last the shadow of a frown darkened his features and he said in a passionate half whisper,

"Why did you come? Did you think I was lonely?"

For two or three seconds I was convinced that he had spoken to me direct, conscious of my presence, and it was only the shock of astonishment that prevented me from giving myself away. But his air of complete self-absorption reassured me. It was plain that he thought himself alone.

"Ah, my friend!" he went on, "you are too kind! Too considerate by far! Your companionship—your conversation—oh! charming! No doubt! No doubt! But you will forgive a solitary man if he deprives himself—"

He broke off, and was again long silent, sitting with his arms crossed on his knees and his forehead resting against them. I was compelled to stand absolutely motionless. He could have heard the least sound I might have made. Finally, he raised his head wearily, and, speaking in a low, broken, heartsick voice, "I don't know what's to come," he said. "I don't know." A moment later he rose and walked slowly back to the house.

I never saw him again. Neither he nor the Mamma-Ruau appeared at the beach the following morning. I went out to the schooner with the first boatload of copra and, being dead tired after my all-night vigil, turned into my bunk and slept till late afternoon. When I came on deck we were headed westward and Tanao was only a faint bluish haze far to windward. Chan, the least inquisitive of men, asked no questions as to my stay ashore. In fact, as soon as we left the island it seemed to have dropped completely out of his thoughts.

But I was to hear of Crichton once more. It was at an island four hundred miles from his retreat. We stopped there for copra and spent one night at anchor in the lagoon, close to the village. Some natives had come aboard to yarn with the sailors. I was lying on deck, looking at the stars, paying little attention to their conversation until I heard Tanao mentioned.

One voice said, "Pupuré, the old woman calls him." (That was Crichton's native name.)

"Ah é!" (Ah yes!) replied a second voice. "*Tera popaa—tera taata haa-moé-hia.*" (That white man—that forgotten one.)





## Maki's Perfect Day

By CHARLES NORDHOFF, 1887-1947. Born in London of American parents, Charles Bernard Nordhoff was brought to the United States when he was three years old. After a boyhood spent chiefly in Philadelphia and in California, he attended Stanford University for one year and was graduated from Harvard. Subsequently he worked on a sugar plantation in Mexico and as a business man in California. In 1916 he joined the French Foreign Legion and became a pilot in the Lafayette Flying Corps along with his friend James Norman Hall. After the war, when he and Hall had written their first book together, *The Lafayette Flying Corps* (1920), the two friends "yielded to a long suppressed desire to sail for the South Pacific Ocean." They spent a year roaming through the islands and then settled down at Tahiti, both taking Polynesian wives. Making the South Seas their special literary province, they wrote in collaboration some of the best contemporary fiction of this region, including the famous *Bounty* trilogy, composed of *The Mutiny of the Bounty* (1932), *Men Against the Sea* (1934), and *Pitcairn's Island* (1934). Other books by Nordhoff and Hall that are set in the South Pacific are: *Faery Lands of the South Seas* (1921), *The Hurricane* (1935), *The Dark River* (1938), *No More Gas* (1940), *Botany Bay* (1941), and *The High Barbaree* (1945). Nordhoff, writing alone, published two South Sea tales for boys, *The Pearl Lagoon* (1924) and *The Derelict* (1928), besides some uncollected sketches and short stories in *Harper's Magazine* and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

**WE SIGHTED** the *Tanifa* one morning when I was strolling along the reef, just beyond the break of the sea. There was a little air from the west and an easy swell that reared as the water shoaled and raced forward to burst with prolonged roarings on the barrier. The smoke of the breakers, shot with prismatic sunlight, eddied overhead like rainbow gauze. My sport was finished, for the big fish cease to feed at sunrise and swim down to the crannies in the coral where they lurk throughout the day. The boat was headed for home. Old Monday, my native steersman, dozed at the wheel, and our one-cylinder engine chugged along with a rhythm so pleasantly monotonous that I found it hard to keep my eyes open. I was reeling in my line when I heard Monday's voice.

"A ship!" he announced; "and she's flying the British flag."

Out to the west, so far offshore that she was almost hull down, a schooner was approaching the land. Monday has only one eye, but it is worth a pair of ten-power binoculars. "She's the *Tanifa*," he went on, "bringing copra from the Cook Islands."

I was interested. The skipper of the *Tanifa* is one of the best friends I have in the South Seas, and his annual visit is an event. "Are you sure?" I asked. The old man glanced seaward once more. "Look at her forestaysail," he said in a voice that put an end to argument. "It is patched, and the patch is square. Last year I helped my nephew, the sailmaker, to repair that sail. Today, when you sit down to eat, your friend will be at the table with you."

Monday's prophecies are usually confined to weather, but in this case he made an accurate forecast of events. Three hours later the *Tanifa* lay at anchor in the lagoon, Captain O'Day had obtained pratique, and I had invited him to the eleven o'clock lunch of the tropics. We were to meet at a cafe on the waterfront, where an excellent meal may be had, though the menu never varies from day to day. The place is frequented by seafaring men from many parts of

Reprinted by permission of the author from *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1927.

the world, and by the brown ladies who share the joys and sorrows of their brief vacations ashore.

At half-past ten I sat down at a table and ordered a vermouth-cassis. The cafe was deserted at the hour, and old Van Schwink, the proprietor, sat reading in his rocking chair by the bar, raising his head from time to time to give an order to the China boys who were setting the tables for lunch. Monsieur Van Schwink is a Belgian; his small gray eyes twinkle on either side of a bulbous nose, pitted and fiery red. When he rose to greet me, with an old copy of an American weekly in his hand, he came tottering on short legs that seemed about to collapse under the weight of his great swaying paunch. A half-emptied glass of rum stood on the little table beside his chair. A liter a day—as he loves to remark to visiting countrymen of mine—keeps the doctor away. Certainly no one enjoys better health. I took his hand, large, white, and surprisingly firm.

“Good morning,” said Van Schwink, who wastes no words. “What will you have?”

“A vermouth-cassis.”

He gave me his smile of a professional host, turned his head to glance approvingly at the shipping on the lagoon and the stevedores working like ants among mounds of fat copra bags, and suddenly roared out as though he were addressing the entire waterfront, “Un vermouth-cassis, pour monsieur!” Two minutes later the Chinese barman set down on my table the tall frosted glass. The proprietor settled himself in his rocking chair with loud sighs and grunting sounds; the Chinaman, an old acquaintance, stood beside me till I had taken the first sip of his drink. Then one of the waiters laid the day’s menu before me, face down, and I closed my eyes, wondering whether I could recite its contents by heart, without a mistake. “Melon glacé—Fromage de tête—Foie sauté—Biftck aux pommes . . .” I had got as far as that when I heard my name pronounced native fashion, in a hesitating voice:

“Charlie!”

I opened my eyes. A small muscular Kanaka of forty or forty-five stood before me, a sailor’s white hat in his hand. His feet were bare and he wore a freshly laundered suit of drill; his face, brown as old mahogany, was pleasant and by no means weak.

“Me Maki,” he went on in some embarrassment. “You know me, Charlie, eh?”

I was doing my best to be polite, but for the moment the man and

his name meant nothing to me. My expression made him continue to explain.

"You know me! Five, six year now, you come Tairoa, come my house. Eat plenty pig. Sure! Old woman 'member you—bring hat, mat, basket! Me mate aboard *Tanifa* now . . ."

But I interrupted him by springing up to seize his hand. Maki—Tairoa— This was the man who had entertained and feasted me when I had visited his island years before. And my visit to Maki's atoll, where I had enjoyed his primitive hospitality, was a rich vein of memories. I clapped him on the back.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Sit down and we'll have a yarn. What do you want to drink?"

I recited what I could recall of Van Schwink's list of beverages, and when he had heard me out attentively, Maki announced that he thought a little rum would be very nice. While the Chinaman was filling his order he fumbled in his pocket, drew out an old tobacco tin, and set it on the table.

"Pearls," he said, lapsing easily into his own tongue, which I understand when not spoken too fast. "I think I shall give them to you." The waiter handed him his glass; he dried it at a single gulp, wiped the saucer, opened the tin, and rolled out from their cotton nest a dozen or fifteen really handsome pearls.

"I'll accept one with pleasure," I told him; "but you must sell the rest. They're worth a lot of money."

Maki shook his head.

"*Kare e pekapeka!*" he protested—a phrase which might be rendered: "That makes no difference." "No," he went on, "I want to give them to you. Why not? You have invited me to drink rum with you, and the rum is good. I think I would like another glass."

At that moment I heard a hail in a rich hearty voice. Maki sprang to his feet and stood at attention as his captain pulled out a chair and sat down. Seeing him in his shoregoing suit of pongee, smart white shoes, and Panama hat, a stranger might perceive nothing formidable about Jerry O'Day; but a glance at his chest and shoulders, when the sailors sluice buckets of salt water over him of a morning, would make any man think twice about starting a fight. The equatorial sun has burned his face to a shade of mahogany nearly as dark as Maki's; his eyes are blue, and his vitality bracing as the salt air. He glanced down at his mate's tobacco tin.

"Showing you his pearls, eh? Nice lot."

I smiled.

"He wants to make me a present of them."

"Take 'em," advised O'Day; "they won't do him any good." He turned for a quizzical look at the native standing behind his chair. "He's my mate now, and a good one, too. But a first-class fool when he gets on the booze. You'll see. We can't start unloading till morning, so I told him to have a run ashore and get it off his chest. And his old woman's aboard; there'll be some fun when he comes out tonight!"

The dapper figure of Sikorsky, the pearl buyer, came through the doorway. He bowed as he passed us and took his place at the table where he had lunched every day for years. An idea came to me.

"See here," I said to the skipper, "tell Maki I'll accept one of his pearls, if he wants, and that I can sell the balance for him to Sikorsky yonder." O'Day spoke to his mate in fluent Maori; the native turned to me with a reluctant nod.

Five minutes later I was back at our table with Sikorsky's check for a hundred pounds. The ink was still fresh, and O'Day waved the slip of paper back and forth before he spoke. "This is no good to Maki," he remarked. "We'll get him some money he can spend. Eh, Van Schwink!" he bawled, swinging about in his chair, "what's the exchange today—what'll you give me for pounds?" The place was filling; there was a buzz of voices and a din and clatter of plates, but the answer came booming back from the rocking chair by the bar, "A hundred and forty!"

When Maki left us, grown garrulous with the effects of wealth and a third glass of rum, his pockets contained bills amounting to fourteen thousand francs.

Maki left our table, where the skipper's presence forbade his sitting down to enjoy himself, but he got no farther than the bar, a few yards away. A crowd of native sailors and three or four unshaven white men were drinking there and, as he ordered a rum for himself, Maki waved his hand in a gesture which invited the company to join him in a glass. The company, and especially the three or four whites who made a vocation of waiting for hospitable strangers, accepted with alacrity. Glasses were filled, chairs pulled up to a large round table and, at a sign from Van Schwink, a waiter handed one of the beachcombers an accordion. No man knows better than the Belgian the virtues of music at such a time. The player struck up an

ute, a native song of a decidedly secular kind, and above the burst of laughter that followed I heard Maki's voice, shouting for more drinks and inviting his new friends to join him at lunch.

Everyone in the place now knew that Maki had sold his pearls and how much Sikorsky had paid for them, and other eyes had watched the transaction from the street. I had noticed a young woman parading up and down outside the door and had seen her halt to peer in through the latticework as O'Day handed the bundle of French money to his mate. I knew her by sight, for she was the prettiest of the waterfront girls, a slim young Marquesan named Tahia. She wore satin slippers with high heels, a loose frock of scarlet silk, and a wreath of scented gardenias on her head. Her beautiful hair, gathered in a rope thicker than a man's arm, hung below her waist. Tahia looks no more than seventeen, her eyes are large, dark, and childish, and her lips curve in innocent smiles; but she and Messalina would understand each other very well indeed.

As Maki shouted his invitations Tahia entered the cafe, passed our table, and stood looking in at the revellers by the bar. O'Day was grinning. "Now watch the fun!" he said. Turning at his suggestion, I saw Van Schwink raise his head and give the girl a barely perceptible encouraging nod. Shortchanging and deception of all kinds are unknown in his establishment, but music and feminine company give the spender legitimate aid. Tahia was only waiting for the proprietor's nod. She stepped forward, moving with unaffected languid grace, passed the round table where her frock almost brushed Maki's arm, walked to the bar and ordered herself a lemon squash. The white accordion-player on Maki's right nudged him as the girl passed. . . . The Van Schwink system was now well under way. The mate stared after Tahia as though he had never seen a pretty girl before and, to do her justice, she possesses a grace and an air of refinement not to be found among the darker, coarser, and more primitive women of Maki's land. This slender girl from another island group appealed to him and, after the same manner of his race, he wasted no time. "What is her name?" I heard him ask the musician. Then he called to her:

"Tahia! Tahia O!" She turned slowly, with a look of startled innocence so well done that Maki was a little abashed.

"Come and sit down with us," he went on lamely. "When we have eaten I'll buy plenty of champagne."

Van Schwink sat rocking gently in his chair, hands folded on his

paunch as he watched these proceedings with a fatherly eye. The girl nodded, gave Maki a smile, and carried her glass to the round table, where a place was made for her at her host's side. O'Day chuckled as he turned to the plate of salad before him. "When he comes aboard tonight," he remarked, "Maki won't have the price of a beer!"

We lingered for an hour or two over cups of Van Schwink's excellent coffee, smoking and exchanging yarns. As the restaurant emptied, the sounds from Maki's table became more and more exuberant. Finally chairs were pushed back, the musician struck up the rhythmic and monotonous air of the native dance, and we turned again to watch the fun. Tahia was dancing while the company furnished the chorus of "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" in time to clapping hands. Maki clapped louder than anyone else; he was obviously enchanted, when the girl paused before his chair, fluttering her hands and swaying in a manner more graceful than decorous, he could contain himself no longer. He sprang up and began to dance with tremendous vigor opposite her, while his guests cheered. Then the dancers stopped, perspiring and breathing fast, and I heard Maki, in the course of a rapid exchange of remarks with Tahia, use the word "Motaka," pronounced with a strong accent on the last syllable. Even in Polynesia, the motorcar ministers to the old trio of wine, women, and song. The girl passed our table with a nod and a smile and walked away rapidly towards the market place. Presently a large, red, shiny automobile, piloted by a grinning native boy, drew up with a screeching of brakes, and Tahia descended from the rear seat. Van Schwink's waiters trotted back and forth with blocks of ice and armfuls of champagne: four or five of Maki's guests—among whom the white accordion-player was conspicuous—climbed aboard; at last, after a prolonged and costly reckoning, Maki appeared with an arm about Tahia's waist, and the car drove off melodiously. Van Schwink, standing in the doorway, turned heavily to O'Day.

"Good spenders, your Cook Island boys!" he remarked with approval. "Well, gentlemen, it's time for my siesta. Ah Ching will look after you."

I was to dine aboard the schooner that night, and at five o'clock, while I was waiting for the boat to come ashore, I strolled past the door of Van Schwink's cafe. The red automobile was outside, and Maki, a good deal the worse for a hard afternoon, stood on a table by the bar. He held a roll of hundred-franc notes in his hand, and was



directing with enormous gusto the formation of a line composed of clients of the cafe. As the news of what was going on spread about the waterfront, the clients increased almost as fast as the line passed Maki, for each man was receiving a hundred-franc note as his turn came. But though the combined forces of Tahia and Van Schwink could not work fast enough for his taste, Maki had by no means lost his head. I saw him catch a Chinaman who was attempting to repeat, and change the celestial's look of innocence to a grin of shame. Then I heard O'Day's sailors hail me from the boat, and stepped aboard to be pulled out to the *Tanifa*.

The captain was having a bath and a change, so I strolled forward to shake hands with the cook, an acquaintance of long standing. Standing by the galley door, I felt a touch on my arm, and turned to greet a motherly brown woman of middle age, who took my hand with tears in her eyes. She was Madame Maki, and the tears meant no more than that she was glad to see me. Presently she was all smiles.

"Come along to the forecabin," she suggested. "I have some little gifts for you, and I want you to see all the things Maki has sent out today! Silk dresses, a sewing machine, and a phonograph for me; beautiful black shoes and a guitar inlaid with mother-of-pearl for himself! Three times a canoe has come out loaded with the things he has bought. Such a good husband!"

The cook stepped out of his galley for a breath of air. He glanced shoreward and turned suddenly to catch my eye, pointing and grimacing behind Madame Maki's back. Then I saw the cause of his gestures and realized that disaster was at hand.

Maki had thrown overboard the final vestiges of discretion—lost his head at last. He was paddling himself out to the ship in a small canoe, and Tahia—young, pretty, and blithely crowned with flowers—sat facing him in the bow. It was too late for any pretext to get his wife below; I stood helpless while the clouds of inevitable tragedy gathered thick and black. Mrs. Maki turned, saw what we saw, and bounded to the rail. One look at Tahia was enough.

"Who is that woman?" she shouted in a voice which implied that no conceivable answer would do the least good. Her husband made no reply, but what he did next was more effective than words. The canoe was drifting close to the schooner's side, and there, under the eyes of his wife, he stood up precariously, took Tahia in his arms, and gave her a prolonged kiss. Then he clambered aboard, helped by the cook, and Tahia headed the canoe for shore. She is no fool.

Madame Maki wasted no words on her husband. She ran straight to the forecastle and began to throw shoes, armfuls of dress goods, phonographs, sewing machines, and other valuables into the sea. When Maki reached her, after a zigzag broken by caroms against the bulwarks and the mast, the beautiful black shoes had just taken wing, and his wife was splintering the inlaid guitar against the samson post. Maki burst into tears.

"Dog!" he sobbed. "Red dog! You have broken my guitar! . . . Now I shall kill you!"

He made a rush at her, and she eluded him nimbly. But Maki was grimly in earnest. At last he cornered her in a cul-de-sac of copra bags by the chain plates. Before he could lay hands on her she was climbing the stays. Up the port side she went, down the starboard, and across the deck, ready to go aloft again as soon as her panting husband reached the rail. He had no breath to waste on words, and she took advantage of the interim to deliver a by-no-means-soothing monologue in a voice that might have been heard a quarter of a mile away. Then Captain O'Day appeared, bathed, shaven, and clad in spotless white.

"What's the trouble? Stop that damned row!"

Maki had reached the deck, and the sight of the skipper halted his fruitless chase. He waited a moment to catch his breath, approached unsteadily, and stood at attention before O'Day.

"Captain," he said respectfully in his own tongue, "I am very sad! I have spent all my money and that woman has broken my new guitar and thrown my black shoes into the sea! And I cannot catch her—she climbs like a rat! I want to fight. . . . Will you fight?"

O'Day sighed, stripped off his coat, handed it to the cook, and rolled up the sleeves of his fresh white shirt. "I won't hurt him much," he informed me, "just a little something to put him to sleep."

Perceiving that the captain was ready, Maki crouched menacingly, arms sawing the air. O'Day waited with smiling eyes, watched his moment, and delivered what looked like a playful uppercut to the jaw. His fist seemed to move no more than six inches, but the mate's head flew back and he collapsed on the deck, breathing through his nose. My friend examined the knuckles of his right hand critically, rolled down his sleeves, and took his coat from the cook. "Throw a bucket of water over him," he ordered; "he'll be all right in a little while."

The cook was about to obey when Mrs. Maki seized his arm. She seemed to have undergone a sudden and complete change. "Stop!"

she commanded defiantly. "First you take my husband ashore and give him money; then you nearly kill him because he is drunk! And now you would throw water over him as though he were a dead hog! Go away, all of you! Leave him to me!" She stooped to touch his bruised and already discolored jaw, went down on her knees, and suddenly melted into tears, wailing as the natives wail over the dead.

"Aue! O Maki iti e!"

O'Day shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Last word to the ladies," he said. "Come aft and shake up a cocktail before we eat."

The *Tanifa* sailed a couple of days later. She was posted to leave at one o'clock, and at eleven that morning I was once more at my table in Van Schwink's, waiting for the captain to join me at lunch. We were not to meet again for a year. Glancing up from some wine the boy had just set before me, I saw Maki standing in the doorway, gazing wistfully at the bottle. We have no single word in English which describes the look in his eyes, but in this respect his own language is richer than ours, for it contains one short vocable defined by the old Wesleyan lexicographers as: "The wistful, longing expression of a dog's eyes as it watches its master eat." Eating, however, was not uppermost in Maki's thoughts.

He approached me without assurance. In his working clothes and with a conspicuous purple bruise on his jaw, he was not the same man as the Maki who had danced with Tahia, chartered motor cars, and bought armfuls of champagne. He shook hands listlessly and looked hard at my bottle of wine.

"Ah, wine," he remarked, "I don't care for wine—not much, that is. But the rum you gave me that day was good. I would buy some if I had any money!"

There was no resisting the pathos in his voice. I ordered a quart of rum, poured out half a tumbler, and told Maki to keep the rest for himself. He tossed off his glass. His eye brightened; when he spoke there was a firmer note in his voice.

"Now I must go aboard," he announced. "Good-by, Charlie! We'll be back next year. I'll have plenty more pearls by that time!"

■

## **At Home in Puka-Puka**

By ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE, 1896–1948. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Frisbie tried various occupations, including newspaper reporting, in various parts of the United States. Following service in the army during the first World War, like his friends Nordhoff and Hall he sailed for the South Seas. Then after a random life in Tahiti and neighboring islands he settled down as a resident trader at Danger Island, or Puka-Puka, an out-of-the-way atoll in the Cook Group. This island, his life there, and his native friends have provided the material for most of his writing. His books are *The Book of Puka-Puka* (1929), *My Tahiti* (1937), *Mr. Moonlight's Island* (1939), *The Island of Desire* (1944), *Amaru* (1945), and *Dawn Sails North* (1949).

I AM a South Sea trader on the atoll of Puka-Puka, or Danger Island, to give it its English name. If you search carefully on a chart of the Pacific along a line drawn from Lima, Peru, to Cape York, the most northerly point on the Australian mainland, you should find the island, a dot smaller than a flyspeck. Perhaps the dot doesn't appear to the naked eye; in that case, if you still wonder where the island may be, intersect the first line with a second running from San Francisco to the northwest cape of New Zealand, and a third traversing that mighty waste of waters from Wenchow, on the coast of China, to Cape Horn. Very near to the spot where the three lines cross, either you will find Danger Island or you will not, depending on whether the hydrographer thought it worth while marking on his chart such an insignificant crumb of land. In any case you will agree, I think, that the place where the island should be is a sufficiently lonely one.

## I

Danger Island comprises three small islets threaded on a reef six or seven miles in circumference, which encloses a lagoon so beautifully clear that one can see the strange forests of coral to a depth of ten fathoms. The islets are little more than banks of sand and bleached coral where coconut palms and pandanus and puka trees break momentarily the steady sweep of the trade wind. On the outer beaches a few grotesque gale-twisted trees survive both the poverty of the soil and the depredations of the Puka-Pukans, who lop off their branches to make drums, popguns, coffins for dead babies, and poles on which to hang spirit charms.

But when a hurricane comes hundreds of trees are destroyed, and the little Puka-Pukan houses are blown away like so many card castles. Everything goes then—drums, popguns, coffins, spirit charms, and sometimes a man or two, whirled high in air with his household gods to be carried to Maroroyi, the legendary land of the departed. At

Copyright, 1928, by Robert Dean Frisbie. Reprinted by permission of the author.

such times the natives scramble up the stoutest coconut palms, hack off the fronds not already blown away, and roost among the frond butts until the storm shrieks itself out and the seas subside.

But for years on end Puka-Puka is untroubled with great storms. Then the weeks and months slip serenely by, their monotony broken only by the yearly arrival of Captain Viggo's schooner, the *Tiare*, from Rarotonga, bringing me my trade goods: perfume, talcum powder, rolls of green and red ribbon, all-day suckers, lemon drops, firecrackers, paper balloons, Japanese kites, tin whistles, marbles, and suchlike necessities of life. For these the natives are glad to exchange their worthless copra, which is only good for making coconut oil.

The trading station is a two-story building made of blocks of chipped coral. There are two large rooms below for the store and two above for living quarters, opening to verandas both front and back. The front veranda overlooks the road and the central village, with the schoolhouse directly opposite and the church a little to the right. The back veranda faces the lagoon and is so close to the water's edge that when I sit there, cooled by the trade wind, I can easily imagine that I am living on an otherwise uninhabited island. Now and then, to be sure, the silence is broken by a sleepy voice, the crowing of a cock, or the monotonous drumming on coconut shells of the village children, but these are such familiar sounds that often I am no more aware of them than of the wind humming through the palm fronds.

At night I prefer sitting on my front veranda, where I can see the villagers passing to and fro, for on this topsy-turvy little island the people sleep in the daytime and wake at sunset. Then they stumble drowsily into the lagoon for a bath and, having thus refreshed themselves, start the day's activities. Fishermen put out in canoes, some with torches and nets for flying fish, others with spears for the lobsters and parrot fish of the reef. Fires or coconut shells cast grotesque shadows among the groves, and groups of chattering natives stroll up and down the village street as they have done from time immemorial. Now and then I will hear a ripple of laughter and turning my head, I see eyes peeking over the floor of the veranda. The native youngsters never tire of shinning up the veranda posts for a near view of the strange white man. The moment they are detected they let go and fall—thump, thump, thump—to the ground, rushing off in the darkness with whoops of delight.

When a young Puka-Pukan feels that he has grown to manhood, he simply has to let off steam, and one method of doing this is to walk with his friends through the villages, stopping before every other house to make a speech. One of these young village bucks is Tihoti (George), a youth of seventeen. He and his crowd of satellites often stop before my house. George wears a heavy British army overcoat and a bowler hat which Captain Viggo once gave him. Although the temperature at Puka-Puka never drops below seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, George is never seen on these dress occasions without his British "warm." He addresses me thus:—

"*Noo akaleilei kotou kia akalongo i toku tara-tara!* Sit down prettily, you people, and listen to my speech! I, Tihoti, being a man of the village of Yato, son of the exceptional man whose name is Abraham, and of the woman from the village of Ngake whom everybody knows to be the daughter of Ura, chief of police and deacon of the church—I, Tihoti, take it upon myself to inform you of the new talk that has come to my ears. I have heard that a white man has come to this island and that he is called Ropati (Robert), so I lose no time in warning him to keep his pigs tied up and not to steal taro from me, my father, my mother, or any of my relatives. I further warn the man, Ropati, not to steal taro, chickens, or coconuts from any of my friends; but if he is lazy and must steal from someone, let him steal from my enemies."

"I, Tihoti, must also warn this person, Ropati, that the young women of this island are dear to the hearts of me and my friends, and if—" But at this point George becomes altogether too outspoken and explicit to permit of translation. At length, when he is out of breath, his friends gather round him and they all grunt an obscene but amusing chant peculiar to the island. Then they all laugh uproariously and go on to another house for further speechmaking.

## II

The three settlements on Puka-Puka are called Ngake, Roto, and Yato. The first means Windward, the second Central, and the third Leeward. There are also, as I have said, three islets on the Danger Island reef, each village owning one. Central Village, being the sleepiest of the three, has contented itself with Puka-Puka Islet, from which the atoll derives its name.

Leeward Village owns Frigate Bird Islet. It is the smallest of the

three, but valuable because of the thousands of sea birds that nest there. There is also a fine tract of guano, where grow limes, oranges, breadfruit, and mummy apples. Nearly every month the Leeward Villagers go to Frigate Bird, scramble up the great puka trees, and rob the nests of fat young sea birds.

At first I could not eat a frigate bird, a booby, or a shearwater, but after a few months at Puka-Puka I tried one of these birds broiled over coconut-shell coals, and I have never since missed an opportunity for such a feast. In a civilized country where one has an abundance of fresh meat, the thought of a frigate-bird meal would, perhaps, be abhorrent; but on an atoll where the weekly chicken and the monthly pig make the sum total of fresh meat, an ancient man-of-war hawk seems as succulent as would a squab at home.

Windward Village owns the large islet of Ko, which produces more copra than the other two together; but there is little taro on Ko, and for some unaccountable reason the sea birds shun it.

Despite their system of village land ownership, the Puka-Pukans all share alike. Theirs is, I imagine, one of the few examples on earth of a successful communistic government. There is no private ownership of land other than the tracts upon which the houses are built, and even in this case the land really belongs to the villages, which give the residents unlimited lease to live thereon.

When the villagers move for a few weeks on their respective islets, the coconuts are gathered, stacked in their temporary village, and then equally divided among the men and women, a small share being reserved for the children. The nuts are then opened and the meat dried into copra, which is pooled and sold to my store. The money received is either divided equally among the villagers or used to purchase clothing, tobacco, tin whistles, and marbles, which are divided. Likewise, when it is found that the puka trees are full of young birds, the men catch them and the same division takes place. The fishing, too, is managed in this manner.

The general direction of the work rests with the fathers of the villages, who belong to an organization called the Company (Kamupani). They meet once a month, or oftener, to deliberate on community activities.

The Puka-Pukans all belong to the same church. They call it "Zion." Every Sunday morning Puru (Husks), the Leeward Village policeman, beats the tom-tom to announce the service, whereupon all the inhabitants don their most highly prized finery and throng



forth Zionward—all of them except old William, the heathen, who has never yet been cajoled into joining the church.

King-of-the-Sky is usually the first to appear. He is a huge, grizzle-haired old man, six feet four, and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds, all solid bone and muscle. He is dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and trousers made of a cloth of vivid green, the shade of green used for billiard-table cloth. The coat is double breasted, with two rows of large brass buttons, eight to a row. Beneath it appears the mighty hairy chest of King-of-the-Sky, for what cares he for such trifles as shirts, collars, or neckties?

Scratch-Woman wears a black lace dress which was probably discarded by the wife of some ancient trading skipper, thrown overboard, perhaps, close to Puka-Puka reef, and salvaged by an ancestor of Scratch-Woman to be forever treasured by his female descendants. She also wears a pair of men's striped socks, and her huge feet are squeezed into a pair of ancient high-heeled shoes. She walks churchward lifting her feet high and putting them down carefully, having learned through experience that gravelly ground makes precarious footing on Sundays.

George, grandson of the redoubtable Ura, wears his British army overcoat with his bowler hat set at a rakish angle. His feet are shod in brogues that would do credit to a colored minstrel. Now and then he draws a yard-square Turkey-red bandana from his pocket to mop his face and neck. A British warm is hardly necessary in latitude ten-fifty south, but what is a little discomfort to a man convinced that he is the best-dressed individual on Puka-Puka?

Ears (Taringa) has somehow assembled an almost complete golfer's costume. He has checked knickerbockers, striped woolen stockings, a golfer's cap, but, alas! no brogues. Therefore he must walk to Zion in his stocking feet, and many such journeys have, of course, told sadly on the stockings. His huge toes and calloused heels are indecently displayed among ragged shreds of yarn.

Dear old Mama, the wife of heathen William, never fails to wear her ancient bedgown, from which hang shreds of lace sewn there, perhaps, by some bride of fifty years ago. On her head she wears the crown of William's straw hat. True lovers she and William must have been years ago when William acquired the hat, giving her the crown and reserving only the brim for himself.

Ura, chief of police and deacon of the church, comes in a commodore's coat, decorated with epaulettes and an abundance of tar-

nished brass braid. It was a present to his father from the commander of one of Her Britannic Majesty's ships which visited Puka-Puka in the eighteen-eighties.

So it goes. The Puka-Puka church parade is the most heterogeneous display of rags and tags of castoff clothing that may be seen anywhere outside of bedlam. Once, when Captain Viggo was viewing it with me, he said: "What have the missionaries not done to the natives with their eternal harping on the necessity of covering the sinful body! Here we see the result. They have organized a Sabbath-day procession of scarecrows and buffoons!"

Sometimes I too go to church. I wait until Sea Foam, the preacher, walks pompously past, wearing his bandmaster hat and celluloid collar; then I put on my Sunday coat of white drill and follow him into Zion.

The service is much as it is at home: there are prayers, hymns, and a sermon, but here the hymns are sung with Polynesian gusto, interlarded with grunts from the young fry and piercing counter-melodies sung by one or another of the village virtuosos. After many hymns have been sung, Sea Foam clears his throat and begins:

"Members of this church of Zion, young men, old men, deacons, Christians—health to us! This is the word of God as it is written in the Tabu Book. It says that the birth of Jesus was like this: When Mary was betrothed to Joseph he did not know that she was with child, but later Mary told him of this. Of course Joseph, being only a foolish white man, was very angry and called her many bad names. But the angel of God appeared to him and said that Mary had spoken the truth when she said that she was with child and still a virgin. This child, the angel said, would be a Son of God and would bring the Church to the children of these islands and also to the white men.

"God was right when He gave His child to a virgin to bear, for do you think that any hard woman like you women here could have borne him? Of course we children of the islands do not know how such a thing could happen; but it is so written in the Tabu Book and therefore it is the truth."

Sea Foam rumbles and rambles on, filling an hour with his profound theological speculations. My interest occasionally wanes before he reaches the end of his sermon, and I lean back against a post, staring at the great thatched roof. It must contain at least ten thousand square feet of pandanus thatch, each sheaf being laid with mathematical precision and bound to coconut-wood plating with

fine native sennit. The various supports, rafters, braces, and plates are made of pandanus of a rich oily brown. Gazing at this roof supported with beautifully smoothed and polished posts, one might think this a sylvan cathedral where hamadryads came to dance. I close my eyes and see *Syrinx* being chased by *Pan*, *Daphne* by *Apollo*, but such visions fade when the congregation roars "*Saints of God, the Dawn Is Brightening*," in the native tongue.

When we come forth we are horrified as usual to find that old *Mama's* heathen husband, after sleeping all the week, has wakened just in time to chop wood of a Sunday morning. After the crowd has dispersed I beckon old *William* into the store and we discuss all sorts of matters over a bottle of my island-brewed ale.

I found the *Puka-Pukan* language easy to learn, for all the *Polynesian* tongues are allied, and before I came to the island I had a fair knowledge of *Tahitian*, *Rarotongan*, and two or three other dialects of the *Maori* speech. In three months' time I could speak the language with considerable fluency, but for a year or more I had difficulty in following conversations between natives when they slurred their words, or expressed themselves in obscure *Puka-Pukan* metaphors.

The chief difficulty was in distinguishing between homonymous words, which usually have a subtle analogy, such as the word *ara*, for example. It was *Peni*, my store boy, who first pointed out to me that the word means both "to sin" and "to waken"; for, he explained, "is it not a sin to waken someone who is deep in slumber and very likely in the midst of pleasant dreams?"

Once *Puka-Pukan* was acquired, there was little for me to do in my leisure hours,—and they are many,—so I devoted myself to reading. Often I read all day long, day after day, with scarcely an interruption. Here, at last, I have read the books I have long promised myself to read: *Pepys*, *Casanova*, *Swinburne*, *Borrow*, *Mungo Park*, *John Stow*, *Sterne*, *Conrad*, *Pierre Loti*, many others. I had a regular *Swinburnian* orgy, and for weeks my head swam with his "*Hendecasyllabics*."

In the month of the long decline of roses  
I, beholding the summer dead before me,  
Set my face to the sea and journeyed silent.

I have a library of a thousand volumes at *Puka-Puka*, and the natives, knowing no other book than the Bible, take it for granted that all my books are Bibles of a sort. A few of the more intelligent

ones realize that some of these Bibles are different, containing, perhaps, stories of Noah and Abraham not thought proper for Puka-Puka readers.

I occasionally relate to them the Hellenic myths, the traditions of King Arthur, stories from the *Arabian Nights*, or one of Grimm's fairy tales. They listen with deep interest, and some old man is sure to ask why this story was left out of the Puka-Puka Bible.

### III

As I have said, Puka-Puka is a drowsy little island. The greater part of the inhabitants reverse the usual order of things by going to bed at dawn and rising at sunset. For this reason it was necessary for the Reverend Mr. Johns, the missionary who occasionally visits the island, to insist that no child of school age should sleep between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m. During these hours Sea Foam teaches the children to read the Bible, while his assistant, Tamata (Try-It), vainly attempts to initiate them into some of the mysteries of arithmetic.

School opens with one hundred and twenty-odd children lined up before the schoolhouse. Sea Foam and Try-It, a tall, gloomy-faced individual reminding one of the immortal Ichabod, march down the line examining hair and faces, and when, as usually happens, there are evidences of uncleanness the culprits are sent down to the lagoon to wash. When they reach the lagoon, the children of course wade in, not having any clothes to get wet, and they have such a happy time splashing and ducking one another that they forget all about school. Sea Foam sees no more of them that day.

Following inspection comes a quarter of an hour of calisthenics, an innovation of the Reverend Mr. Johns. Parents look perplexedly on while their children go through the motions with grunts and sighs. "Vuni—tooi—treei!" cries Sea Foam, giving them the time for the movements.

Sometimes Sea Foam takes a nap in the schoolhouse,—in fact, he frequently does,—whereupon all the children go home, and when the parson wakes he finds that the sun is setting. He tucks his Bible under his arm and strolls down the village street, stopping at the store to have a chat with me. Schoolteaching, he informs me solemnly, is a great burden. Often his whole day is taken up with the business of searching out suitable texts and stories for the children to learn.

Try-It's classes are held in a small thatched hut adjoining the more pretentious coral-lime schoolhouse. It is open at the sides; the children sit cross-legged on the floor, and coconut logs are used for benches. Here Try-It instructs the youngsters in their ABC's, and attempts to hammer the science of numbers into their heads by singsong repetitions of "One times one is one, one times two is two," and so forth.

One morning I looked on secretly at one of Try-It's sessions. It was a very warm day; the faintest possible breeze fanned the cheeks of his charges and caressed his own stubbly jowls. Try-It, with his back to the children, stared vacantly across the lagoon. Perhaps he was thinking; possibly not. The singsong of the children died away to silence. Several youngsters stole quietly out; others curled up on the ground and fell asleep.

Try-It dug his hand into his overalls pocket and drew forth a mouth organ. Putting it to his lips, he breathed out sleepy strains. A little tot in the back row stood up to do a dance in time to the music, while others clapped their hands, but in a few moments everyone was asleep but the schoolmaster. He played on. I could see his long bony legs doing a sort of dance beneath the table. Presently his head began to nod, his arms dropped to his side.

By that time I too had become so drowsy that it was all I could do to stumble across the road into the store. Peni, my store boy, was snoring on the counter. In the corner old William and his crony, Bones, had fallen asleep over a game of checkers. The village street was blazing in the sunlight, and not a soul to be seen the length of it. I went upstairs and stretched out in my steamer chair, intending to read for a few moments, but the book fell from my hands before I had reached the end of the first paragraph. It's a busy life we Puka-Pukans lead.

One evening, after his hard day's work at the schoolhouse, Sea Foam called at the store. I could see that he had some request to make, for his bearing was both dignified and obsequious. It was like this, he explained: The Reverend Mr. Johns was expected to visit the island by return of Captain Viggo's schooner, and Sea Foam wished to make a fine showing in the school. He remembered that on Rarotonga the school children often sang certain patriotic songs in English, which greatly pleased the missionaries. Now if I would consent to teach the Puka-Puka children some such song, Sea Foam would esteem it a great favor.

I readily agreed, and entered the schoolhouse the next morning

just as lessons were beginning. I wrote the verses of "God Save the King" on the blackboard and then had the children repeat the lines of the first stanza after me. They quickly memorized it, although they were ignorant of the import. In three days' time they had memorized the three stanzas.

Then I began to teach them the air. I played it over and over on my accordion, singing to my own accompaniment. When I thought I had it well impressed upon their minds I rose, swung my hands bandmaster fashion, and said: "One, two, three, sing!"

Good Lord! I soon realized that I might as well try to teach them *Parsifal*. However, for a month I persevered and for a month completely failed to din the melody into their heads. They simply could not grasp it, but must chant the words in their own guttural manner, with grunts and weird arpeggios. I then tried various other songs: "The Wearing of the Green," "Hail Columbia," "Marching Through Georgia," but the result was the same.

After two months of intermittent effort I decided to give up the business. But one evening I chanced to pick up my accordion and finger the keys idly, singing to myself. My friends paid little attention, for American or European music nearly always bores the Puka-Pukans unless it be a song they themselves have adopted and completely transformed for their own use. I went on from one song to another as they happened to come to me, and presently found myself singing the rollicking old slavers' chantey, "It's Time for Us to Go."

A quick run to the south we had, and when we made the bight,  
We kept the offing all day long and crossed the bar at night.  
Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy we did stow,  
And when we'd clapped the hatches on 'twas time for us to go.

Time for us to go,  
Time for us to go,  
And when we'd clapped the hatches on  
'Twas time for us to go.

Old William pricked up his ears and Peni leaned forward to mumble something vaguely like "Time for us to go." And to my astonishment Little Sea hummed the air without a mistake.

Instantly the thought came to me that this was the song to teach the school children. It had a fine swing to it and the air was one they

could master. The next morning I returned to the schoolhouse, and a day or two later I had one hundred and twenty children lustily singing:

Time for us to go  
Time for us to go,  
When the money's out and the liquor's done,  
Why, it's time for us to go.

I have since had certain prickings of conscience because of this affair, for when the Reverend Mr. Johns came and Sea Foam had the children rise to greet him with this old slavers' chantey, the missionary was very much upset. I have a warm spot in my heart for the Reverend: he is a truly good man, though somewhat narrow-minded. He knew, of course, that I had taught the children this sinful song, but he never once reproached me. He merely told Sea Foam, later, that he was pleased to find the children learning English so rapidly, but on the whole he believed it would be better for them to learn no more secular songs. Perhaps it was preferable for them to continue with their hymns, "Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow!" and "Bringing in the Sheaves," in the native tongue.

#### IV

When I first came to Puka-Puka, the house on the west side of the trading station was occupied by Old Man Breadfruit, his wife, and family. One of his children was a tall thin lad named Wail-of-Woe, who was given this name because at the time of his birth neighbors were wailing over the body of a dead baby. Thus most native names are acquired. A man may be called Sickness, because of some illness in the family at the time of his birth, or Many Fish, in honor of a record catch of albacore.

As I have said, Wail-of-Woe was thin. He coughed frequently, and I soon realized that he was consumptive—in other words, doomed, for I have never known a Puka-Pukan to survive tuberculosis. Two thirds of the deaths on the island are caused by this disease.

Nevertheless Wail-of-Woe began to think of marriage and soon found the girl of his heart, Sun-Eater, the unwieldy daughter of Rock Grouper. My first intimation of the match was when Rock Grouper came into my store to spend a carefully hoarded bag of

money on trousers, shirt, arm bands, red necktie, green hat-ribbon, a bottle of perfume, and a pair of Boston garters for his prospective son-in-law. It is the island custom for the bride's relatives to clothe the groom for the marriage, while the groom's relatives deck out the bride. Later in the day Breadfruit and his kin came to purchase a great quantity of finery for Sun-Eater: ribbons, calico, Jap lace, Swiss embroidery, and yards and yards of white muslin.

On the day of the wedding all the villagers gathered in the road to see the bride and groom pass churchward. Wail-of-Woe walked ahead, very stiff and self-conscious in all his new clothes and some borrowed ones as well. His red necktie and the green ribbon wound many times around Tihoti's bowler hat were very conspicuous, almost as much so as his Boston garters, which had been attached outside the legs of his trousers. As there were no socks to support, the ends flapped against his bony legs. He had also borrowed Abel's wonderful squeaking shoes.

Sun-Eater walked a modest distance behind, her comfortable girth increased by ten yards of muslin dress and a dozen chemises and petticoats borrowed from her friends. The skirts of her dress dragged on the ground, and so many ruffles had been attached here and there that only her chubby face and the tips of her fingers were visible. Perched on top of her head was a pandanus-leaf hat of native manufacture, decorated with innumerable ribbons and streamers, including two old red-and-black typewriter ribbons I had contributed.

All of us then followed to the church, and after Sea Foam had married them Wail-of-Woe and his wife repaired to Breadfruit's house, where they sat stiffly on a mat placed before the door.

Then began the most important part of the wedding-day ceremonies. With a loud whoop, Rock Grouper, the bride's father, rushed from his house across the street with an old patched singlet in one hand and two yards of dungaree in the other. Stopping before the married pair, he did an extemporaneous dance to the accompaniment of a weird song. Then, holding the singlet and the dungaree aloft, he shouted: "This is a day of great sadness! Gaze at these, O people of Puka-Puka! A new singlet which cost me twelve shillings [I had sold it to him six months before for three], and all thrown away on this good-for-nothing, ugly imbecile, Wail-of-Woe!"

Here Wail-of-Woe nodded his head sympathetically as though in full agreement with his father-in-law. With another whoop Rock Grouper continued:



"This marriage is none of my doing! I have been against it from the first! For years I have refused to let my fine fat daughter marry this ne'er-do-well. Look at her, people of Puka-Puka! She has the royal blood of Peru Island in her stomach: a finer, fatter woman is not to be found—and all, all thrown away on the worthless idiot, Wail-of-Woe! Curse him, the bag of bones! Not only does he steal my beautiful daughter, but he robs me of my substance as well! See! The very clothes on his back—it was I who bought them, for I was ashamed, knowing that without my help he would come naked to the wedding! And now he takes my beautiful singlet, too! Aué! My beautiful new twelve-shilling singlet! Aué! I am now a pauper!"

With that he furiously threw the ragged singlet at Wail-of-Woe, and hurled after it the two yards of dungaree. He had worked himself into an almost frenzied state, and tears of self-pity were actually flowing down his cheeks.

Then came Breadfruit, as speedily as his elephantiac legs would permit. Six yards of cheap print cloth streamed from one hand, and in the other was a pair of old white cotton stockings.

"This is a day of great sorrow!" he yelled, waving the stockings. "Weep with me, people of Puka-Puka, for today a penniless woman, old enough to be his mother, has robbed me of my son! For years I forbade the match, but at last the tears of Sun-Eater's family softened my heart and I foolishly consented to this marriage. I was ashamed, so I threw away all my wealth to clothe the hussy! Look at her great mouth that would frighten a shark! Her hair is falling out with old age, and she has hardly a tooth in her head! And gaze upon my fine son, the flower of the young men, thrown away upon this hideous cannibal!"

Here Sun-Eater nodded her head in agreement, as did the rest of the throng.

With many a despairing grunt, Breadfruit moved clumsily through the steps of a dance; then, flinging the print cloth and stockings at the bride, he moaned: "Now I am a pauper! Everything is taken from me—my son, these beautiful stockings, six yards of the finest cloth, which cost me five shillings a yard [I had sold it to him at ninepence]—all is gone, thrown away on this loose woman!"

Thus went the Puka-Puka ceremony of "making big." No wedding would be complete without it.

Wildly waving his arms, George, the Leeward Village dandy, sprang before the couple, flourishing a bottle of hair oil and yelling

that it had cost him eighteen shillings. Everyone knew that the price was one and sixpence, but that mattered nothing. He, the generous George, cared nothing for expense. He was more than willing to buy costly gifts for Sun-Eater; for, he admitted, she had been his sweetheart in the past, but he had generously given her her freedom when he learned that poor old Wail-of-Woe wanted to marry her. Then he took from Wail-of-Woe's head the bowler hat he had lent him for the wedding, threw the bottle of hair oil into Sun-Eater's lap, and strode off at a manly gait.

Old Mama, the wife of William the heathen, came next. She was dressed in her mildewed bedgown and flourished a handkerchief in her hand. I had sold her the handkerchief that morning for ninepence. Mama screamed that this was no ordinary handkerchief, but a particularly fine one that her friend the trader had brought with him from his own land and had reluctantly sold to her for nine shillings. Such a splendid gift was quite thrown away on such a skeleton as Wail-of-Woe; however, since he was her nephew, she would give it to him merely as a matter of family pride. She then put her withered limbs through a dance movement.

Many others, friends and relatives, brought gifts, each of them trying to outdo the others in praising his gift and disparaging the bride or groom. I presented a bag of flour, and when I turned away without "making big," Peni, my store boy, jumped up and spoke in my stead, bouncing the price of the flour to as many pounds as it was shillings. Then my old friend William joined him, and together they heaped insults on Sun-Eater and Wail-of-Woe, telling them how utterly unworthy they were to receive this priceless gift from the white trader, a man known as far away as Apia and Tahiti and Rarotonga for his great deeds and his unheard-of generosity.

"There!" said Peni, coming up to me. "If I had not spoken, people would have thought that was only an ordinary fifteen-shilling bag of flour."

"So it was," I replied. Peni gave me an astonished glance.

"But it isn't now!" he said, and I think he believed it.

Some brought presents of roast chickens and pigs; others brought drinking nuts, fish, and taro cooked into puddings. When evening had set in the food was so divided that all those who had taken part in the gift-giving should have a share. The other gifts were kept by Wail-of-Woe and his wife, although at some marriages even the offerings of clothing, perfume, and so forth are divided. In that case

a man who has given the groom a pair of trousers may very well take them home with him again, or perhaps a shirt or a pair of secondhand shoes in place of them. At this particular kind of "making big" George invariably presents the groom with his British army overcoat and Scratch-Woman's offering to the bride is the black lace dress handed down from mother to daughter in her family for many years. The understanding is, of course, that these articles shall be returned to the donors when the division of spoils takes place.

## V

A year after his marriage Wail-of-Woe was in the last stages of consumption. Bosun-Woman and Jeffrey, her husband, visited him daily, for one is the island undertaker and the other the island doctor.

This loud-mouthed Bosun-Woman! None of Walter Scott's old women who hobble to wakes could surpass her in ghoulishness. She takes a morbid pleasure in visiting the dangerously ill and is never so happy as when laying out a corpse. Although she is not far past forty she appears to be much older, except for her hair, which is black. It hangs loosely down her back in tangled hanks, damp with fish oil. Her cheeks are withered and flabby, her eyes are like buttons of black jade, and her mouth is large and pale.

Jeffrey is much older. He is tall, bony, and walks with a wriggling motion as though his hips were out of joint. He shaves every Christmas with the Central Village razor. He wears a grass skirt, nothing else, and his legs are as hairy and almost as thin as a spider's. He is the only doctor on Puka-Puka and mixes noxious things like fish intestines, chicken droppings, coconut bark, sea urchins, and the like, for all diseases, external or internal. These he administers in large doses, and if the patient is not cured by the power of suggestion he dies from the effect of the medicine.

Jeffrey has three other methods of treatment. One is massage, which is often helpful. The second is by invocations to the spirits of the dead, who cause the patient's illness by possessing his body. In some cases Jeffrey's invocations cure, for they create a hopeful state of mind in the sick person, who believes that the malignant spirit is being driven out.

The third method of treatment is disastrous in most cases, particularly in cases of tuberculosis, for it consists in putting the patient on a strict diet of a very coarse kind of taro, land crabs, and coconut crabs. Jeffrey claims that by eating good taro, fish, eggs, fowls, and

the like, the effect of his medicine is neutralized. This tabu doubtless comes from ancient times when the witch doctors shrewdly killed off the weaklings in an effort to combat overpopulation. The tabu also saved the fish and taro for the warriors and the witch doctors themselves.

Wail-of-Woe sank fast on his diet of *puraka* and crabs, as well as from his daily doses of nauseous medicine. Bosun-Woman called at his house every day where she amused herself by composing the death chant to be wailed over his body. Wail-of-Woe did not in the least resent her visits. On the contrary, he seemed to look forward to them and would make suggestions for improvements in the verses she was composing. And he would discuss with her the arrangements for his burial—how many yards of white calico would suffice for the winding sheet, and so forth. He seemed to have no fear whatever of the approaching end.

One evening old Mama came to tell me that Wail-of-Woe was to die that night. Jeffery had said so.

I went to Wail-of-Woe's house and looked in. He was sitting in Sea Foam's steamer chair, propped up by pillows, while close by squatted a dozen people staring at him. His eyes were hollow and his body frightfully emaciated.

"I am going to die tonight, Ropati," he muttered hoarsely, and then broke down with a racking fit of coughing. Bosun-Woman was not there; it was not proper for her to appear on the last day until after the first death wail—she was at home, wide-awake, waiting.

I returned to the trading station and put a lively record on my phonograph, but it did little to cheer me up. I retired early and was awakened about two in the morning by a piercing scream. Hurrying footsteps sounded in the road below. I went to the veranda and looked down. Bosun-Woman passed, going to the wake, her flabby face with its ghastly smile looking even more horrible by moonlight. She walked with a light mincing step and her hair slapped back and forth across her back like a wet rag.

Others followed: children, old men, old women, all on their way to hear the new dirge Bosun-Woman would wail over the body.

Screech after screech cut through the still night air, but at length these subsided and the death chant burst forth. How is one to describe such a song with nothing of the sort from civilized lands to be used as a comparison? Puka-Puka death chants are peculiar to this island, and there seems to be nothing human about them. The sounds range from eerie guttural moans rising slowly to earsplitting screams when

the wife throws her body across that of her dead husband, tearing her hair with outcries that chill the blood; then there are almost whispered chantings and sobbings that seem to come from another world. When I first heard one of these songs I was fascinated by its unearthly quality, and found myself unconsciously swaying my body in unison with Bosun-Woman, uttering meaningless syllables in her unvarying cadence. I had to tear myself away from the spot and dash my hands against my head to break the spell I was under.

All that night, all the next day, and all the following night Bosun-Woman led the death chant over the body of Wail-of-Woe. Thus all the relatives exhausted themselves emotionally, abandoning themselves to grief until an inevitable reaction set in. As a result, when Wail-of-Woe was buried, even Sun-Eater could greet the world with a smile.

## VI

At night the coconut groves of Puka-Puka are filled with moving shadows—lace-like shadows of fronds, shadows of stiff-limbed pandanus trees, of ground bush, or fleecy trade-wind clouds skimming low overhead. And there are the shadows of the kaki, the young unmarried, stealing from the villages to their meetings on the lonely outer beaches, where great breakers thunder on the reef and long stretches of pure coral sand glimmer faintly under the light of moon or stars.

If some Paul Pry were to follow them to these nightly rendezvous, he would doubtless be greatly shocked. He would see naked youthful figures dancing joyously in the ghostly light. He would hear snatches of weird heathen song, provocative rhythms drummed out on coconut shells; and faintly above the roar of the surf he would hear, far offshore, exultant shouts where groups of young Puka-Pukans disport themselves like schools of porpoises in the deep sea, riding the great swells just rising to break on the reef.

The young unmarried of Puka-Puka correspond to "these wild young people" that parents of our day—of all times, in fact—are forever shaking their heads about. But the parents of this island are by no means concerned about their sons and daughters just emerging into manhood and womanhood. They themselves were once young, they remember, and did precisely as their children are doing now. Their parents before them did the same, and so it has gone through countless generations. If there is any place on earth where men and women live naturally, surely it is Puka-Puka.

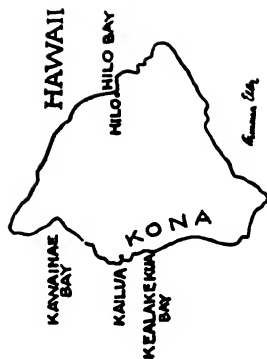
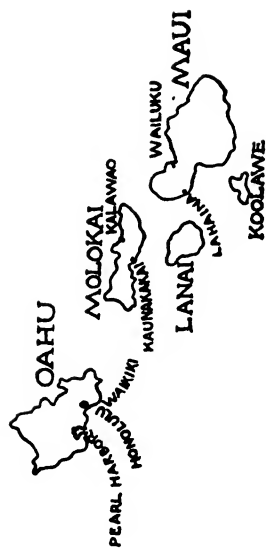
### **III: HAWAII**





# HAWAII

APPROXIMATE SCALE OF MILES



## Discovery of the Sandwich Islands

By JAMES COOK, 1728–1779. The son of a Yorkshire farm laborer, James Cook was apprenticed to shipowners at Whitby and learned seamanship and navigation in vessels trading in the North Sea. When the Seven Years' War broke out, he volunteered for service in the Royal Navy and took part in the St. Lawrence River operations and the attack on Quebec. Showing a genius for survey work, he was commissioned to chart the difficult coast of Newfoundland. In 1768, in command of the *Endeavour*, he made his first voyage of exploration in the Pacific. Soon after his return to England, Cook was sent on a second expedition, in command of the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, to explore the southern Pacific and learn conclusively whether the legendary continent of "Terra Australis Incognita" were fact or fable. In 1776 Cook set forth on one more voyage to the Pacific, again in command of the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, this time to search for a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. While sailing northward from Tahiti, in January, 1778, he discovered and landed on Kauai, one of the Hawaiian Group, which he named the Sandwich Islands. After several months in Alaskan and Siberian waters, he returned to these islands in order to renew his stores and refresh his men. At Kealahou Bay, on the island of Hawaii, trouble developed with the natives; and during the fight that ensued, Captain Cook was struck down and killed. His Pacific voyages are recorded in three books that are classics in the literature of discovery: the first voyage, in *An Account of Voyages . . . in the Southern Hemisphere* (1773), compiled by John Hawkesworth; the second, in *A Voyage Towards the South Pole and Round the World* (1777), written by Captain Cook himself; the third, in *A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean* (1784), by Captain Cook and Captain James King.



ON THE 2d of January, 1778, at daybreak, we weighed anchor, and resumed our course to the north. We discovered no land till daybreak in the morning of the 18th, when an island made its appearance, and soon after we saw more land, entirely detached from the former.

On the 19th, at sunrise, the island first seen bore east several leagues distant. This being directly to windward, which prevented our getting near it, I stood for the other, and not long after discovered a third island in the direction of west-northwest, as far distant as land could be seen. Soon after, we saw some canoes coming off from the shore toward the ships. I immediately brought to to give them time to join us. They had from three to six men each, and on their approach we were agreeably surprised to find that they spoke the language of Otaheite, and of the other islands we had lately visited. It required but very little address to get them to come alongside, but no entreaties could prevail upon any of them to come on board. I tied some brass medals to a rope, and gave them to those in one of the canoes, who, in return, tied some small mackerel to the rope as an equivalent. This was repeated, and some small nails, or bits of iron, which they valued more than any other article, were given them.

These people were of a brown color, and though of the common size were stoutly made. There was little difference in the casts of their color, but a considerable variation in their features—some of their visages not being very unlike those of Europeans. They seemed very mild, and had no arms of any kind, if we except some small stones, which they had evidently brought for their own defence, and these they threw overboard when they found that they were not wanted.

Seeing no signs of an anchoring place at this eastern extreme of the island, I ranged along the southeast side, at the distance of half a league from the shore. As soon as we made sail the canoes left us,

Taken from *Voyages of Discovery*, an abridgment of Captain Cook's three voyages, edited by Sir John Barrow, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., Everyman's Library, New York, 1906. Canadian rights from J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Letchworth, Herts., England.

but others came off as we proceeded along the coast, bringing with them roasting pigs, and some very fine potatoes, which they exchanged, as the others had done, for whatever was offered to them. Several small pigs were purchased for a sixpenny nail, so that we again found ourselves in a land of plenty.

The next morning we stood in for the land, and were met by several canoes filled with people, some of whom took courage and ventured on board.

In the course of my several voyages I never before met with the natives of any place so much astonished as these people were upon entering a ship. Their eyes were continually flying from object to object—the wildness of their looks and gestures fully expressing their entire ignorance about everything they saw, and strongly marking to us that till now they had never been visited by Europeans, nor been acquainted with any of our commodities except iron, which, however, it was plain they had only heard of, or had known it in some small quantity, brought to them at some distant period. They seemed only to understand that it was a substance much better adapted to the purposes of cutting or of boring holes than anything their own country produced. They asked for it by the name of *hamaite*, probably referring to some instrument, in the making of which iron could be usefully employed. For the same reason they frequently called iron by the name of *toe*, which, in their language, signifies a hatchet, or rather a kind of adze. When we showed them some beads, they asked first what they were, and then whether they should eat them. But on their being told that they were to be hung in their ears, they returned them as useless. They were equally indifferent as to a looking glass which was offered them, and returned it for the same reason, but sufficiently expressed their desire for *hamaite* and *toe*, which they wished might be very large. They were in some respect naturally well-bred, or at least fearful of giving offence, asking where they should sit down, whether they might spit upon the deck, and the like. Some of them repeated a long prayer before they came on board, and others afterwards sung and made motions with their hands, such as we had been accustomed to see in the dances of the islands we had lately visited. There was another circumstance in which they also perfectly resembled those other islanders. At first on their entering the ship they endeavored to steal everything they came near, or rather to take it openly, as what we either should not resent or not hinder. We soon convinced them of their mistake; and if they after some

time became less active in appropriating to themselves whatever they took a fancy to, it was because they found that we kept a watchful eye over them.

At nine o'clock, being pretty near to the shore, I sent three armed boats, under the command of Lieutenant Williamson, to look for a landing place and for fresh water. I ordered him that if he should find it necessary to land in search of the latter, not to suffer more than one man to go with him out of the boats.

While the boats were occupied in examining the coast, we stood on and off with the ships, waiting for their return. About noon Mr. Williamson came back, and reported that he had seen a large pond near one of the villages which contained fresh water. He also reported that he had attempted to land in another place, but was prevented by the natives, who, coming down to the boats in great numbers, attempted to take away the oars, muskets, and in short everything that they could lay hold of, and pressed so thick upon him that he was obliged to fire, by which one man was killed. But this unhappy circumstance I did not know till after we had left the island, so that all my measures were directed as if nothing of the kind had happened.

Between three and four o'clock I went ashore with three armed boats to examine the water, and to try the disposition of the inhabitants, several hundreds of whom were assembled on the beach.

The very instant I leaped on shore the collected body of the natives all fell flat upon their faces, and remained in that very humble posture till, by expressive signs, I prevailed upon them to rise. They then brought a great many small pigs which they presented to me, with plantain trees, using much the same ceremonies that we had seen practised on such occasions at the Society and other islands; and a long prayer being spoken by a single person, in which others of the assembly sometimes joined, I expressed my acceptance of their proffered friendship by giving them in return such presents as I had brought with me from the ship for that purpose. When this introductory business was finished, I stationed a guard upon the beach, and got some of the natives to conduct me to the water, which proved to be very good, and in a proper situation for our purpose. Having satisfied myself about this very essential point, and about the peaceable disposition of the natives, I returned on board, and then gave orders that everything should be in readiness for landing and filling our water casks in the morning, when again I went ashore.

As soon as we landed a trade was set on foot for hogs and potatoes, which the people of the island gave us in exchange for nails and pieces

of iron, formed into something like chisels. We met with no obstruction in watering; on the contrary, the natives assisted our men in rolling the casks to and from the pool, and readily performed whatever we required.

Everything thus going on to my satisfaction, and considering my presence on the spot as unnecessary, I left the command to Mr. Williamson, who had landed with me, and made an excursion into the country up the valley, accompanied by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Webber. A numerous train of natives followed us; and one of them, whom I had distinguished for his activity in keeping the rest in order, I made choice of as our guide. Everyone whom we met fell prostrate upon the ground, and remained in that position till we had passed. This, as I afterwards understood, is the mode of paying their respect to their own great chiefs. As we ranged down the coast from the east in the ships we had observed at every village one or more elevated white objects, like pyramids, or rather obelisks; and one of these, which I guessed to be at least fifty feet high, was very conspicuous from the ship's anchoring station, and seemed to be at no great distance up this valley. To have a nearer inspection of it was the principal object of my walk. The moment we got to it we saw that it stood in a burying ground or morai, the resemblance of which, in many respects, to those we were so well acquainted with at other islands in this ocean could not but strike us; and we also soon found that the several parts that compose it were called by the same names.

After we had examined very carefully everything that was to be seen about the morai, we returned by a different route. At noon I went on board to dinner, having procured in the course of the day nine tuns of water; and by exchanges, chiefly for nails and pieces of iron, about seventy or eighty pigs and a few fowls. These people merited our best commendations, never once attempting to cheat us, either ashore or alongside the ships. Some of them, indeed, at first betrayed a thievish disposition; but they soon laid aside a conduct which we convinced them they could not persevere in with impunity.

Amongst the articles which they brought to barter this day, we could not help taking notice of a particular sort of cloak and cap. The first are nearly of the size and shape of the short cloaks worn by the women in England. The ground of them is a network, upon which the most beautiful red and yellow feathers are so closely fixed that the surface might be compared to the thickest and richest velvet, which they resemble, both as to the feel and the glossy appearance.

The cap is made almost exactly like a helmet, with the middle

part or crest sometimes of a hand's breadth, and it sits very close upon the head, having notches to admit the ears. It is a frame of twigs and osiers covered with a network, into which are wrought feathers in the same manner as upon the cloaks, though rather closer and less diversified. These probably complete the dress with the cloaks, for the natives sometimes appeared in both together.

We were at a loss to guess whence they could get such a quantity of these beautiful feathers, but were soon informed, for they afterwards brought great numbers of skins of small red birds for sale.

Next day one of our visitors, who offered some fishhooks for sale, was observed to have a very small parcel tied to the string of one of them, which he separated with great care and reserved for himself when he parted with the hook. Being asked what it was, he pointed to his belly. It struck us that it might be human flesh. The question being put to him, he answered that the flesh was part of a man. Another of his countrymen who stood by him was then asked whether it was their custom to eat those killed in battle, and he immediately answered in the affirmative.

After leaving Atooi, as this island was named, we proceeded to Oneeheow, on the coast of which we anchored.

Six or seven canoes had come off to us before we anchored, bringing some small pigs and potatoes, and a good many yams and mats. The people in them resembled those of Atooi, and seemed to be equally well acquainted with the use of iron, which they asked for also by the names of *hamaite* and *toe*, parting readily with all their commodities for pieces of this precious metal.

These visitors furnished us with an opportunity of agitating again the curious inquiry whether they were cannibals. One of the islanders, who wanted to get in at the gun-room port was refused, and at the same time asked whether, if he should come in, we would kill and eat him. This gave a proper opening to retort the question as to this practice; and a person behind the other in the canoe, who paid great attention to what was passing, immediately answered that if we were killed on shore they would certainly eat us; but that their eating us would be the consequence of our being at enmity with them. I cannot see the least reason to hesitate in pronouncing it to be certain that the horrid banquet of human flesh is as much relished here amidst plenty as it is in New Zealand.

On the 30th, I sent Mr. Gore ashore with a guard of marines, and a party to trade with the natives for refreshments. The weather soon became very unpropitious, and the sea ran so high that we had no

manner of communication with our party on shore, and even the natives themselves durst not venture out to the ships in their canoes. In the evening of next day I sent the master in a boat up to the southeast head or point of the island to try if he could land under it. He returned with a favorable report, but it was too late now to send for our party till the next morning; and thus they had another night to improve their intercourse with the natives.

Encouraged by the master's report, I went myself with the pinnacle and launch up to the point to bring the party on board, taking with me a ram-goat and two ewes, a boar and sow-pig of the English breed, and the seeds of melons, pumpkins, and onions, being very desirous of benefiting these poor people by furnishing them with some additional articles of food. I found my party already there with some of the natives in company. To one of them, whom Mr. Gore had observed assuming some command, I gave the goats, pigs, and seeds.

The ground through which I passed was in a state of nature, very stony, and the soil seemed poor. It was, however, covered with shrubs and plants, some of which perfumed the air with a more delicious fragrantcy than I had met with at any other of the islands in this ocean. The habitations of the natives were thinly scattered about, and it was supposed that there could not be more than five hundred people upon the island. Our people had an opportunity of observing the method of living amongst the natives, and it appeared to be decent and cleanly. They did not, however, see any instance of the men and women eating together, and the latter seemed generally associated in companies by themselves. It was found that they burnt here the oily nuts of the *dooe-dooe* for lights in the night, as at Otaheite, and that they baked their hogs in ovens. A particular veneration seemed to be paid here to owls, which they have very tame; and it was observed to be a pretty general practice amongst them to pull out one of their teeth, for which odd custom, when asked the reason, the only answer that could be got was, that it was *teeha*.

On Monday, the 2d of February, we stood away to the northward, in prosecution of our voyage. Our ship procured from these islands provisions sufficient for three weeks at least; and Captain Clerke, more fortunate, obtained of their vegetable productions a supply that lasted his people upwards of two months.

It is worthy of observation that the islands in the Pacific Ocean, which our late voyages have added to the geography of the globe, have been generally found lying in groups or clusters, the single intermediate islands, as yet discovered, being few in proportion to the

others, though probably there are many more of them still unknown, which serve as steps between the several clusters. Of what number this newly discovered archipelago consists must be left for future investigation. We saw five of them, whose names, as given to us by the natives, are Wohao, Atooi, Oneeheow, Oreehoua, and Tahoorā.

The temperature of the climate may be easily guessed from the situation. Were we to judge of it from our experience, it might be said to be very variable, notwithstanding it was now the season of the year when the weather is supposed to be most settled, the sun being at his greatest annual distance. The heat was at this time very moderate, and few of those inconveniences which many of those tropical countries are subject to, either from heat or moisture, seem to be experienced here.

Besides the vegetable articles bought by us as refreshments, amongst which were at least five or six varieties of plantains, the island produces breadfruit, though it seems to be scarce, as we saw only one tree, which was large and had some fruit upon it.

The scarlet birds which were brought for sale were never met with alive; but we saw a single small one, about the size of a canary bird, of a deep crimson color, a large owl, two large brown hawks or kites, and a wild duck; and it is probable there are a great many sorts, judging by the quantity of fine yellow, green, and very small velvet-like black feathers, used upon the cloaks, and other ornaments worn by the inhabitants.

Fish and other marine productions were, to appearance, not various.

The hogs, dogs, and fowls, which were the only tame or domestic animals that we found here, were all of the same kind that we met with at the South Pacific Islands.

The inhabitants are of a middling stature, firmly made. Their visage, especially amongst the women, is sometimes round; but we cannot say that they are distinguished as a nation by any general cast of countenance. Their color is nearly of a nut-brown. The women are little more delicate than the men in their formation; and I may say that, with a very few exceptions, they have little claim to those peculiarities that distinguish the sex in other countries. There is, indeed, a more remarkable equality in the size, color, and figure of both sexes than in most places I have visited.

They are very expert swimmers. It was very common to see women with infants at the breast, when the surf was so high that they could not land in the canoes, leap overboard, and without endangering

their little ones, swim to the shore through a sea that looked dreadful.

They seem to be blest with a frank, cheerful disposition; they live very sociably in their intercourse with one another, and, except the propensity to thieving, which seems innate in most of the people we have visited in this ocean, they were exceedingly friendly to us. It was a pleasure to observe with how much affection the women manage their infants, and how readily the men lent their assistance to such a tender office, thus sufficiently distinguishing themselves from those savages who esteem a wife and child as things rather necessary than desirable, or worthy of their notice.

Though they seem to have adopted the mode of living in villages, there is no appearance of defence or fortification near any of them; and the houses are scattered about without any order. Some are large and commodious, from forty to fifty feet long, and twenty or thirty broad, while others of them are mere hovels. They are well thatched with long grass, which is laid on slender poles, disposed with some regularity. The entrance is made indifferently in the end or side, and is an oblong hole, so low that one must rather creep than walk in. No light enters the house but by this opening; and though such close habitations may afford a comfortable retreat in bad weather, they seem but ill adapted to the warmth of the climate. Of animal food they can be in no want, as they have abundance of hogs, which run without restraint about the houses; and if they eat dogs, which is not improbable, their stock of these seemed to be very considerable. The great number of fishing hooks found amongst them showed that they derived no inconsiderable supply of animal food from the sea.

They bake their vegetable food with heated stones, in the same manner as the inhabitants of the southern islands. The only artificial dish we met with was a taro pudding, which, though a disagreeable mess, from its sourness, was greedily devoured by the natives.

In everything manufactured by these people, there appears to be an uncommon degree of neatness and ingenuity. Their cloth, which is the principal manufacture, is made from the *Morus papyrifera* and, doubtless, in the same manner as at Otaheite and Tongataboo; in coloring or staining it, the people of Atooi display a superiority of taste, by the endless variation of figures which they execute.

They fabricate a great many white mats, which are strong, with many red stripes, rhombuses, and other figures interwoven on one side, and often pretty large.



They stain their gourd shells prettily with undulated lines, triangles, and other figures of a black color; instances of which we saw practised at New Zealand. Their wooden dishes and bowls, out of which they drink their ava, are of the etooa tree, or cordia, as neat as if made in our turning lathe, and perhaps better polished. A great variety of fishing hooks are ingeniously made of pearl shell. One fishing hook was procured, nine inches long, of a single piece of bone, which, doubtless, belonged to some large fish. The elegant form and polish of this could not certainly be outdone by any European artist, even if he should add all his knowledge in design to the number and convenience of his tools.

The only iron tools, or rather bits of iron, seen amongst them, and which they had before our arrival, were a piece of iron hoop, about two inches long, fitted into a wooden handle; and another edge-tool, which our people guessed to be made of the point of a broadsword. How they came by them I cannot account for.

Though I did not see a chief of any note, there were, however, several, as the natives informed us, who reside upon Atooi, and to whom they prostrate themselves as a mark of submission. After I had left the island, one of the chiefs made his appearance, and paid a visit to Captain Clerke on board the *Discovery*. His attendants helped him into the ship and placed him on the gangway. Their care of him did not cease then, for they stood round him, holding each other by the hands; nor would they suffer any one to come near him but Captain Clerke himself. He was a young man, clothed from head to foot, accompanied by a young woman, supposed to be his wife. His name was said to be Tamahano. Captain Clerke made him some suitable presents, and received from him, in return, a large bowl, supported by two figures of men, the carving of which, both as to the design and the execution, showed some degree of skill.

In their language they had not only adopted the soft mode of the Otaheitans in avoiding harsh sounds, but the whole idiom of their language, using not only the same affixes and suffixes to their words, but the same measure and cadence in their songs, though in a manner somewhat less agreeable.

How happy would Lord Anson have been, and what hardships would he have avoided, if he had known that there was a group of islands, half way between America and Tinian, where all his wants could have been effectually supplied.

## Life in Honolulu, 1809

By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, 1787-?. A minor classic among narratives of the sea and also a primary source of information about life in early Hawaii before the coming of the missionaries is *Voyage Round the World, from 1806 to 1812 (1816)*, by Archibald Campbell. Born near Glasgow, Scotland, Campbell received "the common rudiments of education," and while serving as a weaver's apprentice he ran away to sea at the age of fourteen. After making several voyages to various parts of the world, he joined the American ship *Eclipse* bound for the Russian outposts at Kamchatka and the Aleutian Islands. The ship was wrecked on a reef off the Alaskan coast, and while Campbell was attempting to get help from the nearest Russian settlement, both his feet were frozen and later had to be amputated. A returning ship carried him to Hawaii, where he was taken into the household of King Kamehameha the Great, to be the king's sailmaker. In this capacity he remained for over a year, in 1809 and part of 1810. Making his way home after further adventures in South America, he earned a meager living playing the violin for the amusement of steamboat passengers on the river Clyde until he published his book, which sold unusually well. With the proceeds he went to New York and started a small chandlery business, continuing there at least until 1821, when all trace of him disappears.

■

AT ONE time, during my stay, there were nearly sixty white people upon Oahu alone, but the number was constantly varying, and was considerably diminished before my departure. Although the great majority had been left by American vessels, not above one third of them belonged to that nation; the rest were almost all English, and of these six or eight were convicts who had made their escape from New South Wales.

Many inducements are held out to sailors to remain here. If they conduct themselves with propriety, they rank as chiefs, and are entitled to all the privileges of the order; at all events, they are certain of being maintained by some of the chiefs, who are always anxious to have white people about them. The king has a considerable number in his service, chiefly carpenters, joiners, masons, blacksmiths, and bricklayers; these he rewards liberally with grants of land. Some of these people are sober and industrious; but this is far from being their general character; on the contrary, many of them are idle and dissolute, getting drunk whenever an opportunity presents itself. They have introduced distillation into the island; and the evil consequences, both to the natives and whites, are incalculable. It is no uncommon sight to see a party of them broach a small cask of spirits and sit drinking for days till they see it out.

There were, however, a few exceptions to this. William Davis, a Welshman, who resided with Isaac Davis, used to rise every morning at five, and go to his fields, where he commonly remained till the same hour in the evening. This singularity puzzled the natives not a little; but they accounted for it by supposing that he had been one of their own countrymen who had gone to Tahiti or England after his death, and had now come back to his native land.

There were no missionaries upon the island during the time I remained in it, at which I was often much surprised.

Most of the whites have married native women, by whom they

From *Voyage Round the World, from 1806 to 1812* (Edinburgh, A. Constable & Company, 1816).

have families; but they pay little attention either to the education or to the religious instruction of their children. I do not recollect having seen any who knew more than the letters of the alphabet. . . .

The natives, although not tall, are stout and robust in their make, particularly those of the higher rank; their complexion is nut-brown, and they are extremely cleanly in their persons. They are distinguished by great ingenuity in all their arts and manufactures, as well as by a most persevering industry. They are divided into two great classes, the *Alii*, or chiefs, and the *Kanaka-maori*, or people. The former are the proprietors of the land, the latter are all under the dominion of some chief, for whom they work or cultivate the ground, and by whom they are supported in old age. They are not, however, slaves, or attached to the soil, but at liberty to change masters when they think proper.

The supreme government is vested in the king, whose power seems to be completely absolute. He is assisted by the principal chiefs, whom he always keeps about his person; many of these have particular departments to attend to; one chief took charge of the household and appointed the different surveys to be performed by every individual; another, named Coweeowrance, acted as paymaster; his province was to distribute wages and provisions amongst the people in the king's service. An elderly chief, of the name of Naaï, took a general charge of the whole and was, in fact, prime minister. He was commonly called Billy Pitt by the white people, and was by no means pleased when they addressed him by any other appellation.

The principal duties of the executive were, however, entrusted to the priests; by them the revenues were collected and the laws enforced. Superstition is the most powerful engine by which the latter purpose is effected, actual punishment being rare. I knew only one instance of capital punishment; which was that of a man who had violated the sanctity of the *morai*. Having got drunk, he quitted it during taboo time and entered the house of a woman. He was immediately seized and carried back to the *morai*, where his eyes were put out. After remaining two days in this state, he was strangled and his body exposed before the principal idol.

The method of detecting theft or robbery affords a singular instance of the power of superstition over their minds. The party who has suffered the loss applies to one of the priests, to whom he presents a pig and relates his story. The following ceremony is then performed: The priest begins by rubbing two pieces of green wood

upon each other, till, by the friction, a kind of powder-like snuff is produced, which is so hot that on being placed in dry grass and blown upon it takes fire; with this a large pile of wood is kindled and allowed to burn a certain time. He then takes three nuts of an oily nature called "kukui"; having broken the shells, one of the kernels is thrown into the fire, at which time he says an *anana*, or prayer; and while the nut is crackling in the fire, repeats the words, "*Makeloa o kanaka aihue*," that is, "Kill or shoot the fellow." The same ceremonies take place with each of the nuts, provided the thief does not appear before they are consumed. This, however, but seldom happens; the culprit generally makes his appearance with the stolen property, which is restored to the owner, and the offence punished by a fine of four pigs. He is then dismissed, with strict injunctions not to commit the like crime in future, under pain of a more severe penalty. The pigs are taken to the *morai*, where they are offered up as sacrifices and afterwards eaten by the priests.

Should it happen that the unfortunate criminal does not make his appearance during the awful ceremony, his fate is inevitable; had he the whole island to bestow, not one word of the prayer could be recalled, nor the anger of the Akua appeased. The circumstance is reported to the king, and proclamation made throughout the island that a certain person has been robbed and that those who are guilty have been prayed to death. So firm is their belief in the power of these prayers that the culprit pines away, refusing to take any sustenance, and at last falls a sacrifice to his credulity. . . .

I have but few particulars to give of their religious opinions. Their principal god, to whom they attribute the creation of the world, is called Akua; and they have seven or eight subordinate deities, whose images are in the *morai*, and to whom offerings are made as well as to the Akua. Their names I cannot recollect. . . . They have a tradition of a general deluge. According to their account, the sea once overflowed the whole world, except Mauna Kea, in Hawaii, and swept away all the inhabitants but one pair, who saved themselves on that mountain and are the parents of the present race of mankind.

Their *morais*, or places of worship, consist of one large house or temple, with some smaller ones round it, in which are the images of their inferior gods. The tabooed, or consecrated, precincts are marked out by four square posts, which stand thirty or forty yards from the building. In the inside of the principal house there is a screen or curtain of white cloth hung across one end, within which the image

of Akua is placed. When sacrifices are offered, the priests and chiefs enter occasionally within this space, going in at one side and out at the other. Although present on one occasion, I did not enter this recess, partly because I was doubtful of the propriety of doing so, and also on account of the difficulty I had in moving myself and the risk of getting my wounds injured among the crowd. On the outside are placed several images made of wood, as ugly as can be well imagined, having their mouths all stuck round with dogs' teeth. . . . Human sacrifices are offered upon their going to war, but nothing of the kind took place during my stay; unless in the case already mentioned, of the man punished for breaking the taboo, and whose body was exposed before the idol.

During the period called Makahiki which lasts a whole month, and takes place in November, the priests are employed in collecting the taxes, which are paid by the chiefs in proportion to the extent of their territories; they consist of mats, feathers, and the produce of the country. The people celebrate this festival by dancing, wrestling, and other amusements. The king remains in the morai for the whole period; before entering it, a singular ceremony takes place. He is obliged to stand till three spears are darted at him; he must catch the first with his hand, and with it ward off the other two. This is not a mere formality. The spear is thrown with the utmost force; and should the king lose his life, there is no help for it. . . .

The women are subject to many restrictions from which the men are exempted. They are not allowed to attend the morai upon taboo days, nor at these times are they permitted to go out in a canoe. They are never permitted to eat with the men, except when at sea, and then not out of the same dish. Articles of delicacy, such as pork, turtle, shark, coconuts, bananas or plantains, are also forbidden. Dogs' flesh and fish were the only kinds of animal food lawful for them to eat; but since the introduction of sheep and goats, which are not tabooed, the ladies have less reason to complain.

Notwithstanding the rigor with which these ceremonies are generally observed, the women very seldom scruple to break them when it can be done in secret. They often swim off to ships at night during the taboo, and I have known them to eat of the forbidden delicacies of pork and sharks' flesh. What would be the consequence of a discovery I know not; but I once saw the queen transgressing in this respect and was strictly enjoined to secrecy, as she said it was as much as her life was worth.

Their ideas of marriage are very loose; either party may quit the other when they tire or disagree. The lower classes, in general, content themselves with one wife; but they are by no means confined to that number, and the chiefs have frequently several. Kamehameha had two, besides a very handsome girl, the daughter of a chief, educating for him. One elderly chief, Coweooranee, had no fewer than fifteen. They are very jealous of any improper connection between natives and their wives; but the case is widely different with respect to their visitors, where connection of that kind is reckoned the surest proof of friendship, and they are always anxious to strengthen it by that tie.

The virtue of the king's wives is, however, most scrupulously guarded, each of them having a male and a female attendant whose duty it is to watch them on all occasions. Should it be discovered that any of the queens have been unfaithful, these attendants are punished with death unless they have given the first intimation.

Immediately after childbirth, women are obliged to retire to the woods, where they remain ten days, and must not be seen by the men. The queen, who had a daughter whilst I was there, had a house for the purpose of retirement; but, in general, they have no other shelter but what the woods afford. . . .

The dances are principally performed by women, who form themselves into solid squares, ten or twelve each way, and keep time to the sound of the drum, accompanied by a song in which they all join. In dancing they seldom move their feet, but throw themselves into a variety of attitudes, sometimes all squatting and at other times springing up at the same instant. A man in front, with strings of shells on his ankles and wrists, with which he marks time, acts as a fogleman. On these occasions the women display all their finery, particularly in European clothes, if they are so fortunate as to possess any. They receive great applause from the spectators, who frequently burst into immoderate fits of laughter at particular parts of the song.

They have a game somewhat resembling draughts, but more complicated. It is played upon a board about twenty-two inches by fourteen, painted black, with white spots, on which the men are placed; these consist of black and white pebbles, eighteen upon each side, and the game is won by the capture of the adversary's pieces. Kamehameha excels at this game. I have seen him sit for hours playing with his chiefs, giving an occasional smile, but without uttering a word. I could not play; but William Moxley, who under-

stood it well, told me that he had seen none who could beat the king. The game of draughts is now introduced, and the natives play it uncommonly well.

Flying kites is another favorite amusement. They make them of tapa, of the usual shape, but of uncommon size, many of them being fifteen or sixteen feet in length and six or seven in breadth; they have often three or four hundred fathom of line, and are so difficult to hold that they are obliged to tie them to trees. The only employment I ever saw Tamena the queen engaged in was making these kites.

A theater was erected under the direction of James Beattie, the king's blockmaker, who had been at one time on the stage in England. The scenes representing a castle and a forest were constructed of different colored pieces of tapa, cut out and pasted together.

I was present, on one occasion, at the performance of *Oscar and Malvina*. This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by Beattie. The part of Malvina was performed by the wife of Isaac Davis. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending only to the words yes and no, her speeches were confined to these monosyllables. She, however, acted her part with great applause. The Fingalian heroes were represented by natives clothed in the Highland garb, also made out of tapa, and armed with muskets.

The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the afterpiece, representing a naval engagement. The ships were armed with bamboo cannon; and each of them fired a broadside by means of a train of thread dipped in saltpeter, which communicated with each gun—after which one of the vessels blew up. Unfortunately the explosion set fire to the forest, and had nearly consumed the theater.

■





## **The Missionaries Arrive in Hawaii**

By *LUCY GOODALE THURSTON*, 1795–1876. Born in Marlborough, Massachusetts, daughter of a deacon of the Congregational Church, Lucy Goodale was graduated from Bradford Academy and became a schoolteacher. At twenty-four she was married to Asa Thurston, a graduate of Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary, newly ordained as a minister and preparing to leave New England with the first company of missionaries to Hawaii. After a voyage of five months aboard the *Thaddeus*, a small trading vessel, the Thurstons settled at Kailua, on the island of Hawaii, and began their task of teaching and converting the Hawaiians. Many of the other early missionaries soon returned to New England, but the Thurstons remained in the Islands, and to them belongs much credit for the remarkable success of the Hawaiian mission. In her old age, when she was the last surviving member of the original missionary company, Lucy Thurston compiled her memoirs from journals and letters—*The Life and Times of Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston* (1882). A few of the persons mentioned in the following selection from this book should be identified here: Thomas Hopu was one of three Hawaiian youths, partly educated in New England, who accompanied the missionaries to Hawaii; Kamehameha I was the powerful king who had recently died; Kalanimoku was the chief councilor of the new king, Liholiho.

AFTER sailing one hundred and fifty-seven days, we beheld, looming up before us, March 30, 1820, the long looked-for island of Hawaii. As we approached the northern shore, joy sparkled in every eye, gratitude and hope seemed to fill every heart. . . .

Soon the islanders of both sexes came paddling out in their canoes, with their island fruit. The men wore girdles, and the women a slight piece of cloth wrapped round them, from the hips downward. To a civilized eye their covering seemed to be revoltingly scanty. But we learned that it was a full dress for daily occupation. All was kapa, beaten out of the bark of a certain tree, and could ill bear washing. Kamehameha I as well understood how to govern as how to conquer, and strictly forbade foreign cloth from being assumed by his large plebeian family.

As I was looking out of a cabin window, to see a canoe of chattering natives with animated countenances, they approached and gave me a banana. In return I gave them a biscuit. "*Wahine maikai*" (good woman) was the reply. I then threw out several pieces, and from my scanty vocabulary said "*Wahine*" (woman). They with great avidity snatched them up and again repeated, "*Wahine maikai*."

Thus, after sailing eighteen thousand miles, I met, for the first time, those children of nature alone. Although our communications by look and speech were limited, and simple, friendly pledges received and given, yet that interview through the cabin window of the brig *Thaddeus* gave me a strengthening touch in crossing the threshold of the nation.

Approaching Kawaihae, Hopu went ashore to invite on board some of the highest chiefs of the nation. Kindly regarding the feelings of the ladies, he suggested that they put on garments. So they prepared for the occasion. Kalanimoku was the first person of distinction that came. In dress and manners he appeared with the dignity of a man of culture. He was first introduced to the gentlemen, with whom he

From *Life and Times of Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston* (Ann Arbor, Michigan, S. C. Andrews, 1882).

shook hands in the most cordial manner. He then turned to the ladies, to whom, while yet at a distance, he respectfully bowed, then came near, and being introduced, presented to each his hand. The effects of that first warm appreciating clasp I feel even now. To be met by such a specimen of heathen humanity on the borders of their land, was to "stay us with flagons, and comfort us with apples."

Kalakua, with a sister queen, next welcomed us with similar civilities. They were two out of five dowager queens of Kamehameha. They had limbs of giant mould. I was taught to estimate their weight at three hundred pounds and even more. Kalakua was the mother of three of the wives of the young king. Two wives of Kalanimoku followed. They were all attired in a similar manner, a dress, then the pa-u, which consisted of ten thicknesses of the bark cloth three or four yards long, and one yard wide, wrapped several times round the middle, and confined by tucking it in on one side. The two queens had loose dresses over these.

Trammeled with clothes and seated on chairs, the queens were out of their element. They divested themselves of their outer dresses. Then the one stretched herself full length upon a bench, and the other sat down upon the deck. Mattresses were then brought for them to recline in their own way.

After reaching the cabin, the common sitting room for ladies and gentlemen, one of the queens divested herself of her only remaining dress, simply retaining her pa-u. While we were opening wide our eyes, she looked as self-possessed and easy as though sitting in the shades of Eden.

Kalanimoku dined with our family, eating as others ate. The women declined sitting with us. After we rose from table they had their own food brought on, raw fish and poi, eating with their fingers.

From Kawaihae the chiefs and their large retinue all sailed with us to Kailua, where the king resided. They all slept on deck on their mats. While passing in the gray of evening between two rows of native men in Hawaiian costume, the climax of queer sensations was reached.

Kalakua brought a web of white cambric to have a dress made for herself in the fashion of those of our ladies, and was very particular in her wish to have it finished while sailing along the western side of the island before reaching the king.

Monday morning, April 3d, the first sewing circle was formed that the sun ever looked down upon in his Hawaiian realm. Kalakua,

queen dowager, was directress. She requested all the seven white ladies to take seats with them on mats, on the deck of the *Thaddeus*. Mrs. Homan and Mrs. Ruggles were executive officers, to ply the scissors and prepare the work. As the sisters were very much in the habit of journalizing, every one was a self-constituted recording secretary. The four native women of distinction were furnished with calico patchwork to sew,—a new employment to them.

The dress was made in the fashion of 1819. The length of the skirt accorded with Brigham Young's rule to his Mormon damsels—*have it come down to the tops of the shoes*. But in the queen's case, where the shoes were wanting, the bare feet cropped out very prominently. . . .

April 4th, Tuesday, a. m., one hundred and sixty-three days from Boston, the *Thaddeus* was anchored before Kailua. The queen dowager, Kalakua, assumed a new appearance. In addition to her newly-made white dress, her person was decorated with a lace cap, having on a wreath of roses, and a lace half neckerchief, in the corner of which was a most elegant sprig of various colors. They were presents we had brought her from some American friends. When she went ashore, she was received by hundreds with a shout.

Captain Blanchard, Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, together with Hopu, went ashore and called on the king in his grass-thatched house. They found him eating dinner with his five wives, all of them in the free, cool undress of native dishabille. Two of his wives were his sisters, and one the former wife of his father.

After completing their meal, four of the wives, with apparent sisterly affection and great pleasure, turned to a game of cards. As was the custom, one wife was ever the close attendant of her regal lord.

Hopu then introduced Messrs. Bingham and Thurston as priests of the Most High God who made heaven and earth.

The letters were then read to the king from Dr. Worcester of Boston, and from the Prudential Committee, and the object for which they came to live among them was explained. The visitors then retired, leaving the subject for royal consideration.

April 6th, the king and family dined with us by invitation. They came off in a double canoe with waving kahilis and twenty rowers, ten on each side, and with a large retinue of attendants. The king was introduced to the first white women, and they to the first king, that each had ever seen.

His dress on the occasion was a girdle, a green silk scarf put on under the left arm, brought up and knotted over the right shoulder, a chain of gold around his neck and over his chest, and a wreath of yellow feathers upon his head.

We honored the king, but we loved the cultivated manhood of Kalanimoku. He was the only individual Hawaiian that appeared before us with a full civilized dress.

After dining with the royal family, all were gathered on the quarterdeck. There the Mission Family, the captain and officers sung some hymns, aided by the bass viol, played by Kaumualii, a young native chief returning with us.

The king appeared with complacency, and retired with that friendly "aloha" that left behind him the quiet hope that he would be gracious.

The next day several of the brothers and sisters of the Mission went ashore, hoping that social intercourse might give weight to the scale that was then poising. They visited the palace. Ten or fifteen armed soldiers stood without, and although it was ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we found him on whom devolved the government of a nation, three or four of his chiefs, and five or six of his attendants, prostrate on their mats, wrapped in deep slumbers.

The king had just put down one religion. In doing it his throne had tottered. It was a grave question for him to accept a new one. Hopu, who was apt to teach, had told them that our religion allowed neither polygamy nor incest. So when Kamamalu, the sister and marked favorite out of five queens, urged the king to receive the Mission, he replied: "If I do they will allow me but one wife, and that will not be you." His royal father had twenty-one wives.

Nor did the king seem to understand about learning what kind of a thing it was, and whether it would be good for his people. He asked a missionary to write his name on a piece of paper. He wrote it *Liholiho*. The king looked at it and said: "It looks neither like myself nor any other man."

After various consultations, fourteen days after reaching the Islands, March 12th, permission, simply for one year, was obtained from the king for all the missionaries to land upon his shores. Two gentlemen, with their wives, and two native youth were to stop at Kailua. The rest of the Mission were to pass on forthwith to Honolulu.

Such an early separation was unexpected and painful. But broad views of usefulness were to be taken, and private feelings sacrificed.

At evening twilight we sundered ourselves from close family ties, from the dear old brig, and from civilization. We went ashore and entered, as our home, an abode of the most uncouth and humble character. It was a thatched hut, with one room, having two windows made simply by cutting away the thatch, leaving the bare poles. On the ground for the feet was first a layer of grass, then of mats. Here we found our effects from the *Thaddeus*; but no arrangement of them could be made till the house was thoroughly cleansed.

On the boxes and trunks, as they were scattered about the room, we formed a circle. We listened to a portion of scripture, sang a hymn, and knelt in prayer. The simple natural fact speaks for itself. It was the first family altar ever reared on this group of islands to the worship of Jehovah.

Flat-topped trunks and chests served admirably in accommodating us to horizontal positions for the night. Honest Dick, a native who had been with us while lying in port, sat within, and the king sent soldiers to keep sentinel without. Notwithstanding all, the night proved to be nearly a sleepless one. There was a secret enemy whose name was legion lying in ambush; or rather we had usurped their rights and taken possession of their own citadel. It was the *flea*. Thus the night passed. But bright day visited us with its soft climate and gentle sea breeze. . . .

The two American missionaries rolled up their shirt sleeves above their elbows, and went to work in good earnest, removing from the house all their effects brought from the *Thaddeus*, conveying away all old mats and grass, giving a thorough sweeping to the thatch above, and the ground below, spreading down new grass and new mats, putting up two high-post bedsteads of Chinese manufacture, lent them by Kamamalu, the queen, and bringing in such articles as would be a substitute for furniture. A large chest in the middle of the room served for a dining table, small boxes and buckets for dining chairs, and trunks for settees. We had block-tin tumblers, which answered well in receiving hot tea, and likewise served to impress the mind with the philosophical fact, through the lips and tips of the fingers, that metal is a good conductor of heat.

We trimmed the high-post bedsteads with curtains; then added one from the foot corner to the side of the house, thereby forming at the back of each bed a spot perfectly retired. The two native youth were added to the king's retinue. In twenty-four hours we found ourselves in circumstances comparatively neat and comfortable.

For three days the king's steward kept three pewter platters liberally supplied with fish, taro and sweet potato, cooked in the native manner.

For several days we received calls from the queens and their whole train of attendants, three or four times in a day, and at each time were solicited to hear them read. When the queens were at our house, we sisters were Marys; when they were away, we were Marthas. . . .

April 29.—For two days we heard one continued yell of dogs. I visited their prison. Between one and two hundred were thrown in groups on the ground, utterly unable to move, having their forelegs brought over their backs and bound together. Some had burst the bands that confined their mouths, and some had expired. Their piteous moans would excite the compassion of any feeling heart. Natives consider baked dog a great delicacy, too much so in the days of their idolatry ever to allow it to pass the lips of women. They never offer it to foreigners, who hold it in great abhorrence. Once they mischievously attached a pig's head to a dog's body, and thus inveigled a foreigner to partake of it to his great acceptance.

The above-mentioned dogs were collected for the grand feast which is this day made to commemorate the death of Kamehameha I. The king departed from his usual custom and spread a table for his family and ours. There were many thousand people present. The king appeared in a military dress with quite an exhibition of royalty. Kamamalu, his favorite queen, applied to me for one of my dresses to wear on the occasion; but as it was among the impossibles for her to assume it, the request happily called for neither consent nor denial. She, however, according to court ceremony so arranged a native-cloth pau, a yard wide, with ten folds, as to be enveloped round the middle with seventy thicknesses. To array herself in this unwieldy attire, the long cloth was spread out on the ground, when, beginning at one end, she laid her body across it, and rolled herself over and over till she had rolled the whole around her. Two attendants followed her, one bearing up the end of this cumbrous robe of state, and the other waving over her head an elegant nodding flybrush of beautiful plumes, its long handle completely covered with little tortoise-shell rings of various colors.

Her head was ornamented with a graceful yellow wreath of elegant feathers, of great value, from the fact that after a mountain bird had been caught in a snare, but just two small feathers of rare beauty,



one under each wing, could be obtained from it. A mountain vine, with green leaves, small and lustrous, was the only drapery which went to deck and cover her neck and the upper part of her person. Thus this noble daughter of nature, at least six feet tall and of comely bulk in proportion, presented herself before the king and the nation, greatly to their admiration. After this presentation was over, her majesty lay down again upon the ground and unrolled the cloth by reversing the process of clothing.

The first time that Mr. Thurston preached before the king through an interpreter was from these words: "I have a message from God unto thee." The king, his family, and suite listened with attention. When prayer was offered, they all knelt before the white man's God.

The king's orders were that none should be taught to read but those of rank, those to whom he gave special permission, and the wives and children of white men. For several months his majesty kept foremost in learning, then the pleasures of the cup caused his books to be quite neglected. Some of the queens were ambitious, and made good progress, but they met with serious interruptions, going from place to place with their intoxicated husband. The young prince, seven years of age, the successor to the throne, attended to his lessons regularly. Although the king neglected to learn himself, yet he was solicitous to have his little brother apply himself, and threatened chastisement if he neglected his lessons. He told him that he must have learning for his father and mother both,—that it would fit him for governing the nation, and make him a wise and good king when old.

The king brought two young men to Mr. Thurston, and said: "Teach these, my favorites, Ii and Kahuhu. It will be the same as teaching me. Through them I shall find out what learning is." To do his part to distinguish and make them respectable scholars, he dressed them in a civilized manner. They daily came forth from the king, entered the presence of their teacher, clad in white, while his majesty and court continued to sit in their girdles. Although thus distinguished from their fellows, in all the beauty and strength of ripening manhood, with what humility they drank in instruction from the lips of their teacher, even as the dry earth drinks in water!

(After an absence of some months, the king returned, and called at our dwelling to hear the two young men, his favorites, read. He was delighted with their improvement, and shook Mr. Thurston most cordially by the hand—pressed it between both his own—then kissed it.)

For three weeks after going ashore, our house was constantly surrounded, and our doors and windows filled with natives. From sunrise to dark there would be thirty or forty at least, sometimes eighty or a hundred. For the sake of solitude, I one day retired from the house, and seated myself beneath a shade. In five minutes I counted seventy companions. In their curiosity they followed the ladies in crowds from place to place, with simplicity peering under bonnets, and feeling articles of dress. It was amusing to see their efforts in running and taking a stand, that so they might have a full view of our faces. As objects of curiosity, the ladies were by far the most prominent. White men had lived and moved among them for a score of years. In our company were the first white women that ever stepped on these shores. It was thus the natives described the ladies: "They are white and have hats with a spout. Their faces are round and far in. Their necks are long. They look well." . . .

We could command only green brushwood, brought two miles on the backs of men, for cooking and heating our one iron, for smoothing all our light, thin, tropical dresses, which had been so abundantly prepared for us. But to such dresses we were limited. Every quart of water was brought to us from two to five miles in large gourd shells, on the shoulders of men. The natives were too ignorant to wash without superintendence. A new article was sent to be washed at the fountain, but five holes were made in it by being rubbed on sharp lava. We had entered a pathway that made it wisdom to take things as they came—and to take them by the smooth handle.

■



## Queen Nomahanna

By OTTO VON KOTZEBUE, 1787–1846. Captain von Kotzebue, son of the German dramatist August von Kotzebue, devoted the best years of his life to the service of the Russian Imperial Navy. At seventeen he served under Captain von Krusenstern on the first Russian voyage round the world in 1803–1806. Twelve years later, a youthful but seasoned officer, von Kotzebue commanded the brig *Rurik*, sent out to explore the less known parts of the Pacific and to search for a northeast passage into the Atlantic. He published in German an important account of this expedition, translated into English as *A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits* (1821). In 1823, as commander of the ship *Predpriate*, he was commissioned by the Emperor Alexander to make yet another voyage to the Pacific and around the world. Among the islands and island groups he visited were Tahiti, Samoa, the Marshall Islands, the Philippines, and Hawaii. His narrative of this voyage was translated from German into English as *A New Voyage Round the World* (1830). Arriving at Honolulu late in 1824, when the king and queen were absent on their fatal visit to England, von Kotzebue was received by Kinau, the governor of Oahu, and by Queen Nomahanna, one of the widows of King Kamehameha the Great. Both remembered him from his previous voyage and were very friendly. Nomahanna was now a Christian, converted by the American missionaries who had arrived four years earlier, and was learning to read and write her native language; but these marks of civilization, as is evident in the selection that follows, had not greatly affected her lusty, primitive nature.

ON THE morning after our arrival, I rowed ashore with some of my officers, to pay my respects to the Queen Nomahanna, and on landing was met by the Spaniard Marini, who accompanied us to her majesty as interpreter. On the way I was recognised by several old friends, with whom I had become acquainted on my former visit. They saluted me with a friendly "aroha." I cannot say there was much room for compliment on any visible improvement in their costume; for they still wore with much self-complacency some ill-assorted portions of European attire.

The residence of Nomahanna lay near the fortress on the seashore: it was a pretty little wooden house of two stories, built in the European style, with handsome large windows, and a balcony very neatly painted. We were received on the stairs by Chinau, the governor of Wahu, in a curious dishabille. He could hardly walk from the confinement his feet suffered in a pair of fisherman's shoes, and his red cloth waistcoat would not submit to be buttoned, because it had never been intended for so colossal a frame. He welcomed me with repeated arohas, and led me up to the second floor, where all the arrangements had a pleasing and even elegant appearance. The stairs were occupied from the bottom to the door of the queen's apartments, by children, adults, and even old people, of both sexes, who, under her majesty's own superintendence, were reading from spelling books, and writing on slates—a spectacle very honorable to her philanthropy. The governor himself had a spelling book in one hand, and in the other a very ornamental little instrument made of bone, which he used for pointing to the letters. Some of the old people appeared to have joined the assembly rather for example's sake than from a desire to learn, as they were studying, with an affectation of extreme diligence, books held upside down.

The spectacle of these scholars and their whimsical and scanty attire nearly upset the gravity with which I had prepared for my pres-

From *A New Voyage Round the World* (London, Henry Colburn & Richard Bentley, 1830), translated by H. E. Lloyd.

entation to the queen. The doors were, however, thrown open and I entered, Chinau introducing me as the captain of the newly arrived Russian frigate. The apartment was furnished in the European fashion, with chairs, tables, and looking glasses. In one corner stood an immensely large bed with silk curtains; the floor was covered with fine mats, and on these, in the middle of the room, lay Nomahanna, extended on her stomach, her head turned towards the door, and her arms supported on a silk pillow. Two young girls lightly dressed, sat cross-legged by the side of the queen, flapping away the flies with bunches of feathers. Nomahanna, who appeared at the utmost not more than forty years old, was exactly six feet two inches high and rather more than two ells in circumference. She wore an old-fashioned European dress of blue silk; her coal-black hair was neatly plaited at the top of a head as round as a ball; her flat nose and thick projecting lips were certainly not very handsome, yet was her countenance on the whole prepossessing and agreeable. On seeing me, she laid down the psalm book in which she had been reading; and having, with the help of her attendants, changed her lying for a sitting posture, she held out her hand to me in a very friendly manner, with many "arohas!" and invited me to take a seat on a chair by her side.

Her memory was better than my own; she recognised me as the Russian officer who had visited the deceased monarch Tameamea, on the island of O Wahi. On that occasion I had been presented to the queens; but since that time Nomahanna had so much increased in size that I did not know her again. She was aware how highly I esteemed her departed consort; my appearance brought him vividly to her remembrance, and she could not restrain her tears in speaking of his death. "The people," said she, "have lost in him a protector and a father. What will now be the fate of these islands, the God of the Christians only knows." She now informed me with much self-gratulation that she was a Christian, and attended the prayer meeting several times every day. Desirous to know how far she had been instructed in the religion she professed, I inquired through Marini the grounds of her conversion. She replied that she could not exactly describe them, but that the missionary Bingham, who understood reading and writing perfectly well, had assured her that the Christian faith was the best; and that, seeing how far the Europeans and Americans, who were all Christians, surpassed her compatriots in knowledge, she concluded that their belief must be the most rea-

sonable. "If, however," she added, "it should be found unsuited to our people, we will reject it, and adopt another."

Hence it appears that the Christianity of the missionaries is not regarded with the reverence which, in its purity, it is calculated to inspire in the most uncultivated minds. In conclusion, Nomahanna triumphantly informed me that the women might now eat as much pork as they pleased, instead of being, as formerly, limited to dog's flesh. At this observation, an intrusive idea suddenly changed her tone and the expression of her features. With a deep sigh, she exclaimed, "What would Tameamea say if he could behold the changes which have taken place here? No more gods—no more *marais*: all are destroyed! It was not so in his time—we shall never have such another king!" Then, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, she bared her right arm and showed me, tattooed on it in the O Wahi language—"Our good King Tameamea died on the 8th of May 1819." This sign of mourning for the beloved monarch, which cannot be laid aside like our pieces of crape, but accompanies the mourner to the grave, is very frequent on the Sandwich Islands, and testifies the esteem in which his memory is held: but it is a still more striking proof of the universal grief for his loss that on the anniversary of his death all his subjects struck out one of their front teeth; and the whole nation have in consequence acquired a sort of whistle in speaking. Chinau had even had the above words tattooed on his tongue, of which he gave me ocular demonstration; nor was he singular in this mode of testifying his attachment. It is surprising that an operation so painful, and which occasions a considerable swelling, should not be attended with worse consequences.

Nomahanna spoke with enthusiasm on the subject of writing. Formerly, she said, she could only converse with persons who were present; now, let them be ever so far distant, she could whisper her thoughts softly to them alone. She promised to write me a letter, in order, she said, that I might prove to every one in Russia that Nomahanna was able to write.

Our conversation was interrupted by the rattling of wheels and the sound of many voices. I looked from the window and saw a little cart to which a number of active young men had harnessed themselves with the greatest complacency. I inquired of Marini what this meant, and was informed that the queen was about to drive to church. An attendant soon after entered and announced that the equipage was ready. Nomahanna graciously proposed my accompany-

ing her; and rather than risk her displeasure by a refusal, I accepted the invitation with many thanks, though I foresaw that I should thus be drawn in as a party to a very absurd spectacle.

The queen now put on a white calico hat decorated with Chinese flowers, took a large Chinese fan in her hand, and, having completed her toilette by drawing on a pair of clumsy sailor's boots, we set out. In descending the stairs, she made a sign that the school was over for the present—an announcement that seemed very agreeable to the scholars, to the old ones especially. At the door below, a crowd had assembled, attracted by curiosity to see me and their queen drive out together. The young men in harness shouted for joy, and patiently waited the signal for the race. Some delay, however, occurred in taking our seats with suitable dignity. The carriage was very small, and my companion very large, so that I was fain to be content with a seat upon the edge, with a very good chance of losing my balance, had not her majesty, to obviate the danger, encircled my waist with her stout and powerful arm, and thus secured me on my seat. Our position, and the contrast presented by our figures, had no doubt a sufficiently comical effect. When we were at length comfortably settled, the Governor Chinau came forth, and with no other addition than a round hat to the costume already described, mounted a meager unsaddled steed, and off we all went at full gallop, the queen taking infinite pains to avoid losing me by the way. The people came streaming from all sides, shouting "*Aroha maita*"—our team continually increasing, while a crowd behind contended for the honor of helping to push us forward. In this style we drove the whole length of Hanaruro, and in about a quarter of an hour reached the church. . . .

Fourteen days after our arrival, I received a message from Kare-maku, who was still at O Tuai. He assured me that he was rejoiced at my coming, stated that he had sent orders to Chinau to supply my ship with the best provisions, and added that having happily concluded the expedition he should soon return to Hanaruro.

Meanwhile, we had no cause to complain of our situation: everything was to be had for money; and Nomahanna overwhelmed us with presents of fat hogs and the finest fish, putting all the fishermen into requisition to provide abundantly for our table. We had all reason to be grateful for her attention and kindness, and are all therefore ready to maintain that she is not only the cleverest and the



most learned, but also the best woman in Wahu, as indeed she is considered both by the natives and settlers.

But I can also bear testimony to another qualification, of equal importance in her estimation—she has certainly the greatest appetite that ever came under my observation. I usually visited her in the morning, and was in the habit of finding her extended at full length upon the floor, employed in inditing her letter to me, which appeared to occasion her many a headache. Once, however, I called exactly at dinnertime, and was shown into the eating room. She was lying on fine mats before a large looking glass, stretched as usual on her prodigious stomach. A number of Chinese porcelain dishes, containing food of various kinds, were ranged in a semicircle before her, and the attendants were busily employed in handing first one and then another to her majesty. She helped herself with her fingers from each in its turn, and ate most voraciously, whilst two boys flapped away the flies with large bunches of feathers. My appearance did not at all disturb her: she greeted me with her mouth full, and graciously nodded her desire that I should take my seat in a chair by her side, when I witnessed, I think, the most extraordinary meal upon record. How much had passed the royal mouth before my entrance, I will not undertake to affirm; but it took in enough in my presence to have satisfied six men! Great as was my admiration at the quantity of food thus consumed, the scene which followed was calculated to increase it. Her appetite appearing satisfied at length, the queen drew her breath with difficulty two or three times, then exclaimed, “I have eaten famously!” These were the first words her important business had allowed her time to utter. By the assistance of her attendants, she then turned upon her back and made a sign with her hand to a tall, strong fellow, who seemed well practised in his office; he immediately sprang upon her body, and kneaded her as unmercifully with his knees and fists as if she had been a trough of bread. This was done to favor digestion; and her majesty, after groaning a little at this ungentle treatment and taking a short time to recover herself, ordered her royal person to be again turned on the stomach, and recommenced her meal. This account, whatever appearance of exaggeration it may bear, is literally true, as all my officers, and the other gentlemen who accompanied me, will witness.

M. Preuss, who lived in the neighborhood of the lady, frequently witnessed similar meals, and maintains that Nomahanna and her fat hog were the greatest curiosities in Wahu. The latter is in particu-

lar favor with the queen, who feeds him almost to death: he is black, and of extraordinary size and fatness: two Kanakas are appointed to attend him, and he can hardly move without their assistance.

Nomahanna is vain of her tremendous appetite. She considers most people too thin, and recommends inaction as an accelerator of her admired embonpoint—so various are the notions of beauty. On the Sandwich Islands, a female figure a fathom long and of immeasurable circumference is charming; whilst the European lady laces tightly and sometimes drinks vinegar in order to touch our hearts by her slender and delicate symmetry.

One of our officers obtained the queen's permission to take her portrait. The limner's art is still almost a novelty here; and many persons of rank solicited permission to witness the operation. With the greatest attention, they watched every stroke of the outline, and loudly expressed their admiration as each feature appeared upon the paper. The nose was no sooner traced than they exclaimed—"Now Nomahanna can smell!" When the eyes were finished—"Now she can see!" They expressed especial satisfaction at the sight of the mouth, because it would enable her to eat; and they seemed to have some apprehension that she might suffer from hunger. At this point, Nomahanna became so much interested that she requested to see the picture also: she thought the mouth much too small, and begged that it might be enlarged. The portrait, however, when finished, did not please her; and she remarked rather peevishly—"I am surely much handsomer than that!" . . .

According to Nomahanna's request, I sent off an officer with the shallop to fetch her [for a visit to Captain von Kotzebue's ship]. Some hours, however, elapsed before she came, her majesty's toilette having, said my officer, occupied all this time. When at length it was completed, she desired him to give her his arm and conduct her to the shallop. This is another imitation of European customs.

For a lady of the Sandwich Islands, Nomahanna was this day very elegantly attired. A peach-colored dress of good silk, trimmed at the bottom with black lace, covered her majesty's immense figure, which a very broad many-colored sash, with a large bow in the front, divided exactly into two halves. She had a collar round her neck of native manufacture, made of beautiful red and yellow feathers; and on her head a very fine leghorn hat, ornamented with artificial flowers from Canton and trimmed round the edge with a pendant flounce of black lace; her chin lying modestly hidden behind a whole bed of

flowers that bloomed on her mountain bosom. In somewhat striking contrast to all this finery were the clumsily accoutered feet, and stout, ill-shaped, brown, unstockinged legs, which the shortness of her majesty's petticoats, proportioned originally to the stature of a European belle, displayed to a rather unsightly extent.

As yet, the shoemaker's craft does not flourish in the Sandwich Islands; so that all the shoes and boots worn there are imported from Europe and America. But as neither of these continents can produce such a pair of feet as those of Queen Nomahanna, the attempt to force them into any ready-made shoes would be hopeless; and her majesty is therefore obliged, if she would not go barefoot, which she does not consider altogether decorous, to content herself with a pair of men's galoshes. Such trifles as these were, however, beneath her notice, and she contemplated her dress with infinite complacency, as a pattern of princely magnificence. In these splendid habiliments, with a parasol in her hand, slowly and with difficulty she climbed the ship's stairs, on which, with some of my officers, I was in waiting to receive her; on the highest step she endeavored already to give us a proof of her acquaintance with our customs by making a courtesy, which was intended to accord with the most approved rules of the art of dancing, though the feet, not perfectly tutored in their parts, performed in rather a comic style. In attempting this feat, she lost her balance, and would have fallen into the water if a couple of strong sailors had not caught her illustrious person in their arms.

She was much delighted with all that she saw on board, especially with my cabin, where the sofa paid dearly for the honor of her approbation,—she sat upon it, and broke it down. The portrait of the Emperor Alexander attracted her particular attention; she sat down opposite to it upon the floor, where she could cause no farther destruction, and said, after gazing upon it for some minutes with much interest, "*Maitai, Yeri nue Rukkini!*" (the great Governor of the Russians is beautiful!) She told me that she knew a great deal about Russia. A Sandwich Islander, named Lauri, who in 1819 had made the voyage thither in the Russian ship *Kamtschatka*, with Captain Golowin, and had afterwards returned to his own country, had told her many things concerning Petersburg and the Emperor. She said she would have liked to make the voyage herself, but that Lauri's fearful description of the cold had terrified her. He had told her that it was necessary to envelop the body entirely in fur, and that

even this would not obviate all danger of losing the nose and ears; that the cold changed the water into a solid substance, resembling glass in appearance, but of so much strength that it was used for a highroad, people passing over it in huge chests drawn by horses, without breaking it; that the houses were as high as mountains, and so large that he had walked three days in one of them without coming to the end of it. It was evident that Lauri had stretched a little; but Nomahanna had no notion of incredulity. She approved of our inventions for warming the inside of our houses, and thought that if she were at Petersburg she would not go out at all during the cold weather, but would drive her carriage about the house. She inquired how it could possibly be so warm at one season of the year, and so cold at another. I endeavored to accommodate my answer to her powers of comprehension, and she seemed satisfied.

"Lauri was in the right," she observed; "there are very clever people in Russia." Her acknowledgment of my abilities, however, proved rather inconvenient, for she now overwhelmed me with a host of questions, some of them very absurd, and which to have answered with methodical precision would have required much time and consideration. For instance, she desired me to tell her how much wood must be burnt every year to warm all the countries of the earth? Whether rain enough might not fall, at some time or other, to extinguish all the fires? And whether, by means of such a rain, Wahu might not become as cold as Russia? I endeavored to cut the matter as short as possible and, in order to divert her thoughts to other subjects, set wine before her. She liked it very much, and I therefore presented her with a bottle; but her thirst for knowledge was not thus to be quenched, and during a visit of two hours she asked such incessant questions that I was not a little relieved when at length she proposed to depart. In taking leave she observed, "If I have wine, I must have glasses, or how can I drink it?" So saying, she took the bottle that had been given her in one hand and, with the other, seizing without ceremony the glasses that stood on the table, she went upon deck. There she made a profound courtesy to all present, and again took her seat in the shallop. Thus ended this condescending visit, with the royal appropriation of my wine glasses. Nomahanna had, however, been so liberal to us that she had a right to suppose she would be welcome to them.



## Honolulu in the Seventies

By ISABELLA BIRD (Mrs. J. F. Bishop), 1832–1904. Mrs. Bishop, English traveler and lecturer, spent half a year in the Hawaiian Islands in 1873. Her energetic exploration of the kingdom in this period of change was narrated on the spot in a series of letters to friends in England. This fact accounts in part for the freshness and the feeling of direct experience in her writing; the collected letters likewise reflect her extraordinary capacity for enjoying new scenes and experiences and for keen observation of detail. She visited most parts of the group by sea or on horseback, and her vivacious descriptions, particularly of the Kilauea volcano region and the Hamakua Coast of the island of Hawaii, are still enjoyed by other visitors. Mrs. Bishop was the first woman fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Her books include *The Englishwoman in America* (1856), *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* (1880), and *The Yangtse Valley and Beyond* (1899).

Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, Jan. 26, 1873.

**Y**ESTERDAY morning at 6:30 I was aroused by the news that "The Islands" were in sight. Oahu in the distance, a group of gray, barren peaks rising verdureless out of the lonely sea, was not an exception to the rule that the first sight of land is a disappointment. Owing to the clear atmosphere, we seemed only five miles off, but in reality we were twenty, and the land improved as we neared it. It was the fiercest day we had had, the deck was almost too hot to stand upon, the sea and sky were both magnificently blue, and the unveiled sun turned every minute ripple into a diamond flash. As we approached, the island changed its character. There were lofty peaks, truly—gray and red, sun-scorched and wind-bleached, glowing here and there with traces of their fiery origin; but they were cleft by deep chasms and ravines of cool shadow and entrancing green, and falling water streaked their sides—a most welcome vision after eleven months of the desert sea and the dusty browns of Australia and New Zealand. Nearer yet, and the coast line came into sight, fringed by the feathery coconut tree of the tropics, and marked by a long line of surf. The grand promontory of Diamond Head, its fiery sides now softened by a haze of green, terminated the wavy line of palms; then the Punchbowl, a very perfect extinct crater, brilliant with every shade of red volcanic ash, blazed against the green skirts of the mountains. We were close to the coral reef before the cry, "There's Honolulu!" made us aware of the proximity of the capital of the island kingdom, and then, indeed, its existence had almost to be taken upon trust, for besides the lovely wooden and grass huts, with deep verandas, which nestled under palms and bananas on soft green sward, margined by the bright sea sand, only two church spires and a few gray roofs appeared above the trees.

We were just outside the reef, and near enough to hear that deep

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Hawaiian Archipelago: Six Months Among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands* (London, John Murray, 1875).

sound of the surf which, through the ever serene summer years, girdles the Hawaiian Islands with perpetual thunder, before the pilot glided alongside, bringing the news which Mark Twain had prepared us to receive with interest, that "Prince Bill" [Lunalilo] had been unanimously elected to the throne. The surf ran white and pure over the environing coral reef, and as we passed through the narrow channel, we almost saw the coral forests deep down under the Nevada's keel; the coral fishers plied their graceful trade; canoes with outriggers rode the combers, and glided with inconceivable rapidity round our ship; amphibious brown beings sported in the transparent waves; and within the reef lay a calm surface of water of a wonderful blue, entered by a narrow, intricate passage of the deepest indigo. And beyond the reef and beyond the blue, nestling among coconut trees and bananas, umbrella trees and breadfruits, oranges, mangoes, hibiscus, algarroba, and passionflowers, almost hidden in the deep, dense greenery, was Honolulu. Bright blossom of a summer sea! Fair Paradise of the Pacific!

Inside the reef the magnificent ironclad *California* (the flagship) and another huge American war vessel, the *Benicia*, are moored in line with the British corvette *Scout*, within two hundred yards of the shore; and their boats were constantly passing and repassing, among countless canoes filled with natives. Two coasting schooners were just leaving the harbor, and the inter-island steamer *Kilauea*, with her deck crowded with natives, was just coming in. By noon the great decrepit *Nevada*, which has no wharf at which she can lie in sleepy New Zealand, was moored alongside a very respectable one in this enterprising little Hawaiian capital.

We looked down from the towering deck on a crowd of two or three thousand people—whites, Kanakas, Chinamen—and hundreds of them at once made their way on board, and streamed over the ship, talking, laughing, and remarking upon us in a language which seemed without backbone. Such rich brown men and women they were, with wavy, shining black hair, large, brown, lustrous eyes, and rows of perfect teeth like ivory. Everyone was smiling. The forms of the women seem to be inclined towards obesity, but their drapery, which consists of a sleeved garment which falls in ample and unconfined folds from their shoulders to their feet, partly conceals this defect, which is here regarded as beauty. Some of these dresses were black, but many of those worn by the younger women were of pure white, crimson, yellow, scarlet, blue, or light green. The men displayed their



lithe, graceful figures to the best advantage in white trousers and gay Garibaldi shirts. A few of the women wore colored handkerchiefs twined round their hair, but generally both men and women wore straw hats, which the men set jauntily on one side of their heads, and aggravated their appearance yet more by bandana handkerchiefs of rich bright colors round their necks, knotted loosely on the left side, with a grace to which, I think, no Anglo-Saxon dandy could attain. Without an exception the men and women wore wreaths and garlands of flowers, carmine, orange, or pure white, twined round their hats, and thrown carelessly round their necks, flowers unknown to me, but redolent of the tropics in fragrance and color. Many of the young beauties wore the gorgeous blossom of the red hibiscus among their abundant, unconfined black hair, and many, besides the garlands, wore festoons of a sweet-scented vine, or of an exquisitely beautiful fern, knotted behind and hanging half-way down their dresses. These adornments of natural flowers are most attractive. Chinamen, all alike, very yellow, with almond-shaped eyes, youthful, hairless faces, long pigtails, spotlessly clean clothes, and an expression of mingled cunning and simplicity, "foreigners," half-whites, a few negroes, and a very few dark-skinned Polynesians from the far-off South Seas, made up the rest of the rainbow-tinted crowd.

The "foreign" ladies, who were there in great numbers, generally wore simple light prints or muslins, and white straw hats, and many of them so far conformed to native custom as to wear natural flowers round their hats and throats. But where were the hard, angular, careworn, sallow, passionate faces of men and women, such as form the majority of every crowd at home, as well as in America and Australia? The conditions of life must surely be easier here, and people must have found rest from some of its burdensome conventionalities. The foreign ladies, in their simple, tasteful, fresh attire, innocent of the humpings and bunchings, the monstrosities and deformities of ultrafashionable bad taste, beamed with cheerfulness, friendliness, and kindliness. Men and women looked as easy, contented, and happy as if care never came near them. I never saw such healthy, bright complexions as among the women, or such "sparkling smiles," or such a diffusion of feminine grace and graciousness anywhere.

Outside this motley, genial, picturesque crowd about two hundred saddled horses were standing, each with the Mexican saddle, with its lassoing horn in front, high peak behind, immense wooden stirrups,

with great leathern guards, silver or brass bosses, and colored saddle-cloths. The saddles were the only element of the picturesque that these Hawaiian steeds possessed. They were sorry, lean, undersized beasts, looking in general as if the emergencies of life left them little time for eating or sleeping. They stood calmly in the broiling sun, heavy-headed and heavy-hearted, with flabby ears and pendulous lower lips, limp and rawboned, a doleful type of the "creation which groaneth and travaileth in misery." All these belonged to the natives, who are passionately fond of riding. Every now and then a flower-wreathed Hawaiian woman, in her full radiant garment, sprang on one of these animals astride, and dashed along the road at full gallop, sitting on her horse as square and easy as a hussar. In the crowd and outside of it, and everywhere, there were piles of fruit for sale—oranges, guavas, strawberries, papayas, bananas (green and golden), coconuts, and other rich, fantastic productions of a prolific climate, where nature gives of her wealth the whole year round. Strange fishes, strange in shape and color, crimson, blue, orange, rose, gold, such fishes as flash like living light through the coral groves of these enchanted seas, were there for sale, and coral divers were there with their treasures—branch coral, as white as snow, each perfect specimen weighing from eight to twenty pounds. But no one pushed his wares for sale—we were at liberty to look and admire, and pass on unmolested. No vexatious restrictions obstructed our landing. A sum of two dollars for the support of the Queen's Hospital is levied on each passenger, and the examination of ordinary luggage, if it exists, is a mere form. From the demeanor of the crowd it was at once apparent that the conditions of conquerors and conquered do not exist. On the contrary, many of the foreigners there were subjects of a Hawaiian king, a reversal of the ordinary relations between a white and a colored race which it is not easy yet to appreciate.

Two of my fellow passengers, who were going on to San Francisco, were anxious that I should accompany them to the Pali, the great excursion from Honolulu; and leaving Mr. M—— to make all arrangements for the Dexters and myself, we hired a buggy, destitute of any peculiarity but a native driver, who spoke nothing but Hawaiian, and left the ship. This place is quite unique. It is said that fifteen thousand people are buried away in these low-browed, shadowy houses, under the glossy, dark-leaved trees, but except in one or two streets of miscellaneous, old-fashioned looking stores, arranged with a distinct leaning towards native tastes, it looks like a large village, or rather

like an aggregate of villages. As we drove through the town we could only see our immediate surroundings, but each had a new fascination. We drove along roads with overarching trees, through whose dense leafage the noon sunshine only trickled in dancing, broken lights; umbrella trees, caoutchouc, bamboo, mango, orange, breadfruit, candlenut, monkey pod, date and coco palms, alligator pears, "prides" of Barbary, India, and Peru, and huge-leaved, wide-spreading trees, exotics from the South Seas, many of them rich in parasitic ferns, and others blazing with bright, fantastic blossoms. The air was heavy with odors of gardenia, tuberose, oleanders, roses, lilies, and great white trumpet flower, and myriads of others whose names I do not know, and verandas were festooned with a gorgeous trailer with magenta blossoms, passionflowers, and a vine with masses of trumpet-shaped, yellow, waxy flowers. The delicate tamarind and the feathery algarroba intermingled their fragile grace with the dark, shiny foliage of the South Sea exotics, and the deep red, solitary flowers of the hibiscus rioted among dear familiar fuchsias and geraniums, which here attain the height and size of large rhododendrons.

Few of the new trees surprised me more than the papaya. It is a perfect gem of tropical vegetation. It has a soft, indented stem, which runs up quite straight to a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, and is crowned by a profusion of large, deeply indented leaves, with long foot-stalks, and among, as well as considerably below, these are the flowers or the fruit, in all stages of development. This, when ripe, is bright yellow, and the size of a muskmelon. Clumps of bananas, the first sight of which, like that of the palm, constitutes a new experience, shaded the native houses with their wonderful leaves, broad and deep green, from five to ten feet long. The breadfruit is a superb tree, about sixty feet high, with deep green, shining leaves, a foot broad, sharply and symmetrically cut, worthy, from their exceeding beauty of form, to take the place of the acanthus in architectural ornament, and throwing their pale green fruit into delicate contrast. All these, with the exquisite rose apple, with a deep red tinge in its young leaves, the fan palm, the chirimoya, and numberless others, and the slender shafts of the coco palms rising high above them, with their waving plumes and perpetual fruitage, were a perfect festival of beauty.

In the deep shade of this perennial greenery the people dwell. The foreign houses show a very various individuality. The peculiarity in which all seem to share is, that everything is decorated and festooned

with flowering trailers. It is often difficult to tell what the architecture is, or what is house and what is vegetation; for all angles, and lattices, and balustrades, and verandas are hidden by jessamine or passion-flowers, or the gorgeous flame-like bougainvillea. Many of the dwellings straggle over the ground without an upper story, and have very deep verandas, through which I caught glimpses of cool, shady rooms, with matted floors. Some look as if they had been transported from the old-fashioned villages of the Connecticut Valley, with their clapboard fronts painted white and jalousies painted green; but then the deep veranda in which families lead an open-air life has been added, and the chimneys have been omitted, and the New England severity and angularity are toned down and draped out of sight by these festoons of large-leaved, bright-blossomed, tropical climbing plants. Besides the frame houses there are houses built of blocks of a cream-colored coral conglomerate laid in cement; of adobe, or large sun-baked bricks, plastered; houses of grass and bamboo; houses on the ground and houses raised on posts; but nothing looks prosaic, commonplace, or mean, for the glow and luxuriance of the tropics rest on all. Each house has a large garden or "yard," with lawns of bright perennial greens and banks of blazing, many-tinted flowers, and lines of *Dracaena*, and other foliage plants, with their great purple or crimson leaves, and clumps of marvellous lilies, gladiolas, ginger, and many plants unknown to me. Fences and walls are altogether buried by passionflowers, the night-blowing cereus, and the *tropaeolum*, mixed with geraniums, fuchsia, and jessamine, which cluster and entangle over them in indescribable profusion. A soft air moves through the upper branches, and the drip of water from miniature fountains falls musically on the perfumed air. This is mid-winter! The summer, they say, is thermometrically hotter, but practically cooler, because of the regular trades which set in in April, but now, with the shaded thermometer at 80° and the sky without clouds, the heat is not oppressive.

The mixture of the neat grass houses of the natives with the more elaborate homes of the foreign residents has a very pleasant look. The "aborigines" have not been crowded out of sight, or into a special "quarter." We saw many groups of them sitting under the trees outside their houses, each group with a mat in the center, with calabashes upon it containing poi, the national Hawaiian dish, a fermented paste made from the root of the *kalo*, or *arum esculentum*. As we emerged on the broad road which leads up the Nuuanu Valley

to the mountains, we saw many patches of this kalo, a very handsome tropical plant, with large leaves of a bright tender green. Each plant was growing on a small hillock, with water round it. There were beautiful vegetable gardens also, in which Chinamen raise for sale not only melons, pineapples, sweet potatoes, and other edibles of hot climates, but the familiar fruits and vegetables of the temperate zones. In patches of surpassing neatness, there were strawberries, which are ripe here all the year, peas, carrots, turnips, asparagus, lettuce, and celery. I saw no other plants or trees which grow at home, but recognized as hardly less familiar growths the Victorian eucalyptus, which has not had time to become gaunt and straggling, the Norfolk Island pine, which grows superbly here, and the handsome Moreton Bay fig.

But the chief feature of this road is the number of residences; I had almost written of pretentious residences, but the term would be a base slander, as I have jumped to the conclusion that the twin vulgarities of ostentation and pretence have no place here. But certainly for a mile and a half or more there are many very comfortable-looking dwellings, very attractive to the eye, with an ease and imperturbable serenity of demeanor as if they had nothing to fear from heat, cold, wind, or criticism. Their architecture is absolutely unostentatious, and their one beauty is that they are embowered among trailers, shadowed by superb exotics and surrounded by banks of flowers, while the stately coconut, the banana, and the candlenut, the aborigines of Oahu, are nowhere displaced. One house with extensive grounds, a perfect wilderness of vegetation, was pointed out as the summer palace of Queen Emma, or Kaleleonalani, widow of Kamehameha IV, who visited England a few years ago, and the finest garden of all is that of a much respected Chinese merchant, named Afong. Oahu, at least on this leeward side, is not tropical looking, and all this tropical variety and luxuriance which delight the eye result from foreign enthusiasm and love of beauty and shade.

When we ascended above the scattered dwellings and had passed the tasteful mausoleum, with two tall kahilis, or feather plumes, at the door of the tomb in which the last of the Kamehamehas received Christian burial, the vegetation ceased. At that height a shower of rain falls on nearly every day in the year, and the result is a green sward which England can hardly rival, a perfect sea of verdure, darkened in the valley and more than half way up the hillsides by the foliage of the yellow-blossomed and almost impenetrable hibiscus,

brightened here and there by the pea-green candlenut. Streamlets leap from crags and ripple along the roadside, every rock and stone is hidden by moist-looking ferns, as aerial and delicate as marabout feathers, and when the windings of the valley and the projecting spurs of mountains shut out all indications of Honolulu, in the cool green loneliness one could image oneself in the temperate zones. The peculiarity of the scenery is that the hills, which rise to a height of about four thousand feet, are wall-like ridges of gray or colored rock, rising precipitously out of the trees and grass, and that these walls are broken up into pinnacles and needles.

At the Pali (wall-like precipice), the summit of the ascent of a thousand feet, we left our buggy, and passing through a gash in the rock the celebrated view burst on us with overwhelming effect. Immense masses of black and ferruginous volcanic rock, hundreds of feet in nearly perpendicular height, formed the Pali on either side, and the ridge extended northwards for many miles, presenting a lofty, abrupt mass of gray rock broken into fantastic pinnacles, which seemed to pierce the sky. A broad, umbrageous mass of green clothed the lower buttresses, and fringed itself away in clusters of coco palms on a garden-like stretch below, green with grass and sugar cane, and dotted with white houses, each with its palm and banana grove, and varied by eminences which looked like long extinct tufa cones. Beyond this enchanted region stretched the coral reef, with its white wavy line of endless surf, and the broad blue Pacific, ruffled by a breeze whose icy freshness chilled us where we stood. Narrow streaks on the landscape, every now and then disappearing behind intervening hills, indicated bridle tracks connected with a frightfully steep and rough zigzag path cut out of the face of the cliff on our right. I could not go down this on foot without a sense of insecurity, but mounted natives driving loaded horses descended with perfect impunity into the dreamland below.

This Pali is the scene of one of the historic tragedies of this island. Kamehameha the Conqueror, who after fierce fighting and much ruthless destruction of human life united the island sovereignties in his own person, routed the forces of the King of Oahu in the Nuuanu Valley, and drove them in hundreds up the precipice, from which they leaped in despair and madness, and their bones lie bleaching eight hundred feet below.

The drive back here was delightful, from the wintry height, where I must confess that we shivered, to the slumbrous calm of an endless

summer, the glorious tropical trees, the distant view of cool chasm-like valleys, with Honolulu sleeping in perpetual shade, and the still blue ocean, without a single sail to disturb its profound solitude. Saturday afternoon is a gala day here, and the broad road was so thronged with brilliant equestrians that I thought we should be ridden over by the reckless laughing rout. There were hundreds of native horsemen and horsewomen, many of them doubtless on the dejected quadrupeds I saw at the wharf, but a judicious application of long rowelled Mexican spurs, and a degree of emulation, caused these animals to tear along at full gallop. The women seemed perfectly at home in their gay, brass-bossed, high-peaked saddles, flying along astride, barefooted, with their orange and scarlet riding dresses streaming on each side beyond their horses' tails, a bright kaleidoscopic flash of bright eyes, white teeth, shining hair, garlands of flowers and many-colored dresses; while the men were hardly less gay, with fresh flowers round their jaunty hats, and the vermilion-colored blossoms of the ohia round their brown throats. Sometimes a troop of twenty of these free-and-easy female riders went by at a time, a graceful and exciting spectacle, with a running accompaniment of vociferation and laughter. Among these we met several of the Nevada's officers, riding in the stiff, wooden style which Anglo-Saxons love, and a horde of jolly British sailors from H.M.S. Scout, rushing helter-skelter, colliding with everybody, bestriding their horses as they would a topsail yard, hanging on to manes and lassoing horns, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. In the shady tortuous streets we met hundreds more of native riders, dashing at full gallop without fear of the police. Many of the women were in flowing riding-dresses of pure white, over which their unbound hair and wreaths of carmine-tinted flowers fell most picturesquely.

■

## **Father Damien of Molokai**

*By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. Stoddard was personally acquainted with Joseph Damien de Veuster—the celebrated “Father Damien,” martyr of Molokai. The author visited the leper colony on the Hawaiian island of Molokai in 1884 and gave a description of the descent to Kalawao and the life of the exiles there. “Father Damien of Molokai” relates the touching events of that visit.*



IT IS a long, hot, dusty ride from the beach to the far edge of the windward cliffs of Molokai. There is no half-way house, no roadside spring, no shelter from the fierce glare of the sun. The salt-sea "trades" blow over the ridge of the island, clothed in clouds of fine red dust; but one is constantly ascending into purer, clearer, sweeter air; and when the rain-swept highlands are reached, the scattering groves of kukui and *kamane* trees, the deep and verdant ravines musical with sparkling rivulets, the whirl of wings, the delicious temperature, the cloud-capped and almost inaccessible heights that shelter the upper regions, beguile one into the belief that he has actually entered another zone. . . .

Cattle and sheep covered the hills, but the shy deer were hidden in the brush, where the quail piped and called, and the wild dove cooed. Indeed it was difficult to believe that we were still in the tropics; for all these birds and beasts save only the far-flying duck, are importations—chiefly the property of the king—and each and all of them now thoroughly domesticated.

Suddenly we came upon a rustic bar that blocked the way. Here we dismounted, and a lad who had accompanied us thus far took charge of the animals, that were to be led back to the pasturage at Mr. Meyer's, there to await our pleasure. The little luggage we had brought with us—it was as little as possible—was deposited on the grass, while we approached a jungle that grew upon the edge of the cliff. Tearing our way through the shrubs and vines, we came upon the brink, and looked down. We were three thousand feet in the air; the whole face of the abyss was a cataract of verdure, breaking at intervals into a foam of flowers; and upon the crest of this cataract we were balanced like the birds of the air. Surely it was a bird's-eye view that thrilled us at that moment: there was a great sweep of sky-blue sea, and a greater sweep of sea-blue sky; and between the two we hung suspended among the branches that bent under our weight.

Abridged from *The Lepers of Molokai* (Notre Dame, Indiana, "Ave Maria" Press, 1885).

A little sail, looking like a snowflake, seemed ready to melt in the dreamy and delicious distance. A rain cloud was trailing across the horizon; but for this feature we would hardly have known where to draw the line, for sea and sky were as one. Far beneath us was a tongue of land thrust out into the sea; it was sunburnt and dust-colored, blackened at the edges, where the rough lava rocks were uncovered, and frothed from end to end with tumbling breakers. Scarcely a tree was visible throughout its length and breadth; but it was divided and subdivided, by low stone walls, into a thousand small lots of every conceivable shape: each one perhaps a birthright, and all of them no doubt under cultivation formerly; for Molokai was once densely populated, and this isolated portion of the island was in those days a popular resort.

On one shore of the lowland was a little hamlet: a handful of tiny white cottages scattered in a green and sheltered spot. On the opposite shore, two miles away, was another and somewhat larger settlement, with its cottages more scattered, and its garden spots less green. Both of these villages were nestling near the cliffs, one of them quite in the shadow; between the two there were but few habitations, and at the farther end of the lowland, where it jutted into the sea, there were none at all. Near the center of the lowland was a small, low crater, a hillock with a funnel-shaped hollow in the middle of it, and in the bottom of the hollow a pool of water that rises and falls with the sea-tide. The whole plain was like a crust over the water, with a broken bubble in the midst of it.

This was the site of the leper settlement on Molokai, that has been much written about, and most written about by those who have never seen it. Its history is still almost a mystery, save to the few who have been in some way associated with it. . . .

"Come, let us be going," said one of the party; whereupon we shouldered our packs, and, with staff in hand, approaching the precipitous trail, single-file, took the first downward step. It was like plunging into space.

We were dropping, slipping, shambling down a sharp flank of the cliff, that cut the air like a flying buttress. By a series of irregular steps we slowly descended, leaping from rock to rock when practicable, but often putting off our packs, sliding into the little ledge below, and then dragging the packs after us.

On each side of us was a dense growth of brush, a kind of natural parapet, over which we could hurl a stone a thousand feet into the sheer depths, but we could not hear it strike. Sea-birds soared above

us and below us; sometimes they hovered just over our heads, and eyed us curiously; then with a stroke of their powerful wings they would soar away, with a cry that was half fearful, half defiant. My brain whirled as I watched them poised in mid-air, and thought of the awful distance between them and the earth.

For two hours we continued to descend, often pausing for breath, sometimes sinking through weariness, always wondering if this were not the last turn in the zigzag that seemed to wind on to the end of time. Now and then we came upon the carcasses of cattle that had perished in this awful path; for herds are sometimes driven down the steep incline to supply the leper market, and there is always some loss of life in these cases.

At intervals we treaded deliciously cool and shady groves, from under whose dense boughs we could look slantwise into the settlement, and see men and women moving to and fro; and so at last we came out upon the treeless plain, faint and footsore—at least this was my state—and began slowly to make our way toward Kalawao, the chief leper village, about a mile and a half distant. At the lodge—a neat frame building, reserved for the exclusive use of the visiting physician and his friends—we deposited our packs, left orders for an early dinner, and proceeded toward the neighboring village.

The first glimpse of Kalawao might lead a stranger to pronounce it a thriving hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. Its single street is bordered by neat whitewashed cottages, with numerous little gardens of bright flowers, and clusters of graceful and decorative tropical trees. It lies so near the base of the mountain that not a few of the huge stones that were loosened by the rains have come thundering down the heights, and rolled almost to the fences that enclose the village suburbs.

As we passed down the street, Dr. Fitch was greeted on every hand. He had been expected, for it was his custom to visit the settlement monthly; and many a shout of welcome was raised, and many an "aloha!"—the fond salutation of the race—rang from doorway, window, and veranda. One group of stalwart fellows swung their hats in air, and gave three lusty cheers for "Kauka" (the doctor), topping them off with a burst of childish laughter.

Thus far, inasmuch as we had scarcely looked into the faces of these villagers, they seemed to us the merriest and most contented community in the world; but let it be remembered that we were all in the deep afternoon shadow, and our arrival was the sensation of the hour.

By the roadside, in the edge of the village, between it and the sea, stood a little chapel; the cross upon its low belfry, and the larger cross in the cemetery beyond, assured us that the poor villagers were not neglected in the hour of their extremity.

As we drew near, the churchyard gate was swung open for us by a troop of laughing urchins, who stood hat in hand to give us welcome. Now, for the first time, I noticed that they were all disfigured: that their faces were seared and scarred; their hands and feet maimed and sometimes bleeding; their eyes like the eyes of some half-tamed animal; their mouths shapeless, and their whole aspect in many cases repulsive.

These were lepers; so were they, each of them, that had greeted us as we passed through the village; so are they all, with a few privileged exceptions, who dwell in the two little villages under the cliffs by the sea.

Other lepers gathered about us as we entered the churchyard: the chapel steps were crowded with them—for a stranger is seldom seen at Kalawao—and as their number increased, it seemed as if each newcomer was more horrible than the last, until corruption could go no farther, and flesh suffer no deeper dishonor this side of the grave. They voluntarily drew aside as we advanced, closing in behind us, and encircling us at every step.

The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works.

This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

We were urged to dine with him. Good soul! he was conscious of asking us to the humblest of tables, but we were a thousand times welcome to the best he had. When we assured him that our dinner was even then in preparation, and that we had packed over with us all the way from Honolulu butter, flour, and other delicacies, he insisted upon our adding a fowl to our bill of fare, with his compliments and his blessing.

Having with a few words dispersed the group of lepers—it was constantly increasing in numbers and horrors—he brought from his

cottage into the churchyard a handful of corn, and scattering a little of it upon the ground, he gave a peculiar cry. In a moment his fowls flocked from all quarters: they seemed to descend out of the air in clouds; they lit upon his arms, and fed out of his hands; they fought for footing upon his shoulders and even upon his head; they covered him with caresses and with feathers. He stood knee-deep among as fine a flock of fowls as any fancier would care to see; they were his pride, his playthings; and yet a brace of them he sacrificed upon the altar of friendship, and bade us go in peace.

Such was Father Damien of Kalawao. . . .

It seems we were about to enter the valley of the shadow of death. A day had been set apart for the inspection of tenements and of the several wards, where the worst cases of leprosy were in charge of leprous friends, who were as yet but little crippled by the ravages of the disease.

The hospital wards—a row of long, cool buildings—are ranged on two sides of a breezy and treeless square. There is an abundance of fresh air and sunshine in Kalawao, but these life-giving elements can not aid the hopeless victims of leprosy. As we approached the wards, we found some of the patients wandering listlessly in the shade of the low-hanging eaves, or lounging in the verandas; some were sunning themselves at the corners of the buildings; not a few were within doors, sitting mutely alone, or in groups, or reclining upon the cots that stood in double rows down the length of each ward.

Father Damien, who had called early to offer his services as escort, knew each individual case; like the good physician that he is, ministering to the bodies as well as to the souls of his flock, his finger is upon the pulse of his suffering people, as with painful gravity he watches the tide of life slowly ebbing day by day.

Most of these lepers were capable of smiling when spoken to—and I believe they would smile in their last breath; for of all nations on the face of the globe the Hawaiian is perhaps the most amiable and the most ingenuous. But what smiles were those that greeted us! what horror-stricken faces, in which the muscles seemed to have forgotten their office, and to be now sporting derisively! It was as if the mantle of Victor Hugo's "*L'Homme qui Rit*" were being striven for by those utterly unconscious of the disgust it necessarily inspires. Still they smiled responsively, like children; smiled innocently and amiably, but with an expression that was satirical and

sometimes almost devilish; their swollen faces, with the flesh knotted and blotched, grew a thousand times more horrible while they smiled, and the features bore a look of fixed agony never to be forgotten by one who had beheld it.

It is a singular and fortunate fact that the leper suffers but little pain until almost his final hour; much inconvenience certainly he endures, but endures it patiently and painlessly, until the fangs of the loathsome disease strike the vitals; and then the end is at hand. . . .

As we were passing through one of the wards, we found a little heap of humanity drawn up in bed and covered all over with a red woolen blanket. Someone raised this covering, and exposed a withered face; the eyes did not open; the eyelids, which were like thick films, quivered feebly; the flesh of an arm that lay across the breast was eaten away,—it looked as if it had been eaten by rats, but it was only the fang of the destroyer that had struck there.

This miserable creature was being fanned by a friend, who smiled complacently as he told us that the old man was dying. Again and again we visited him, and three days later found him apparently unchanged; without eating or drinking, and almost without breathing, he lay curled in an ignominious heap of corruption, awaiting tardy death.

His companions were in no wise disconcerted, but dozed on the neighboring cots, played cards in the corner, or sat moodily apart, as if watching for some one—and so they were! They were watching with dogged indifference the approach of the destroyer; they could mark his progress inch by inch in the mortifying bodies of their fellows; and hour after hour this was the sole diversion of the more moody victims.

From cottage to cottage, across lots, through garden spots ablaze with brilliant flowers, and rank with shrubs of brightest green—lepers were everywhere waiting to receive us; they crouched under the thick banana hedges, or on the smallest of verandas, or squatted upon the floor within doors.

Often we found the walls of the rooms papered with illustrations cut from *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's*, or the *London News*. And graphic, flaring chromo-lithographs were not wanting; nor, in many cases, a crucifix or a holy picture, or the beads. But Father Damien made no distinction in the bestowal of his favors, and everywhere he was welcomed as a friend.

It seemed strange to me that those doomed exiles, who have only to look upon the disfigured faces of their companions to see the living image of their own, have, in most cases, hearts that are comparatively light, and spirits comparatively gay; and yet they are all, or nearly all of them, dwelling within sound of the busy hammer that is shaping the coffins which are to enclose their remains! That hammer seemed never idle; coffins were piled where they were visible to all who passed the workshop; and yet two or three per week are called for, and "God's acre" is crowded with the dead.

When we escaped from the green labyrinth of the settlement, I thought of Dante emerging from the *Inferno* under the guidance of Virgil; and, clasping the hand of Father Damien, I entered his house, there to digest the experiences of the day.

It is a small, two-story house, with stairs leading from the lower to the upper veranda. Having seated me in his easiest chair, the good priest excused himself for a few moments, during which I busied myself in filling some pages of my notebook.

When he returned he brought with him an improvised supper: a bit of meat, a dish of rice, fried eggs, and large bowls of coffee, with nuggets of sugar on sea biscuits, that served as trays, and were afterwards to be eaten. All this he had prepared with his own hands, together we discussed it, and then withdrew to the full enjoyment of a pipe and a cigarette.

Now I assumed the attitude of the interviewer, but found my subject a diffident and difficult one; it was only after considerable persuasion that I gathered the brief record of his life; and even then the modest Father was fearful that I might flatter him, or give my readers a too favorable impression of one who seemed quite unconscious of having done anything worthy of note. I can not do him justice, but here, in brief, is the story of his career:

Born in Louvain, Belgium, January 3, 1840; when he was but four and twenty, his brother, who had just entered the priesthood, was ordered to embark for Honolulu, but at the moment fell sick with typhoid fever. Young Damien, who was a theological student at the University, having received minor orders, and belonging to the same order—the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (commonly called Society of Picpus)—at once wrote to his superior, and begged that he might be sent upon the mission in his brother's stead. In one week he was on his way to that far country. He was ordained upon his arrival in Honolulu, and for a few years led the life of toil

and privation which invariably falls to the lot of the Catholic missionary.

In 1873 he, in common with others of the clergy, was invited to be present at the dedication of a beautiful chapel just completed by Father Leonor at Wailuku, on the island of Maui. There he met the Bishop, who expressed regret that he was still unable to send a priest to Molokai; for the demand was far in excess of the supply. Father Damien at once said: "My Lord, I hear that a small vessel will next week take cattle from Kawaihae to Kalaupapa: if you will permit me I will go there to help the lepers make their Easter duties."

His request was granted, and, in company with the Bishop and the French consul, he landed at the settlement, where he found a colony of eight hundred lepers, of whom between four and five hundred were Catholics. A public meeting was immediately called, at which the Bishop and the consul presided. His Grace arose to address the singular gathering, and said: "Since you have written me so often that you have no priest, I leave you one for a little time"; and, imparting the benediction, he returned immediately to the vessel, which was to sail that very hour. Father Damien added: "As there is much to be done here, by your leave I will not even accompany you to the shore."

Thus the good work was at once begun. It was high time: the lepers were dying at the rate of from eight to twelve per week. The priest had not time to build himself a hut—he had not even the material with which to build it—and for a season he slept in the open air, under a tree, exposed to the wind and the rain.

Soon after, he received a letter of congratulation from the white residents of Honolulu—chiefly Protestants—together with some lumber, and a purse of \$120; then he put up his little house, and began to feel at home. After remaining some weeks at Kalawao, he was obliged to go to Honolulu, there being no more convenient priest to whom he could make his confession.

He naturally called upon the president of the Board of Health, who seemed much surprised, but received the priest with frigid politeness. He then asked leave to return to the settlement on Molokai, and was curtly informed that he might indeed return, but that in that case he must remain there for good.

Father Damien explained to this gentleman how necessary it is for one priest to see another at reasonable intervals, in order to make his confession, and asked permission to visit Lahaina, on the island



of Maui, not far from Molokai, promising to return there directly in a small boat, as soon as he had attended to his religious duties. This was denied him. He was told that he must remain at Kalawao, and not leave it on any pretension whatever. Nor would the Board permit the priest at Lahaina to visit Father Damien at Kalawao.

Here an eminent physician—one of the Board of Health—pleaded his cause, insisting that permission be granted the Father to go and come at will. "This is the rule in all civilized countries," said he; "the priest and the physician are exempt. They have privileges which no one else has, and which no one else should have." The doctor was heartily seconded by the French consul, in whose hands the business of the mission was deposited; and Father Damien returned to Kalawao on a special permit.

Shortly after his return he received an official notice that he must remain where he was; and that on any attempt to leave the island, or even to visit other portions of Molokai, he would be immediately put under arrest. The notice was sharply worded. This roused the indignation of the priest, and he notified the Board of Health that if they would attend strictly to their duties, he would attend to his. When it became necessary for him to visit a priest on a neighboring island, he did so, asking no odds of any man; he also visited his scattered flock on the circuit of Molokai, attending faithfully and fearlessly to the wants of his people.

Often on these rounds he was the welcome guest of a gentleman, the son of a Protestant missionary; and on one occasion the host said to him, playfully: "I suppose you are aware that I have orders to place you under immediate arrest if you presume to leave your leper settlement?" And this was the sheriff of Molokai.

Six months later a permit came, granting Father Damien leave to come and go as he pleased; but in eleven years how seldom has he cared to use it!

This interview seeming to be an event in the life of my good friend, it was celebrated with another pipe and an extra sip of coffee; but before the former was finished, or the latter had cooled, he was called quickly away to attend the bedside of some passing soul.

Father Damien's duties were never-ending. From early Mass till long after his flock was housed in sleep, he was busy; and when at last he had sought his pillow, it was too often to lie awake planning for the future, and perhaps to be called again into the ward rooms, to ease the anguish of the sick or the dying.

The neat white cottages which have taken the place of the thatched huts of the natives were erected under his eye; and, furthermore, he personally assisted in the construction of most of them. The small chapel which he found at the settlement has become the transept of the present edifice; he, with the aid of a handful of lepers, enlarged the building, painted it without, decorated it within; and there he daily offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, preaches frequently, instructs the children, and fills all the offices of the Church.

Forty orphan boys and girls are under his immediate direction. Houses with dormitories have been erected for them; and the girls, under the direction of suitable instructors, are taught needlework and the domestic arts. It has been found advisable to permit those who are of a marriageable age to marry the partners of their choice, and these marriages are duly solemnized in the presence of witnesses.

The spiritual wants of the priest's flock were sufficient to fully occupy his time. On Sundays and feast days there was High Mass at Kalawao; the celebrant was then obliged to hasten to Kalaupapa, and there again offer the Divine Sacrifice; now—at noon—he was permitted to partake of a little refreshment, the first since midnight; then back to Kalawao for Vespers, Benediction, and Catechism; over again to Kalaupapa, to repeat the offices; and at last, at nightfall, home once more, to look after the affairs of his people, and to cook his own supper, and put his house in order for the night. He was indeed Jack-of-all-trades: physician of the soul and the body, magistrate, schoolteacher, carpenter, joiner, painter, gardener, house-keeper, cook, and even, in some cases, undertaker, and gravedigger. Great was his need of help, and long was he in need of it before it came. More than sixteen hundred lepers had been buried under his administration, and a deathbed was always awaiting him—sometimes two or three of them. . . .

The martyrs of Molokai! If we pity the lepers, who are, fortunately, soon comforted after every grief, what shall we say of those servants of God who have dedicated their lives to this noble work? Think of their unutterable loneliness, shut in between vast stretches of sea and sky—a solitude that has driven men mad before now. They receive no guests, for no one cares to visit them; very few of their friends write to them, for some are even afraid to receive a reply.

Their meager rations are sometimes unavoidably cut short, yet one hears no complaint from them in their own behalf: it is always a compassionate appeal in behalf of their suffering charges. These

are their companions—if the uncompanionable can be called such,—these, the helpless and the hopeless; and over the devoted heads of those involuntary martyrs hangs ever the possible—yea, the probable—fate that is hourly expiated in revolting and ignominious death. . . .

[Less than a year after Stoddard's visit, he received a letter from Damien containing the following passages. It marked the beginning of the end. Damien the leper endured for three years more, but in 1889 died of his disease.]

“Since March last my confrère Father Albert has left Molokai and this Archipelago, and has returned to Tahiti and the Poumoutous. I am now the only priest on Molokai, and am supposed to be myself afflicted with this terrible disease. . . .

“Impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu, on account of the leprosy breaking out on me. Those *microbes* have finally settled themselves in my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall. I expect to have my face soon disfigured.

“Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my own people. Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua*.

“Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord.”

## The Bottle Imp

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850–1894. One of the major authors who have written of the Pacific, Robert Louis Stevenson was born and grew up in Edinburgh. He studied first engineering and then law at the University of Edinburgh, but in spite of his father's opposition, he held to a determination that writing should be his career. Affected with tuberculosis, he made several journeys on the continent in search of health, two of these providing material for his early books, *An Inland Voyage* (1878) and *Travels with a Donkey* (1879). In 1879 he traveled by immigrant ship and by train to California, where he married Mrs. Frances Osbourne, an American. With his wife, he returned to Edinburgh, and for seven years moved about on the continent and in England. Although often desperately ill, during this period he wrote some of his best remembered books, including *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), *Treasure Island* (1883), *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), and *Kidnapped* (1886). In 1888 he went to San Francisco, chartered the yacht *Casco*, and set sail for the South Seas with his wife and stepson Lloyd Osbourne. For two years, he cruised the Pacific, visiting the Marquesas Islands, the Paumotus, Tahiti, Hawaii, the Gilbert Islands, Samoa, Australia, and New Caledonia. At Vailima on the island of Upolu, Samoa, he bought land and built a house, deciding that this would be his final home. Here, at forty-four, while working on his unfinished masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*, he died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Among Stevenson's books that deal with the Pacific are *A Footnote to History* (1892), a partisan account of political events in Samoa; *Island Nights' Entertainments* (1893), a collection of stories; *In the South Seas* (1896), a narrative of travel; and two novels written with Lloyd Osbourne, *The Wrecker* (1892) and *The Ebb-Tide* (1894). The story that follows, "The Bottle Imp," was partly written in Hawaii and was completed in Samoa, where it was translated and printed in the Samoan language before the original story appeared in England.

THERE was a man of the island of Hawaii, whom I shall call Keawe; for the truth is, he still lives, and his name must be kept secret; but the place of his birth was not far from Honaunau, where the bones of Keawe the Great lie hidden in a cave. This man was poor, brave, and active; he could read and write like a schoolmaster; he was a first-rate mariner besides, sailed for some time in the island steamers, and steered a whaleboat on the Hamakua coast. At length it came in Keawe's mind to have a sight of the great world and foreign cities, and he shipped on a vessel bound to San Francisco.

This is a fine town, with a fine harbor, and rich people uncountable; and, in particular, there is one hill which is covered with palaces. Upon this hill Keawe was one day taking a walk with his pocket full of money, viewing the great houses upon either hand with pleasure. "What fine houses these are!" he was thinking, "and how happy must those people be who dwell in them, and take no care for the morrow!" The thought was in his mind when he came abreast of a house that was smaller than some others, but all finished and beautified like a toy; the steps of that house shone like silver, and the borders of the garden bloomed like garlands, and the windows were bright like diamonds; and Keawe stopped and wondered at the excellence of all he saw. So stopping, he was aware of a man that looked forth upon him through a window so clear that Keawe could see him as you see a fish in a pool upon the reef. The man was elderly, with a bald head and a black beard, and his face was heavy with sorrow, and he bitterly sighed. And the truth of it is that, as Keawe looked in upon the man, and the man looked out upon Keawe, each envied the other.

All of a sudden, the man smiled and nodded, and beckoned Keawe to enter, and met him at the door of the house.

"This is a fine house of mine," said the man, and bitterly sighed. "Would you not care to view the chambers?"

*From Island Nights' Entertainments* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893).

So he led Keawe all over it, from the cellar to the roof, and there was nothing there that was not perfect of its kind, and Keawe was astonished.

"Truly," said Keawe, "this is a beautiful house; if I lived in the like of it, I should be laughing all day long. How comes it, then, that you should be sighing?"

"There is no reason," said the man, "why you should not have a house in all points similar to this, and finer, if you wish. You have some money, I suppose?"

"I have fifty dollars," said Keawe; "but a house like this will cost more than fifty dollars."

The man made a computation. "I am sorry you have no more," said he, "for it may raise you trouble in the future; but it shall be yours at fifty dollars."

"The house?" asked Keawe.

"No, not the house," replied the man; "but the bottle. For, I must tell you, although I appear to you so rich and fortunate, all my fortune, and this house itself and its garden, came out of a bottle not much bigger than a pint. This is it."

And he opened a lockfast place, and took out a round-bellied bottle with a long neck; the glass of it was white like milk, with changing rainbow colors in the grain. Withinsides something obscurely moved, like a shadow and a fire.

"This is the bottle," said the man; and, when Keawe laughed, "You do not believe me?" he added. "Try, then, for yourself. See if you can break it."

So Keawe took the bottle up and dashed it on the floor till he was weary; but it jumped on the floor like a child's ball, and was not injured.

"This is a strange thing," said Keawe. "For by the touch of it, as well as by the look, the bottle should be of glass."

"Of glass it is," replied the man, sighing more heavily than ever; "but the glass of it was tempered in the flames of hell. An imp lives in it, and that is the shadow we behold there moving: or so I suppose. If any man buy this bottle the imp is at his command; all that he desires—love, fame, money, houses like this house, ay, or a city like this city—all are his at the word uttered. Napoleon had this bottle, and by it he grew to be the king of the world; but he sold it at the last, and fell. Captain Cook had this bottle, and by it he found his way to so many islands; but he, too, sold it, and was slain upon

Hawaii. For, once it is sold, the power goes and the protection; and unless a man remain content with what he has, ill will befall him."

"And yet you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawe said.

"I have all I wish, and I am growing elderly," replied the man. "There is one thing the imp cannot do—he cannot prolong life; and, it would not be fair to conceal from you, there is a drawback to the bottle; for if a man die before he sells it, he must burn in hell forever."

"To be sure, that is a drawback and no mistake," cried Keawe. "I would not meddle with the thing. I can do without a house, thank God; but there is one thing I could not be doing with one particle, and that is to be damned."

"Dear me, you must not run away with things," returned the man. "All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to someone else, as I do to you, and finish your life in comfort."

"Well, I observe two things," said Keawe. "All the time you keep sighing like a maid in love, that is one; and, for the other, you sell this bottle very cheap."

"I have told you already why I sigh," said the man. "It is because I fear my health is breaking up; and, as you said yourself, to die and go to the devil is a pity for anyone. As for why I sell so cheap, I must explain to you there is a peculiarity about the bottle. Long ago, when the devil brought it first upon earth, it was extremely expensive, and was sold first of all to Prester John for many millions of dollars; but it cannot be sold at all, unless sold at a loss. If you sell it for as much as you paid for it, back it comes to you again like a homing pigeon. It follows that the price has kept falling in these centuries, and the bottle is now remarkably cheap. I bought it myself from one of my great neighbors on this hill, and the price I paid was only ninety dollars. I could sell it for as high as eighty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, but not a penny dearer, or back the thing must come to me. Now, about this there are two bothers. First, when you offer a bottle so singular for eighty odd dollars, people suppose you to be jesting. And second—but there is no hurry about that—and I need not go into it. Only remember it must be coined money that you sell it for."

"How am I to know that this is all true?" asked Keawe.

"Some of it you can try at once," replied the man. "Give me your fifty dollars, take the bottle, and wish your fifty dollars back into your pocket. If that does not happen, I pledge you my honor I will cry off the bargain and restore your money."

"You are not deceiving me?" said Keawe.

The man bound himself with a great oath.

"Well, I will risk that much," said Keawe, "for that can do no harm." And he paid over his money to the man, and the man handed him the bottle.

"Imp of the bottle," said Keawe, "I want my fifty dollars back." And sure enough he had scarce said the word before his pocket was as heavy as ever.

"To be sure this is a wonderful bottle," said Keawe.

"And now good morning to you, my fine fellow, and the devil go with you for me!" said the man.

"Hold on," said Keawe, "I don't want any more of this fun. Here, take your bottle back."

"You have bought it for less than I paid for it," replied the man, rubbing his hands. "It is yours now; and, for my part, I am only concerned to see the back of you." And with this he rang for his Chinese servant, and had Keawe shown out of the house.

Now, when Keawe was in the street, with the bottle under his arm, he began to think. "If all this is true about this bottle, I may have made a losing bargain," thinks he. "But perhaps the man was only fooling me." The first thing he did was to count his money; the sum was exact—forty-nine dollars American money, and one Chili piece. "That looks like the truth," said Keawe. "Now I will try another part."

The streets in that part of the city were as clean as a ship's decks, and though it was noon, there were no passengers. Keawe set the bottle in the gutter and walked away. Twice he looked back, and there was the milky, round-bellied bottle where he left it. A third time he looked back, and turned a corner; but he had scarce done so, when something knocked upon his elbow, and behold! it was the long neck sticking up; and as for the round belly, it was jammed into the pocket of his pilot coat.

"And that looks like the truth," said Keawe.

The next thing he did was to buy a corkscrew in a shop, and go apart into a secret place in the fields. And there he tried to draw the cork, but as often as he put the screw in, out it came again, and the cork as whole as ever.

"This is some new sort of cork," said Keawe, and all at once he began to shake and sweat, for he was afraid of that bottle.

On his way back to the port side, he saw a shop where a man sold shells and clubs from the wild islands, old heathen deities, old coined



money, pictures from China and Japan, and all manner of things that sailors bring in their sea chests. And here he had an idea. So he went in and offered the bottle for a hundred dollars. The man of the shop laughed at him at the first, and offered him five; but, indeed, it was a curious bottle—such glass was never blown in any human glassworks, so prettily the colors shone under the milky white, and so strangely the shadow hovered in the midst; so, after he had disputed awhile after the manner of his kind, the shopman gave Keawe sixty silver dollars for the thing, and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window.

"Now," said Keawe, "I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty—or, to say truth, a little less, because one of my dollars was from Chili. Now I shall know the truth upon another point."

So he went back on board his ship, and, when he opened his chest, there was the bottle, and had come more quickly than himself. Now Keawe had a mate on board whose name was Lopaka.

"What ails you," said Lopaka, "that you stare in your chest?"

They were alone in the ship's forecabin, and Keawe bound him to secrecy, and told all.

"This is a very strange affair," said Lopaka; "and I fear you will be in trouble about this bottle. But there is one point very clear—that you are sure of the trouble, and you had better have the profit in the bargain. Make up your mind what you want with it; give the order, and if it is done as you desire, I will buy the bottle myself; for I have an idea of my own to get a schooner, and go trading through the islands."

"That is not my idea," said Keawe; "but to have a beautiful house and garden on the Kona Coast, where I was born, the sun shining in at the door, flowers in the garden, glass in the windows, pictures on the walls, and toys and fine carpets on the tables, for all the world like the house I was in this day—only a story higher, and with balconies all about like the king's palace; and to live there without care and make merry with my friends and relatives."

"Well," said Lopaka, "let us carry it back with us to Hawaii; and if all comes true, as you suppose, I will buy the bottle, as I said, and ask a schooner."

Upon that they were agreed, and it was not long before the ship returned to Honolulu, carrying Keawe and Lopaka and the bottle. They were scarce come ashore when they met a friend upon the beach, who began at once to condole with Keawe.

"I do not know what I am to be condoled about," said Keawe.

"Is it possible you have not heard," said the friend, "your uncle—that good old man—is dead, and your cousin—that beautiful boy—was drowned at sea?"

Keawe was filled with sorrow, and, beginning to weep and to lament, he forgot about the bottle. But Lopaka was thinking to himself, and presently when Keawe's grief was a little abated: "I have been thinking," said Lopaka. "Had not your uncle lands in Hawaii, in the district of Kai?"

"No," said Keawe, "not in Kai; they are on the mountainside—a little way south of Hookena."

"These lands will now be yours?" asked Lopaka.

"And so they will," says Keawe, and began again to lament for his relatives.

"No," said Lopaka, "do not lament at present. I have a thought in my mind. How if this should be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house."

"If this be so," cried Keawe, "it is a very ill way to serve me by killing my relatives. But it may be, indeed; for it was in just such a station that I saw the house with my mind's eye."

"The house, however, is not yet built," said Lopaka.

"No, nor like to be!" said Keawe; "for though my uncle has some coffee and ava and bananas, it will not be more than will keep me in comfort; and the rest of that land is the black lava."

"Let us go to the lawyer," said Lopaka; "I have still this idea in my mind."

Now, when they came to the lawyer's, it appeared Keawe's uncle had grown monstrous rich in the last days, and there was a fund of money.

"And here is the money for the house!" cried Lopaka.

"If you are thinking of a new house," said the lawyer, "here is the card of a new architect, of whom they tell me great things."

"Better and better!" cried Lopaka. "Here is all made plain for us. Let us continue to obey orders."

So they went to the architect, and he had drawings of houses on his table.

"You want something out of the way," said the architect. "How do you like this?" and he handed a drawing to Keawe.

Now, when Keawe set eyes on the drawing, he cried out aloud, for it was the picture of his thought exactly drawn.

"I am in for this house," thought he. "Little as I like the way it comes to me, I am in for it now, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he told the architect all that he wished, and how he would have that house furnished, and about the pictures on the wall and the knickknacks on the tables; and he asked the man plainly for how much he would undertake the whole affair.

The architect put many questions, and took his pen and made a computation; and when he had done he named the very sum that Keawe had inherited.

Lopaka and Keawe looked at one another and nodded.

"It is quite clear," thought Keawe, "that I am to have this house, whether or no. It comes from the devil, and I fear I will get little good by that; and of one thing I am sure, I will make no more wishes as long as I have this bottle. But with the house I am saddled, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he made his terms with the architect, and they signed a paper; and Keawe and Lopaka took ship again and sailed to Australia; for it was concluded between them they should not interfere at all, but leave the architect and the bottle imp to build and to adorn that house at their own pleasure.

The voyage was a good voyage, only all the time Keawe was holding in his breath, for he had sworn he would utter no more wishes, and take no more favors from the devil. The time was up when they got back. The architect told them that the house was ready, and Keawe and Lopaka took a passage in the *Hall*, and went down Kona way to view the house, and see if all had been done fitly according to the thought that was in Keawe's mind.

Now, the house stood on the mountainside, visible to ships. Above, the forest ran up into the clouds of rain; below, the black lava fell in cliffs, where the kings of old lay buried. A garden bloomed about that house with every hue of flowers; and there was an orchard of papaya on the one hand and an orchard of breadfruit on the other, and right in front, toward the sea, a ship's mast had been rigged up and bore a flag. As for the house, it was three stories high, with great chambers and broad balconies on each. The windows were of glass, so excellent that it was as clear as water and as bright as day. All manner of furniture adorned the chambers. Pictures hung upon the wall in golden frames: pictures of ships, and men fighting, and of the most beautiful women, and of singular places; nowhere in the

world are there pictures of so bright a color as those Keawe found hanging in his house. As for the knickknacks, they were extraordinary fine; chiming clocks and musical boxes, little men with nodding heads, books filled with pictures, weapons of price from all quarters of the world, and the most elegant puzzles to entertain the leisure of a solitary man. And as no one would care to live in such chambers, only to walk through and view them, the balconies were made so broad that a whole town might have lived upon them in delight; and Keawe knew not which to prefer, whether the back porch, where you got the land breeze, and looked upon the orchards and the flowers, or the front balcony, where you could drink the wind of the sea, and look down the steep wall of the mountain and see the *Hall* going by once a week or so between Hookena and the hills of Pele, or the schooners plying up the coast for wood and ava and bananas.

When they had viewed all, Keawe and Lopaka sat on the porch.

"Well," asked Lopaka, "is it all as you designed?"

"Words cannot utter it," said Keawe. "It is better than I dreamed, and I am sick with satisfaction."

"There is but one thing to consider," said Lopaka; "all this may be quite natural, and the bottle imp have nothing whatever to say to it. If I were to buy the bottle, and got no schooner after all, I should have put my hand in the fire for nothing. I gave you my word, I know; but yet I think you would not grudge me one more proof."

"I have sworn I would take no more favors," said Keawe. "I have gone already deep enough."

"This is no favor I am thinking of," replied Lopaka. "It is only to see the imp himself. There is nothing to be gained by that, and so nothing to be ashamed of; and yet, if I once saw him, I should be sure of the whole matter. So indulge me so far, and let me see the imp; and, after that, here is the money in my hand, and I will buy it."

"There is only one thing I am afraid of," said Keawe. "The imp may be very ugly to view; and if you once set eyes upon him you might be very undesirous of the bottle."

"I am a man of my word," said Lopaka. "And here is the money betwixt us."

"Very well," replied Keawe. "I have a curiosity myself. So come, let us have one look at you, Mr. Imp."

Now as soon as that was said, the imp looked out of the bottle, and in again, swift as a lizard; and there sat Keawe and Lopaka turned

to stone. The night had quite come, before either found a thought to say or voice to say it with; and then Lopaka pushed the money over and took the bottle.

"I am a man of my word," said he, "and had need to be so, or I would not touch this bottle with my foot. Well, I shall get my schooner and a dollar or two for my pocket; and then I will be rid of this devil as fast as I can. For, to tell you the plain truth, the look of him has cast me down."

"Lopaka," said Keawe, "do not you think any worse of me than you can help; I know it is night, and the roads bad, and the pass by the tombs an ill place to go by so late, but I declare since I have seen that little face, I cannot eat or sleep or pray till it is gone from me. I will give you a lantern, and a basket to put the bottle in, and any picture or fine thing in all my house that takes your fancy; and be gone at once, and go sleep at Hookena with Nahinu."

"Keawe," said Lopaka, "many a man would take this ill; above all, when I am doing you a turn so friendly, as to keep my word and buy the bottle; and for that matter, the night and the dark, and the way by the tombs, must be all tenfold more dangerous to a man with such a sin upon his conscience, and such a bottle under his arm. But for my part, I am so extremely terrified myself, I have not the heart to blame you. Here I go then; and I pray God you may be happy in your house, and I fortunate with my schooner, and both get to heaven in the end in spite of the devil and his bottle."

So Lopaka went down the mountain; and Keawe stood in his front balcony, and listened to the clink of the horse's shoes, and watched the lantern go shining down the path, and along the cliff of caves where the old dead are buried; and all the time he trembled and clasped his hands, and prayed for his friend, and gave glory to God that he himself was escaped out of that trouble.

But the next day came very brightly, and that new house of his was so delightful to behold that he forgot his terrors. One day followed another, and Keawe dwelt there in perpetual joy. He had his place on the back porch; it was there he ate and lived, and read the stories in the Honolulu newspapers; but when anyone came by, they would go in and view the chambers and the pictures. And the fame of the house went far and wide; it was called Ka Hale Nui—the Great House—in all Kona; and sometimes the Bright House, for Keawe kept a Chinaman, who was all day dusting and furbishing; and the glass, and the gilt, and the fine stuffs, and the pictures shone as

bright as the morning. As for Keawe himself, he could not walk in the chambers without singing, his heart was so enlarged; and when ships sailed by upon the sea, he would fly his colors on the mast.

So time went by, until one day Keawe went upon a visit as far as Kailua to certain of his friends. There he was well feasted; and left as soon as he could the next morning, and rode hard, for he was impatient to behold his beautiful house; and, besides, the night then coming on was the night in which the dead of old days go abroad in the sides of Kona; and having already meddled with the devil, he was the more chary of meeting with the dead. A little beyond Honau-nau, looking far ahead, he was aware of a woman bathing in the edge of the sea; and she seemed a well-grown girl, but he thought no more of it. Then he saw her white shift flutter as she put it on, and then her red holoku; and by the time he came abreast of her she was done with her toilet, and had come up from the sea, and stood by the trackside in her red holoku, and she was all freshened with the bath, and her eyes shone and were kind. Now Keawe no sooner beheld her than he drew rein.

"I thought I knew everyone in this country," said he. "How comes it that I do not know you?"

"I am Kokua, daughter of Kiano," said the girl, "and I have just returned from Oahu. Who are you?"

"I will tell you who I am in a little," said Keawe, dismounting from his horse, "but not now. For I have a thought in my mind, and if you knew who I was, you might have heard of me, and would not give me a true answer. But tell me, first of all, one thing: Are you married?"

At this Kokua laughed out aloud. "It is you who ask questions," she said. "Are you married yourself?"

"Indeed, Kokua, I am not," replied Keawe, "and never thought to be until this hour. But here is the plain truth. I have met you here at the roadside, and I saw your eyes, which are like the stars, and my heart went to you as swift as a bird. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go to my own place; but if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night, and tomorrow I will talk with the good man."

Kokua said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed.

"Kokua," said Keawe, "if you say nothing, I will take that for the good answer; so let us be stepping to your father's door."

She went on ahead of him, still without speech; only sometimes she glanced back and glanced away again, and she kept the strings of her hat in her mouth.

Now, when they had come to the door, Kiano came out on his veranda, and cried out and welcomed Keawe by name. At that the girl looked over, for the fame of the great house had come to her ears; and, to be sure, it was a great temptation. All that evening they were very merry together; and the girl was as bold as brass under the eyes of her parents, and made a mock of Keawe, for she had a quick wit. The next day he had a word with Kiano, and found the girl alone.

"Kokua," said he, "you made a mock of me all the evening; and it is still time to bid me go. I would not tell you who I was, because I have so fine a house, and I feared you would think too much of that house and too little of the man who loves you. Now you know all, and if you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once."

"No," said Kokua; but this time she did not laugh, nor did Keawe ask for more.

This was the wooing of Keawe; things had gone quickly; but so an arrow goes, and the ball of a rifle swifter still, and yet both may strike the target. Things had gone fast, but they had gone far also, and the thought of Keawe rang in the maiden's head; she heard his voice in the breach of the surf upon the lava, and for this young man that she had seen but twice she would have left father and mother and her native islands. As for Keawe himself, his horse flew up the path of the mountain under the cliff of tombs, and the sound of the hoofs, and the sound of Keawe singing to himself for pleasure, echoed in the caverns of the dead. He came to the Bright House, and still he was singing. He sat and ate in the broad balcony, and the Chinaman wondered at his master, to hear how he sang between the mouthfuls. The sun went down into the sea, and the night came; and Keawe walked the balconies by lamplight high on the mountains, and the voice of his singing startled men on ships.

"Here am I now upon my high place," he said to himself. "Life may be no better; this is the mountaintop; and all shelves about me toward the worse. For the first time I will light up the chambers, and bathe in my fine bath with the hot water and the cold, and sleep alone in the bed of my bridal chamber."

So the Chinaman had word, and he must rise from sleep and light the furnaces; and as he wrought below, beside the boilers, he

heard his master singing and rejoicing above him in the lighted chambers. When the water began to be hot the Chinaman cried to his master; and Keawe went into the bathroom; and the Chinaman heard him sing as he filled the marble basin; and heard him sing, and the singing broken, as he undressed; until of a sudden, the song ceased. The Chinaman listened, and listened; he called up the house to Keawe to ask if all were well, and Keawe answered him, "Yes," and bade him go to bed; but there was no more singing in the Bright House; and all night long the Chinaman heard his master's feet go round and round the balconies without repose.

Now the truth of it was this: as Keawe undressed for his bath, he spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock, and it was then that he stopped singing. For he knew the likeness of that patch, and knew that he was fallen in the Chinese Evil [leprosy].

Now, it is a sad thing for any man to fall into this sickness. And it would be a sad thing for anyone to leave a house so beautiful and so commodious, and depart from all his friends to the north coast of Molokai between the mighty cliff and the sea breakers. But what was that to the case of the man Keawe, he who had met his love but yesterday, and won her but that morning, and now saw all his hopes break in a moment, like a piece of glass?

Awhile he sat upon the edge of the bath; then sprang, with a cry, and ran outside; and to and fro, to and fro, along the balcony, like one despairing.

"Very willingly could I leave Hawaii, the home of my fathers," Keawe was thinking. "Very lightly could I leave my house, the high-placed, the many-windowed, here upon the mountains. Very bravely could I go to Molokai, to Kalaupapa by the cliffs, to live with the smitten and to sleep there, far from my fathers. But what wrong have I done, what sin lies upon my soul, that I should have encountered Kokua coming cool from the sea water in the evening? Kokua, the soul ensnarer! Kokua, the light of my life! Her may I never wed, her may I look upon no longer, her may I no more handle with my loving hand; and it is for this, it is for you, O Kokua! that I pour my lamentations!"

Now you are to observe what sort of a man Keawe was, for he might have dwelt there in the Bright House for years, and no one been the wiser of his sickness; but he reckoned nothing of that, if he must lose Kokua. And again, he might have wed Kokua even as he was; and so many would have done, because they have the souls



of pigs; but Keawe loved the maid manfully, and he would do her no hurt and bring her in no danger.

A little beyond the midst of the night there came in his mind the recollection of that bottle. He went round to the back porch, and called to memory the day when the devil had looked forth; and at the thought ice ran in his veins.

"A dreadful thing is the bottle," thought Keawe, "and dreadful is the imp, and it is a dreadful thing to risk the flames of hell. But what other hope have I to cure my sickness or to wed Kokua? What!" he thought, "would I beard the devil once, only to get me a house, and not face him again to win Kokua?"

Thereupon he called to mind it was the next day the *Hall* went by on her return to Honolulu. "There must I go first," he thought, "and see Lopaka. For the best hope that I have now is to find that same bottle I was so pleased to be rid of."

Never a wink could he sleep; the food stuck in his throat; but he sent a letter to Kiano, and about the time when the steamer would be coming, rode down beside the cliff of the tombs. It rained; his horse went heavily; he looked up at the black mouths of the caves, and he envied the dead that slept there and were done with trouble; and called to mind how he had galloped by the day before, and was astonished. So he came down to Hookena, and there was all the country gathered for the steamer as usual. In the shed before the store they sat and jested and passed the news; but there was no matter of speech in Keawe's bosom, and he sat in their midst and looked without on the rain falling on the houses, and the surf beating among the rocks, and the sighs arose in his throat.

"Keawe of the Bright House is out of spirits," said one to another. Indeed, and so he was, and little wonder.

Then the *Hall* came, and the whaleboat carried him on board. The afterpart of the ship was full of haoles who had been to visit the volcano, as their custom is; and the midst was crowded with Kanakas, and the forepart with wild bulls from Hilo and horses from Kaü; but Keawe sat apart from all in his sorrow, and watched for the house of Kiano. There it sat, low upon the shore in the black rocks, and shaded by the coco palms, and there by the door was a red holoku, no greater than a fly, and going to and fro with a fly's busyness. "Ah, queen of my heart," he cried, "I'll venture my dear soul to win you!"

Soon after, darkness fell, and the cabins were lit up, and the haoles

sat and played at the cards and drank whiskey as their custom is; but Keawe walked the deck all night; and all the next day, as they steamed under the lee of Maui or of Molokai, he was still pacing to and fro like a wild animal in a menagerie.

Towards evening they passed Diamond Head and came to the pier of Honolulu. Keawe stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. It seemed he had become the owner of a schooner—none better in the islands—and was gone upon an adventure as far as Pola-Pola or Kahiki; so there was no help to be looked for from Lopaka. Keawe called to mind a friend of his, a lawyer in the town (I must not tell his name), and inquired of him. They said he had grown suddenly rich, and had a fine new house upon Waikiki shore; and this put a thought in Keawe's head, and he called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house.

The house was all brand new, and the trees in the garden no greater than walking sticks, and the lawyer, when he came, had the air of a man well pleased.

"What can I do to serve you?" said the lawyer.

"You are a friend of Lopaka's," replied Keawe, "and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace."

The lawyer's face became very dark. "I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe," said he, "though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You may be sure I know nothing, but yet I have a guess, and if you would apply in a certain quarter, I think you might have news."

And he named the name of a man, which, again, I had better not repeat. So it was for days, and Keawe went from one to another, finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses and men everywhere in great contentment, although, to be sure, when he hinted at his business their faces would cloud over.

"No doubt I am upon the track," thought Keawe. "These new clothes and carriages are all the gifts of the little imp, and these glad faces are the faces of men who have taken their profit and got rid of the accursed thing in safety. When I see pale cheeks and hear sighing, I shall know that I am near the bottle."

So it befell at last that he was recommended to a haole in Beretania Street. When he came to the door, about the hour of the evening meal, there were the usual marks of the new house, and the young garden, and the electric light shining in the windows; but when the

owner came, a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe; for here was a young man, white as a corpse, and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head, and such a look in his countenance as a man may have when he is waiting for the gallows.

"Here it is, to be sure," thought Keawe, and so with this man he no ways veiled his errand. "I am come to buy the bottle," said he.

At the word, the young haole of Beritania Street reeled against the wall.

"The bottle!" he gasped. "To buy the bottle!" Then he seemed to choke, and seizing Keawe by the arm carried him into a room and poured out wine in two glasses.

"Here is my respects," said Keawe, who had been much about with haoles in his time. "Yes," he added, "I am come to buy the bottle. What is the price by now?"

At that word the young man let his glass slip through his fingers, and looked upon Keawe like a ghost.

"The price," says he: "the price! You do not know the price?"

"It is for that I am asking you," returned Keawe. "But why are you so much concerned? Is there anything wrong about the price?"

"It has dropped a great deal in value since your time, Mr. Keawe," said the young man stammering.

"Well, well, I shall have the less to pay for it," says Keawe. "How much did it cost you?"

The young man was as white as a sheet. "Two cents," said he.

"What?" cried Keawe, "two cents? Why, then, you can only sell it for one. And he who buys it——" The words died upon Keawe's tongue; he who bought it could never sell it again, the bottle and the bottle imp must abide with him until he died, and when he died he must carry him to the red end of hell.

The young man of Beritania Street fell upon his knees. "For God's sake buy it!" he cried. "You can have all my fortune in the bargain. I was mad when I bought it at that price. I had embezzled money at my store; I was lost else: I must have gone to jail."

"Poor creature," said Keawe, "you would risk your soul upon so desperate an adventure, and to avoid the proper punishment of your own disgrace; and you think I could hesitate with love in front of me. Give me the bottle, and the change which I make sure you have all ready. Here is a five-cent piece."

It was as Keawe supposed; the young man had the change ready in a drawer; the bottle changed hands, and Keawe's fingers were no

sooner clasped upon the stalk than he had breathed his wish to be a clean man. And, sure enough, when he got home to his room, and stripped himself before a glass, his flesh was whole like an infant's. And here was the strange thing: he had no sooner seen this miracle, than his mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for the Chinese Evil, and little enough for Kokua; and had but the one thought, that here he was bound to the bottle imp for time and for eternity, and had no better hope but to be a cinder forever in the flames of hell. Away ahead of him he saw them blaze with his mind's eye, and his soul shrank, and darkness fell upon the light.

When Keawe came to himself a little, he was aware it was the night when the band played at the hotel. Thither he went, because he feared to be alone; and there, among happy faces, walked to and fro, and heard the tunes go up and down, and saw Berger beat the measure, and all the while he heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burning in the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played *Hiki-ao-ao*; that was a song that he had sung with Kokua, and at the strain courage returned to him.

"It is done now," he thought, "and once more let me take the good along with the evil."

So it befell that he returned to Hawaii by the first steamer, and as soon as it could be managed, he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountainside to the Bright House.

Now it was so with these two, that when they were together Keawe's heart was stilled; but so soon as he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burn in the bottomless pit. The girl, indeed, had come to him wholly; her heart leapt in her side at sight of him, her hand clung to his and she was so fashioned from the hair upon her head to the nails upon her toes that none could see her without joy. She was pleasant in her nature. She had the good word always. Full of song she was, and went to and fro in the Bright House, the brightest thing in its three stories, carolling like the birds. And Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price that he had paid for her; and then he must dry his eyes, and wash his face, and go and sit with her on the broad balconies, joining in her songs and, with a sick spirit, answering her smiles.

There came a day when her feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare; and now it was not Keawe only that would weep apart,

but each would sunder from the other and sit in opposite balconies with the whole width of the Bright House betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair he scarce observed the change, and was only glad he had more hours to sit alone and brood upon his destiny, and was not so frequently condemned to pull a smiling face on a sick heart. But one day, coming softly through the house, he heard the sound of a child sobbing, and there was Kokua rolling her face upon the balcony floor, and weeping like the lost.

"You do well to weep in this house, Kokua," he said. "And yet I would give the head off my body that you, at least, might have been happy."

"Happy!" she cried. "Keawe, when you lived alone in your Bright House you were the word of the island for a happy man; laughter and song were in your mouth, and your face was as bright as the sunrise. Then you wedded poor Kokua; and the good God knows what is amiss in her—but from that day you have not smiled. Oh!" she cried, "what ails me? I thought I was pretty, and I knew I loved him. What ails me that I throw this cloud upon my husband?"

"Poor Kokua," said Keawe. He sat down by her side, and sought to take her hand; but that she plucked away. "Poor Kokua," he said again. "My poor child—my pretty. And I had thought all this while to spare you. Well, you shall know all. Then, at least, you will pity poor Keawe; then you will understand how much he loved you in the past—that he dared hell for your possession—and how much he loves you still (the poor condemned one), that he can yet call up a smile when he beholds you."

With that, he told her all, even from the beginning.

"You have done this for me?" she cried. "Ah, well, then what do I care!"—and she clasped and wept upon him.

"Ah, child!" said Keawe; "and yet, when I consider of the fire of hell, I care a good deal!"

"Never tell me," said she; "no man can be lost because he loved Kokua, and no other fault. I tell you, Keawe, I shall save you with these hands, or perish in your company. What! you loved me, and gave your soul, and you think I will not die to save you in return?"

"Ah, my dear! you might die a hundred times, and what difference would that make?" he cried, "except to leave me lonely till the time comes of my damnation?"

"You know nothing," said she. "I was educated in a school in Honolulu; I am no common girl. And I tell you, I shall save my lover.

What is this you say about a cent? But all the world is not American. In England they have a piece they call a farthing, which is about half a cent. Ah! sorrow!" she cried, "that makes it scarcely better, for the buyer must be lost, and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But, then, there is France; they have a small coin there which they call a centime, and these go five to the cent or thereabouts. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go to the French islands; let us go to Tahiti, as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two centimes, one centime; four possible sales to come and go on; and two of us to push the bargain. Come, my Keawe! kiss me, and banish care. Kokua will defend you."

"Gift of God!" he cried. "I cannot think that God will punish me for desiring aught so good! Be it as you will, then; take me where you please: I put my life and my salvation in your hands."

Early the next day Kokua was about her preparations. She took Keawe's chest that he went with sailing; and first she put the bottle in a corner; and then packed it with the richest of their clothes and the bravest of the knickknacks in the house. "For," said she, "we must seem to be rich folks, or who will believe in the bottle?" All the time of her preparation she was as gay as a bird; only when she looked upon Keawe, the tears would spring in her eye, and she must run and kiss him. As for Keawe, a weight was off his soul; now that he had his secret shared, and some hope in front of him, he seemed like a new man, his feet went lightly on the earth, and his breath was good to him again. Yet was terror still at his elbow; and ever and again, as the wind blows out a taper, hope died in him, and he saw the flames toss and the red fire burn in hell.

It was given out in the country they were gone pleasuring to the States, which was thought a strange thing, and yet not so strange as the truth, if any could have guessed it. So they went to Honolulu in the *Hall*, and thence in the *Umatilla* to San Francisco with a crowd of haoles, and at San Francisco took their passage by the mail brigantine, the *Tropic Bird*, for Papeete, the chief place of the French in the South Islands. Thither they came, after a pleasant voyage, on a fair day of the trade wind, and saw the reef with the surf breaking, and Motuiti with its palms, and the schooner riding withinside, and the white houses of the town low down along the shore among green trees, and overhead the mountains and the clouds of Tahiti, the wise island.

It was judged the most wise to hire a house, which they did accordingly, opposite the British consul's, to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This it was very easy to do, so long as they had the bottle in their possession; for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and, whenever she had a mind, called on the imp for twenty or a hundred dollars. At this rate they soon grew to be remarked in the town; and the strangers from Hawaii, their riding and their driving, the fine holokus and the rich lace of Kokua, became the matter of much talk.

They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is indeed like to the Hawaiian, with a change of certain letters; and as soon as they had any freedom of speech, began to push the bottle. You are to consider it was not an easy subject to introduce; it was not easy to persuade people you were in earnest, when you offered to sell them for four centimes the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary besides to explain the dangers of the bottle; and either people disbelieved the whole thing and laughed, or they thought the more of the darker part, became overcast with gravity, and drew away from Keawe and Kokua, as from persons who had dealings with the devil. So far from gaining ground, these two began to find they were avoided in the town; the children ran away from them screaming, a thing intolerable to Kokua; Catholics crossed themselves as they went by, and all persons began with one accord to disengage themselves from their advances.

Depression fell upon their spirits. They would sit at night in their new house, after a day's weariness, and not exchange one word, or the silence would be broken by Kokua bursting suddenly into sobs. Sometimes they would pray together; sometimes they would have the bottle out upon the floor, and sit all the evening watching how the shadow hovered in the midst. At such times they would be afraid to go to rest. It was long ere slumber came to them, and if either dozed off, it would be to wake and find the other silently weeping in the dark, or, perhaps, to wake alone, the other having fled from the house and the neighborhood of that bottle, to pace under the bananas in the little garden, or to wander on the beach by moonlight.

One night it was so when Kokua awoke. Keawe was gone. She felt in the bed and his place was cold. Then fear fell upon her, and she sat up in bed. A little moonshine filtered through the shutters.

The room was bright, and she could spy the bottle on the floor. Outside it blew high, the great trees of the avenue cried aloud, and the fallen leaves rattled in the veranda. In the midst of this Kokua was aware of another sound; whether of a beast or of a man she could scarce tell, but it was as sad as death, and cut her to the soul. Softly she arose, set the door ajar, and looked forth into the moonlit yard. There, under the bananas, lay Keawe, his mouth in the dust, and as he lay he moaned.

It was Kokua's first thought to run forward and console him; her second potently withheld her. Keawe had borne himself before his wife like a brave man; it became her little in the hour of weakness to intrude upon his shame. With the thought she drew back into the house.

"Heavens!" she thought, "how careless have I been—how weak! It is he, not I, that stands in this eternal peril; it was he, not I, that took the curse upon his soul. It is for my sake, and for the love of a creature of so little worth and such poor help, that he now beholds so close to him the flames of hell—ay, and smells the smoke of it, lying without there in the wind and moonlight. Am I so dull of spirit that never till now I have surmised my duty, or have I seen it before and turned aside? But now, at least, I take up my soul in both the hands of my affection; now I say farewell to the white steps of heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. A love for a love, and let mine be equalled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and be it mine to perish!"

She was a deft woman with her hands, and was soon apparelled. She took in her hands the change—the precious centimes they kept ever at their side; for this coin is little used, and they had made provision at a Government office. When she was forth in the avenue, clouds came on the wind and the moon was blackened. The town slept, and she knew not whither to turn till she heard one coughing in the shadows of the trees.

"Old man," said Kokua, "what do you here abroad in the cold night?"

The old man could scarce express himself for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island.

"Will you do me a service?" said Kokua. "As one stranger to another, and as an old man to a young woman, will you help a daughter of Hawaii?"



"Ah," said the old man. "So you are the witch from the eight islands, and even my old soul you seek to entangle. But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness."

"Sit down here," said Kokua, "and let me tell you a tale." And she told him the story of Keawe from the beginning to the end.

"And now," said she, "I am his wife, whom he bought with his soul's welfare. And what should I do? If I went to him myself and offered to buy it, he would refuse. But if you go, he will sell it eagerly; I will await you here: you will buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it again for three. And the Lord strengthen a poor girl!"

"If you meant falsely," said the old man, "I think God would strike you dead."

"He would!" cried Kokua. "Be sure he would. I could not be so treacherous—God would not suffer it."

"Give me the four centimes and await me here," said the old man.

Now, when Kokua stood alone in the street, her spirit died. The wind roared in the trees, and it seemed to her the rushing of the flames of hell; the shadows tossed in the light of the street lamp, and they seemed to her the snatching hands of evil ones. If she had had the strength she must have run away, and if she had had the breath she must have screamed aloud; but, in truth, she could do neither, and stood and trembled in the avenue like an affrighted child.

Then she saw the old man returning, and he had the bottle in his hand.

"I have done your bidding," said he. "I left your husband weeping like a child; tonight he will sleep easy." And he held the bottle forth.

"Before you give it me," Kokua panted, "take the good with the evil—ask to be delivered from your cough."

"I am an old man," replied the other, "and too near the gate of the grave to take a favor from the devil. But what is this? Why do you not take the bottle? Do you hesitate?"

"Not hesitate!" cried Kokua. "I am only weak. Give me a moment. It is my hand resists, my flesh shrinks back from the accursed thing. One moment only!"

The old man looked upon Kokua kindly. "Poor child!" said he, "you fear; your soul misgives you. Well, let me keep it. I am old, and can never more be happy in this world, and as for the next——"

"Give it me!" gasped Kokua. "There is your money. Do you think I am so base as that? Give me the bottle."

"God bless you, child," said the old man.

Kokua concealed the bottle under her holoku, said farewell to the old man, and walked off along the avenue, she cared not whither. For all roads were now the same to her, and led equally to hell. Sometimes she walked, and sometimes ran; sometimes she screamed out aloud in the night, and sometimes lay by the wayside in the dust and wept. All that she had heard of hell came back to her; she saw the flames blaze, and she smelt the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals.

Near day she came to her mind again, and returned to the house. It was even as the old man said—Keawe slumbered like a child. Kokua stood and gazed upon his face.

“Now, my husband,” said she, “it is your turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alas! that meant no evil—for poor Kokua no more sleep, no more singing, no more delight, whether in earth or heaven.”

With that she lay down in the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she fell in a deep slumber instantly.

Late in the morning her husband woke her and gave her the good news. It seemed he was silly with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, ill though she dissembled it. The words stuck in her mouth, it mattered not; Keawe did the speaking. She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? for Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him, like some strange thing in a dream; there were times when she forgot or doubted, and put her hands to her brow; to know herself doomed and hear her husband babble, seemed so monstrous.

All this while Keawe was eating and talking, and planning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him, and fondling her, and calling her the true helper after all. He laughed at the old man that was fool enough to buy that bottle.

“A worthy old man he seemed,” Keawe said. “But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?”

“My husband,” said Kokua, humbly, “his purpose may have been good.”

Keawe laughed like an angry man.

“Fiddledeedee!” cried Keawe. “An old rogue, I tell you; and an old ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes; and at three it will be quite impossible. The margin is not broad enough, the thing begins to smell of scorching—brrr!” said

he, and shuddered. "It is true I bought it myself at a cent, when I knew not there were smaller coins. I was a fool for my pains; there will never be found another: and whoever has that bottle now will carry it to the pit."

"Oh, my husband!" said Kokua. "Is it not a terrible thing to save oneself by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh. I would be humbled. I would be filled with melancholy. I would pray for the poor holder."

Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of what she said, grew the more angry. "Heighy-teighy!" cried he. "You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me, you would sit shamed."

Thereupon he went out, and Kokua was alone.

What chance had she to sell that bottle at two centimes? None, she perceived. And if she had any, here was her husband hurrying her away to a country where there was nothing lower than a cent. And here—on the morrow of her sacrifice—was her husband leaving her and blaming her.

She would not even try to profit by what time she had, but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unutterable fear, and now, with loathing, hid it out of sight.

By-and-by, Keawe came back, and would have her take a drive.

"My husband, I am ill," she said. "I am out of heart. Excuse me, I can take no pleasure."

Then was Keawe more wroth than ever. With her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man; and with himself, because he thought she was right, and was ashamed to be so happy.

"This is your truth," cried he, "and this your affection! Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you—and you can take no pleasure! Kokua, you have a disloyal heart."

He went forth again furious, and wandered in the town all day. He met friends, and drank with them; they hired a carriage and drove into the country, and there drank again. All the time Keawe was ill at ease, because he was taking his pastime while his wife was sad, and because he knew in his heart that she was more right than he; and the knowledge made him drink the deeper.

Now there was an old brutal haole drinking with him, one that had been a boatswain of a whaler, a runaway, a digger in gold mines, a

convict in prisons. He had a low mind and a foul mouth; he loved to drink and to see others drunken; and he pressed the glass upon Keawe. Soon there was no more money in the company.

"Here, you!" says the boatswain. "You are rich, you have been always saying. You have a bottle or some foolishness."

"Yes," says Keawe, "I am rich; I will go back and get some money from my wife, who keeps it."

"That's a bad idea, mate," says the boatswain. "Never you trust a petticoat with dollars. They're all as false as water; you keep an eye on her."

Now, this word stuck in Keawe's mind; for he was muddled with what he had been drinking.

"I should not wonder but she was false, indeed," thought he. "Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her I am not the man to be fooled. I will catch her in the act."

Accordingly, when they were back in town, Keawe bade the boatswain wait for him at the corner, by the old calaboose, and went forward up the avenue alone to the door of his house. The night had come again; there was a light within, but never a sound, and Keawe crept about the corner, opened the back door softly, and looked in.

There was Kokua on the floor, the lamp at her side; before her was a milk-white bottle, with a round belly and a long neck; and as she viewed it, Kokua wrung her hands.

A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid; and then fear fell upon him that the bargain had been made amiss, and the bottle had come back to him as it came at San Francisco; and at that his knees were loosened, and the fumes of the wine departed from his head like mists off a river in the morning. And then he had another thought; and it was a strange one, that made his cheeks to burn.

"I must make sure of this," thought he.

So he closed the door, and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in, as though he were but now returned. And, lo! by the time he opened the front door no bottle was to be seen; and Kokua sat in a chair and started up like one awakened out of sleep.

"I have been drinking all day and making merry," said Keawe. "I have been with good companions, and now I only come back for money, and return to drink and carouse with them again."

Both his face and voice were as stern as judgment, but Kokua was too troubled to observe.

"You do well to use your own, my husband," said she, and her words trembled.

"Oh, I do well in all things," said Keawe, and he went straight to the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there.

At that the chest heaved upon the floor like a sea billow, and the house span about him like a wreath of smoke, for he saw he was lost now, and there was no escape. "It is what I feared," he thought; "it is she who has bought it."

And then he came to himself a little and rose up; but the sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as the well water.

"Kokua," said he, "I said to you today what ill became me. Now I return to carouse with my jolly companions," and at that he laughed a little quietly. "I will take more pleasure in the cup if you forgive me."

She clasped his knees in a moment; she kissed his knees with flowing tears.

"Oh," she cried, "I asked but a kind word!"

"Let us never one think hardly of the other," said Keawe, and was gone out of the house.

Now, the money that Keawe had taken was only some of that store of centime pieces they had laid in at their arrival. It was very sure he had no mind to be drinking. His wife had given her soul for him, now he must give his for hers; no other thought was in the world with him.

At the corner, by the old calaboose, there was the boatswain waiting.

"My wife has the bottle," said Keawe, "and, unless you help me to recover it, there can be no more money and no more liquor to-night."

"You do not mean to say you are serious about that bottle?" cried the boatswain.

"There is the lamp," said Keawe. "Do I look as if I was jesting?"

"That is so," said the boatswain. "You look as serious as a ghost."

"Well, then," said Keawe, "here are two centimes; you must go to my wife in the house and offer her these for the bottle, which, if I am not much mistaken, she will give you instantly. Bring it to me

here, and I will buy it back from you for one; for that is the law with this bottle, that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me."

"Mate, I wonder are you making a fool of me?" asked the boatswain.

"It will do you no harm if I am," returned Keawe.

"That is so, matc," said the boatswain.

"And if you doubt me," added Keawe, "you can try. As soon as you are clear of the house, wish to have your pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what you please, and you will see the virtue of the thing."

"Very well, Kanaka," says the boatswain. "I will try; but if you are having your fun out of me, I will take my fun out of you with a belaying pin."

So the whaler man went off up the avenue; and Keawe stood and waited. It was near the same spot where Kokua had waited the night before; but Keawe was more resolved, and never faltered in his purpose; only his soul was bitter with despair.

It seemed a long time he had to wait before he heard a voice singing in the darkness of the avenue. He knew the voice to be the boatswain's; but it was strange how drunken it appeared upon a sudden.

Next, the man himself came stumbling into the light of the lamp. He had the devil's bottle buttoned in his coat; another bottle was in his hand; and even as he came in view he raised it to his mouth and drank.

"You have it," said Keawe. "I see that."

"Hands off!" cried the boatswain, jumping back. "Take a step near me, and I'll smash your mouth. You thought you could make a cat's-paw of me, did you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Keawe.

"Mean?" cried the boatswain. "This is a pretty good bottle, this is; that's what I mean. How I got it for two centimes I can't make out; but I'm sure you shan't have it for one."

"You mean you won't sell?" gasped Keawe.

"No, sir!" cried the boatswain. "But I'll give you a drink of the rum, if you like."

"I tell you," said Keawe, "the man who has that bottle goes to hell."

"I reckon I'm going anyway," returned the sailor; "and this bottle's the best thing to go with I've struck yet. No, sir!" he cried again,

"this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another."

"Can this be true?" Keawe cried. "For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it me!"

"I don't value any of your talk," replied the boatswain. "You thought I was a flat; now you see I'm not; and there's an end. If you won't have a swallow of the rum, I'll have one myself. Here's your health, and good night to you!"

So off he went down the avenue towards town, and there goes the bottle out of the story.

But Keawe ran to Kokua light as the wind; and great was their joy that night; and great, since then, has been the peace of all their days in the Bright House.

## The Water of Kane

*Translated by NATHANIEL B. EMERSON, 1839–1915. Emerson, born at Wailua, Oahu, in the reign of Kamehameha III, spent some years in the United States as college student, soldier in the Civil War, medical student, and practicing physician. He returned to Hawaii in 1878 to serve as inspector of lepers and leper stations. Until his death, he devoted much time to the study of Hawaiian literature. In 1903 he put out an English version of David Malo's Hawaiian Antiquities (Moolele Hawaii). His volume on the Unwritten Literature of Hawaii: Sacred Songs of the Hula appeared in 1909, and in 1915 he published Pele and Hiiaka, a retelling of the many legends about the volcano goddess—a book which is probably the best literary treatment in English of an extended, authentic Hawaiian myth. Emerson's skill in translating verse is shown not only in the songs, chants, and prayers in Pele and Hiiaka but also in his volume on the sacred songs of the hula, where the English version appears alongside the Hawaiian original. This translator's knowledge of the Hawaiian people enabled him to convey the spirit of certain native expressions or figures of speech into English phrases with similar connotations. Occasionally he marred his effect by use of stilted, outworn diction or jarring allusions to other mythologies; but he is at his best in "The Water of Kane," one of the finest Hawaiian meles, which is remarkable as an expression of primitive mysticism controlled by an evident sense of form.*



*The Water of Kane*

A query, a question,  
I put to you:  
Where is the water of Kane?  
At the eastern gate  
Where the sun comes in at Haehae;  
There is the water of Kane.

A question I ask of you:  
Where is the water of Kane?  
Out there with the floating sun,  
Where cloud-forms rest on ocean's breast,  
Uplifting their forms at Nihoa,  
This side the base of Lehua;  
There is the water of Kane.

One question I put to you:  
Where is the water of Kane?  
Yonder on mountain peak,  
On the ridges steep,  
In the valleys deep,  
Where the rivers sweep;  
There is the water of Kane.

This question I ask of you:  
Where, pray, is the water of Kane?  
Yonder, at sea, on the ocean,  
In the driving rain,  
In the heavenly bow,  
In the piled-up mist-wraith,  
In the blood-red rainfall,  
In the ghost-pale cloud-form;  
There is the water of Kane.

One question I put to you:  
Where, where is the water of Kane?

*From Unwritten Literature of Hawaii: The Sacred Songs of the Hula* (Washington, D.C., Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Government Printing Office, 1909).

Up on high is the water of Kane,  
In the heavenly blue,  
In the black-piled cloud,  
In the black-black cloud,  
In the black-mottled sacred cloud of the gods:  
There is the water of Kane.

One question I ask of you:  
Where flows the water of Kane?  
Deep in the ground, in the gushing spring,  
In the ducts of Kane and Loa,  
A well-spring of water, to quaff,  
A water of magic power—  
The water of life!  
Life! O give us this life!



## **The Menehune: A Legend of Kauai**

By WILLIAM HYDE RICE, 1846-1924. Rice was born of missionary stock at Punahou, Honolulu, Hawaii, where his parents were teachers at the school established there in 1842 for the children of missionaries. The family moved in 1854 to Lihue on the island of Kauai, where the greater part of his life was spent. Here his chief companions were Hawaiian boys, from whom he readily learned the language. Later he attended Oahu College, Punahou, and Brayton's College in Oakland, California. He served the Kingdom of Hawaii as a member of the House of Representatives for eight years and as a member of the Senate for three years. He took an active part in getting King Kalakaua to sign the Constitution of 1887, and was governor of Kauai under Queen Liliuokalani until after the revolution in 1893. For some years he collected and translated the folk tales of old Hawaii which he had heard in his youth. Padraic Colum, noted writer on folk lore, stated in the Literary Review for June 9, 1923, that the Rice versions have "literary quality and a distinct narrative flow," and said of the "Menehune" tale given below: "Here are passages that are by long odds the finest pieces of narrative writing in English that have come out of Hawaii." The Hawaiian manuscript of part of this story was obtained from J. A. Akina. Of particular interest in the passage which follows is a curing charm of the kahuna, or Hawaiian medicine man, which mentions the age-old flood legend; the narration of some of the building exploits of the gnome-like Menehune tribe, first comers to Hawaii, who were supposed to be related to the Maori of New Zealand; and the description of the games and sports indulged in by the early inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands.

THE belief of the Hawaiians of ancient times was that there was one great continent, stretching from Hawaii, including Samoa and Laloa, and reaching as far as New Zealand, also taking in Fiji. And there were some lowlands in between these higher lands. All this was called by one name, that is Ka-houpo-o-Kane, the Solar-Plexus-of-Kane (the great god), and was also called Moana-nui-kai-oo, the Great-Engulfing-Ocean. This is the name that is mentioned in the prayer used by the *kahuna ana-ana*, who can pray to death, and who can also defend from death, when they pray in these words to ward off the evil that is keeping the sick one down:

To You, Who are the Breath of the Eighth Night:  
To You, Kane, the Yellow Edge of Night:  
To You, Kane, the Thunder that Rumbles at Night:  
To You, Kane, Kamohoalii, Brother of Pele, Sea of Forgiveness:  
To You, Ku, Kane, and all the other Gods that hold up the Heavens:  
And likewise the Ku, the Goddess women that hold up the Night:  
To You, Kane, Who is bristling, to Ku, and to Lono:  
To You, Lono, Who is awakening as the sun rises:  
To All of You in the Night: Stand up!  
Let the Night pass, and Daylight come to me, the Kahuna.  
Look at our sick one: If he be dying from food eaten in the day,  
Or from tapa, or from what he has said,  
Or from pleasures he has had a part in,  
Or from walking on the highway,  
From walking, or from sitting down,  
Or from the bait that has been taken,  
Or from parts of food that he has left,  
Or from his evil thoughts of others,  
Or from finding fault, or from evils within,  
From all deaths: Deliver and forgive!

Reprinted from *Hawaiian Legends*, by William Hyde Rice, Bernice P. Bishop Museum Bulletin 3, 1923, by permission of the Director of the Museum and Mr. Arthur H. Rice.

Take away all great faults, and all small faults,  
Throw them all into Moana-nui-kai-oo, the great ocean!  
If Ku is there, or Hina: Hold back death!  
Let out the big life, the small life,  
Let out the long life, for all time:  
That is the life from the Gods.

This is the ending of my prayer,  
It is finished: *Amama ua noa.*

This is what they thought in regard to the land of Ka-houpo-o-Kane, which is related in the most ancient tradition, that has been handed down for countless generations, the tradition known as "Ke Kumulipo," "the Tradition that comes from the Dark Ages."

The great flood came, Kai-a-ka-hina-alii, the Sea-that-Made-the-Chiefs-Fall-Down (that destroyed the chiefs), submerging all the lower lands, leaving only specks of higher land, now known as islands, above the waters. The lower lands were covered by Moana-nui-kai-oo. Nuu, a powerful kahuna, saved a great many people.

After the Deluge there were three peoples: the Menehune, who were dwarfs or pygmies; the Ke-na-mu; and the Ke-na-wa. A great part of these other peoples were destroyed by the Menehune. One of the chiefs of the Ke-na-mu had come to Hawaii from Kahiki. The name of this chief was Kualu-nui-kini-akua, Big-Kualu-of-the-Four-Thousand-Gods. He had a son Kualu-nui-pauku-moku-moku, Big-Kualu-of-the-Broken-Rope, the father of Ola, Life. They came from Kapaia-haa, otherwise called Kahiki-moe, the land that is now called New Zealand. They came to the land of Ka-ma-wae-lua-lani nei, that is now called Kauai-a-mano-ka-lani-po. That was the land where the three peoples had their home, the Ke-na-mu, the Ke-na-wa, and the Menehune. They lived there and emigrated thence as the people of more recent times have lived and traveled. At one time the Menehune journeyed until they reached the land of Kahiki-ka-paia-haa (New Zealand). That is why some people believe that they came originally from New Zealand, but that is not so. They were natives of Hawaii.

In the ancient tradition of "Kumulipo" it is told that there were a great many men and women from Ka-houpo-o-kane who went to Kahiki-ka-paia-haa, and in those emigrations, there was one called He-ma, the progenitor of the Maori race. When He-ma went, at about that time, the Menehune people went, too, from Kauai-a-mano-ka-lani-po.

At that time M-oli-ku-laiakea, or Maori-tu-raiatea in the New Zealand language, was the king of the Menehune. He went with his people accompanied by their chief, Aliikilola, and his wife, Lepoa. This was in the time of He-ma. And from the first part of the name of the king of the Menehune, the New Zealanders called themselves Maori. From the last part of the same name a place in New Zealand is called Raiatea. That is what is told in the most ancient of all traditions, called "Ke Kumulipo."

When the Menehune returned to Kauai, they began to increase. The tribe grew until there were enough grown men to form two rows, reaching all the way from Makaweli to Wailua. They were so many, counting the women and children, that the only fish of which each could have one to himself was the shrimp.

The Menehune were a small people, but they were broad and muscular and possessed of great strength. Contrary to common belief they were not possessed of any supernatural powers, but it was solely on account of their tremendous strength and energy and their great numbers that they were able to accomplish the wonderful things they did. These pygmy people were both obedient and industrious, always obeying their leaders. Their average height was only from two feet six inches to three feet, but they were intelligent and well organized. They took no food from other lands, but cultivated enough for themselves. As they were hard workers, they always had plenty of food. Their favorite foods were *hau-pia*, a pudding made of arrowroot, sweetened with coconut milk; *pala-ai*, the squash; and *ko-ele-pa-lau*, or sweet potato pudding. They were also very fond of *luau*, the cooked young leaves of the taro, fern fronds, and other greens. They had elaborately made and carved wooden dishes and utensils for their food.

One curious thing about the Menehune was that they never worked in daylight, as they never wanted to be seen. It was their rule that any enterprise they undertook had to be finished in a single night. If this could not be done they never returned to that piece of work. Being such a strong people, they almost always finished the task in one night. It is not known where their houses were, but it is said that they lived in caves and hollow logs, and as soon as it began to be daylight, they all disappeared. One great thing that they did was to cultivate the wild taro, either on the pali or in the swamps, for they planted anywhere they could find room for a single plant.

On the cliffs of Kauai are still seen many paths and roads which

were built by them, and which are still called *Ke-ala-pii-a-ka-Menehune*, the Trails-of-the-Menehune. These trails are still to be seen above Hanapepe, Makaweli, Mana, Napali, Milolii, Kualolo, and Hanapu. In the little hollows on the cliffs they planted wild taro, yams, ferns, and bananas. No cliff was too steep for them to climb.

They also built many heiaus, including those of *Elekuna*, *Polihale*, and *Kapa-ula*, near Mana, Malae at Wailua, on the Lihue side of the river, just above the road, and *Poli-ahu* on the high land, between the branching of the Wailua River and the *Opai-kaa* Stream. All the stones for these heiaus were brought from Makaweli. The Menehune formed two lines, and passed the stones from man to man. They also built the heiau at *Kiha-wahine* on Niihau. It is built of coral rock and is oblong in shape, with two corners fenced in as *kapu* places; one for the sacrificial altar, and the other for the *kahuna*, or high priest. . . .

*Ola*, the king, obtained the promise of the Menehune that they would build a water-lead at Waimea, if all the people stayed in their houses, the dogs muzzled, and the chickens shut in calabashes, so that there would be no sound on the appointed night. This was done, and the Menehune completed the watercourse before daybreak. It has stood the storms of many years, and is still called *Kiki-a-Ola*, *Ola's-Water-Lead*.

The Menehune also carried large flat stones from Koloa to Kalalau, where they built a big heiau, which stands to this day.

The favorite sport of these small men was to jump off cliffs into the sea. They carried stones from the mountains to their bathing places, where they placed them in piles. Then, throwing a stone into the sea, the skillful swimmer would dive after it. This was repeated until all the stones had disappeared.

One of their bathing places was at Ninini, a little beach, surrounded by cliffs, just inside the point where the larger Nawiliwili lighthouse now stands. While the Menehune were carrying a large rock from Kipukai to Ninini, half of it broke off, and fell into the Huleia River, where it is still used as a bridge called *Kipapa-o-ka-Menehune*, the Causeway-of-the-Menehune. The other half of the rock is still at Ninini. . . .

On the plain above the Lumahai River the Menehune made their homes for a time. There one of the small men began to build a heiau which he called *Ka-i-li-o-o-pa-ia*. As he was working, the big owl of Kane came and sat on the stones. This bird was large enough



to carry off a man, and naturally it frightened away the little workman. He returned next day, only to see the huge bird flying over the spot, croaking. He also saw the great monster dog, Kuilio-loa, My-Long-Dog, running about the heiau. These evil omens caused the Menehune to believe that the heiau was polluted, so he gave up his work.

One day, as the Menehune were bathing at Lumahai, one of them caught a large ulua. The fish tried to escape, but the little man struggled bravely, and finally killed it. The man was so badly wounded, however, that his blood flowed over the spot, and turned the earth and stones red. This place is still called Ka-a-le-le, from the name of the wounded man.

Weli, a bowlegged, deep-voiced Menehune *konohiki*, king's sheriff or executor, is remembered as an agriculturist. On the plain of Lumahai he planted breadfruit trees, which are there to this day. They were called Na-ulu-a-Weli, after the Menehune.

The small explorers soon found their way to the head of the Lumahai Valley, whence they crossed over to Wainiha. There they found an immense rock, one side of which was gray, and the other black. This they hewed out into the shape of a poi board, and placed it near the falls of the Lumahai River. To this day, the *wi*, or fresh water shellfish, come out on the gray side in the daytime, and on the black side at night. Even now no woman can successfully fish there unless she wears a certain lei of shredded ti leaves or breaks off two lehua branches, crying to the Kupua, as she throws one to the *mauka* side or toward the mountains, and one to the *makai* side or toward the sea, "Pa-na-a-na-a, give us luck!" If a man fishes there, he first throws two small stones into the water, asking for success. . . .

After they had been living in this valley for some time the king found that many of his men were marrying Hawaiian women. This worried him greatly, as he was anxious to keep his race pure. At last he decided to leave the islands. Summoning his counselors, his astrologers, and his leading men, he told them his plans. They agreed with their king, and a proclamation was issued calling all the Menehune together on the night of the full moon.

On the appointed night such a crowd gathered on the plain of Ma-hi-e that the vegetation there was trampled down, and the place, to this day, is barren.

There, in the moonlight, the king saw all the Menehune and their first-born sons, and he addressed them with these words, "My

people, you whom I love, I have called you together to explain my plans for leaving this island. I desire that we keep our race distinct from others, and in order to do this we must go to other lands. You must leave behind you your wives chosen from the Hawaiian race. You may take with you only your older sons. The food we have planted in this valley is ripe. It shall be left for your wives."

As soon as the king had finished speaking, a man called Mo-hi-ki-a said, "We have heard your words, O King. I have married a Hawaiian woman and we have a son grown to manhood. I have taught him all the skill I possess in making stone and koa canoes. He can polish them as well as hew them out. I beg you to take him in my place. He holds in his right hand the stone adz for making stone canoes, and in his left hand the adz for koa canoes. I have had mighty strength. No stone was too large for me to move. No tree was too tall for me to cut down, and make into a canoe. My son has strength, as I have had. Take him in my place. If at any time you need me, send a messenger for me. My son can be that messenger. He has been taught to run."

Having heard this request, Kii-la-mi-ki, the speaker of the Menehune, rose and answered in this manner: "You who beg to be left behind to live with your Hawaiian wife, listen! That woman has only lately come into your life. The king has always been in your life. We see your first-born there, but none of us have seen him work, and we do not know what he can do. You say that you have taught him all you know in canoe building, but we have never seen him work. We do not know that he can take your place. We all feel that you must go with us."

These words were echoed by a great chorus from the crowd: "He shall not stay! He shall go!"

When at last the Menehune were quieted they heard the voice of the high sheriff saying, "One word from the king, and we shall obey in everything. It is only by listening to his words, and by obeying him that our race shall be kept together. Otherwise rebellion will come. All must be done as he says."

Then a great stillness fell upon the assembled people. The herald of the king rose, and cried out, "Let no word be spoken! Words are *kapu*. *Meha meha*, be absolutely still! The heavens speak through the voice of your king. Lie down on your faces before him!"

After seeing these signs of his people's obedience the king rose and said, "Listen, my people, to these words which shall come from

my mouth. I deny the request of Mo-hi-ki-a. I ask you not to leave him behind. We shall start on our way tomorrow night. Take only what food you need for a few days. Leave all the growing crops for the Hawaiian women you have taken as wives, lest criticism fall upon us. Before we depart I wish a monument to be erected to show that we have lived here."

As soon as the people had heard these words they began to build a pile of stones on the top of the mountain. When they had finished their work they placed a grooved stone on top, as a monument to the Menehune king and his leaders. Not far from it was dug a square hole, with caves in its sides. This was the monument to the Menehune of common birth.

When these last works of their hands were completed, the little men raised such a great shout that the fish in the pond of Nomilu, across the island, jumped in fright, and the *moi*, the wary fish, left the beaches.

The rest of the night was used by the *konohiki*, who separated the men into twenty divisions of sixteen thousand each. The women were divided into eight divisions of twenty thousand each. Besides these, there were ten thousand half-grown boys, and of girls up to the age of seventeen there were ten thousand six hundred. Each division was placed under a leader. The work of the first division was to clear the road of logs, and similar obstructions. That of the second was to lower the hills. The third was to sweep the path. Another division had to carry the sleds and sleeping mats, for the king. One division had charge of the food and another of the planting. One division was composed of kahuna, soothsayers, and astrologers. Still another was made up of story tellers, fun makers, minstrels, and musicians, who furnished amusement for the king. Some of the musicians played the nose-flute, which was one and a half spans long and half an inch in diameter, and made of bamboo. One end was closed, and about two inches below was the hole into which they breathed, and blew out the music. About the middle of the flute was another hole which they fingered, to make the different notes. Others blew the ti-leaf trumpets, which were made by ripping a ti leaf part away along the middle ridge, and rolling over the torn piece. Through this they blew, varying the sound by fingering. Others played crude stringed instruments of pliable black hau wood with strings of tough *olo-na* fiber. These, called *ukeke*, they held in their mouths, and twanged the strings with their fingers. Still others beat

drums of shark skin, stretched taut over the ends of hollow tree trunks.

When all was arranged, orders were given for starting the following night.

At the appointed time the Menehune set forth. Many obstructions were found but each division did its work of cutting, clearing, and sweeping the path. They also planted wild taro, yams, and other food-producing plants all along the way. After they had climbed to the top of the mountain, they encamped at a place called Kanaloa-huluhulu, the Hairy-Devil, and sent men back to fish.

It happened that while they were resting there one of the chiefesses, Hanakapiai, gave birth to a child. When the child was a week old the mother died. Her body was turned into stone, and a valley was named after her. A few days later another chiefess, Hanakeao, stepped on a stone, which rolled down into the next valley, hurling her to death. That valley bears the name of the unfortunate one. As these women had been dearly loved, the king ordered a period of mourning which was to last sixty days. During that time no sports were to be indulged in. . . .

When at last the sixty days of mourning were ended, the king ordered the *ilamoku*, the marshal, to proclaim a big feast to be followed by sports of many kinds.

Some of these were: spinning tops, or *olo-hu*, made of small gourds or kukui nuts, or sometimes carved of wiliwili wood, boxing, wrestling, and similar games such as *uma* or *kulakulai*. This was played by the two opponents stretching at full length, face down, on the ground, with their heads together, and their bodies in opposite directions. Each leaned on his right elbow, and grasped the other's right hand firmly. Then each tried to twist the other's arm back, until the back of his opponent's hand touched the ground, meantime keeping his own body flat on the ground. This game could be played with the left hand as well as with the right.

They also played *maika*, a game resembling discus throwing, played with evenly rounded, perfectly balanced stones, from two to eight inches across, and thicker in the middle than on the edge. On Kauai the *maika* were made of black stone, but on the other islands they were generally of sandstone. They were always highly polished. The *maika* were thrown to see how far they would go, but sometimes the men would race with the *maika*.

Another game they played was *ke'a-pua*, in which they took the

straight shafts of the sugar cane tassels and shot them like arrows from a whip-like contrivance. This was made of a stick about three feet long, with a string five or six feet long attached. The end of this string, doubled over, was folded around the shaft, and the remainder wound around smoothly and evenly, so as not to catch. The shaft was laid on the ground, with the point a little raised, and then whipped off. If it was well balanced, it flew several hundred feet. The person whose *ke'a-pua* shot furthest won, and he kept his arrow, which was called *Hia-pai-ole*, the Arrow-which-could-not-be-beaten.

The queen's favorite game was *puhenehene*. This was played by placing five piles of *tapa* on the ground. A little flat stone called the *noa* was hidden in one of the piles, while the opponent watched the nimble fingers and movements of the arm muscles of his rival. Then he had to guess under which pile it was hidden, and point his stick at it. The queen usually won from the king, laughing at him, thus giving the game its name, which means "jeering."

Another sport was the tug-of-war. When one side was about to be beaten, others jumped in and helped them. On the ninth and tenth nights of their celebration the *Menehune* had foot races. In these, two *Menehune* raced at a time. The two last to race were *Pakia* and *Kuhau*. These were known to be so swift that they could run around *Kauai* six times in one day. *Pakia* won the race, beating *Kuhau* by three fathoms. The people stood up and cheered when the decision was given, and picked up the champion and carried him on their shoulders.

The next night they were to have sled races. They were to race down the steep hillside of a little valley that leads into *Hanakapiai*. If the course for the races was not slippery enough, they covered it with very fine rushes to make the sleds slide easily and swiftly. The first to race were *Pahuku* and *Pohaha*. The sled of *Pahuku* tipped, and he was thrown off, so *Pohaha* reached the goal first, and won the race. The next race was between two women, who were noted for their skill, *Kapa'i* and *Mukea*. *Kapa'i* won this race, and *Mukea* joined in cheering her opponent. Next came a race between *Mohihi*, the queen, and *Manu*, a chief. *Mohihi* won, by only half a length, and *Manu* joined in the applause. The king and all the chiefs were very much pleased that the queen had won the race. It was a great thing for her to beat *Manu*, for he was supposed to be the champion of all the *Menehune* people. That was the last of the races.

Then the father of *Manu* came to the king and suggested that they

make a big pile of stones at this spot, as a monument. Then all the Menhune clapped their hands, and agreed to do so. There was great rejoicing among them, and so they built up a huge pile of stones, which they finished just at daybreak. Then the Menhune left that place, and traveled on their way.



## Waikiki

By RUPERT BROOKE. On his way to the South Seas, in October, 1913, Rupert Brooke stopped for a short time at Honolulu, and while there wrote one of his finest sonnets, "Waikiki."

### Waikiki

Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree  
Drift down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes,  
Somewhere an *eukaleli* thrills and cries  
And stabs with pain the night's brown savagery.  
And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,  
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;  
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,  
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea.

And I recall, lose, grasp, forget again,  
And still remember, a tale I have heard, or known,  
An empty tale, of idleness and pain,  
Of two that loved—or did not love—and one  
Whose perplexed heart did evil, foolishly,  
A long while since, and by some other sea.

Waikiki, 1913.

From *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*. Copyright, 1915, by Dodd, Mead & Company. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. Canadian rights by permission of the publisher, McClelland & Stewart Limited, Toronto.





## His Oceanic Majesty's Goldfish

By AUSTIN STRONG, 1881– . Born in San Francisco, Austin Strong was four years old when he accompanied his parents to Hawaii, where occurred the incident recounted in the sketch that follows. His father was Joseph Strong, a painter, and his mother was Isobel Osbourne Strong, stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson; and when Stevenson settled at Vailima in Samoa, Austin Strong and his mother went there to live. After a desultory private education at Vailima (where Stevenson tutored him in French and mathematics) and at Monterey, California, he attended Wellington College in New Zealand. He studied landscape architecture, and in New York followed it as a profession until 1905, when he gave it up and became a successful playwright. Among his many plays are *The Exile* (1903), *The Little Father of the Wilderness* (1905)—both written with his uncle, Lloyd Osbourne—*The Drums of Oude* (1916), *Three Wise Fools* (1918), and *Seventh Heaven* (1922).

**T**HE large mustache was my father, the beautiful dark eyes my mother. I was aware of tears, champagne glasses, laughing speeches, and farewell shouts as we stood at the ship's rail looking back at Meiggs Wharf and the receding city of San Francisco.

Our heavy sails turned to iron as the northeast wind struck them with a howl, sending the tiny schooner scudding through Golden Gate to breast the angry Pacific waiting outside to pounce on us. Suddenly everything went mad; screaming sea gulls were blown high; the vessel leaped into the air and fell on her side, half capsized by a knockdown flaw, her lee rail disappearing under a wash of green water and foaming suds.

The young couple fell to the deck clutching their small son. They laughingly held me between them as we all three slid down the careening deck to be rescued in the nick of time by grinning brown sailors smelling of tar, coconut oil, and chewing tobacco. One of them, at the request of my mother, tied a double bowline around my waist, making the end fast to a ring bolt on the white deck.

Here I was tethered, a none too safe prisoner, every day for fourteen terrifying days. Tied to that slanting, heaving floor, which was half under water the whole length of the ship, I was buffeted, jerked off my feet, stung by flying spray, deafened by the never-ending roar of the wind and sea.

Green waters full of iridescent bubbles snatched at my feet when they swept by, leaving long damp stains on the deck. The winds blew up my sleeves, whipping my hair in all directions. Everywhere there was wild excitement—banging of blocks, angry shouts, sudden rushings of the crew to take in or let out the main and jib sheets. No one had to tell me that our lives were in the four hands of the two struggling men at the wheel and that the angel with the dark wings was hovering over our masts.

The large mustache would prick my cheek as my father brought his

Reprinted by permission of Brandt & Brandt from *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1944. Copyright, 1944, by The Atlantic Monthly Company.

reassuring face close to mine, while my mother held me safe, and together they would sing to keep fear away from me. I would look into the eyes of my mother, searching for any sign of anxiety in the clear, quiet depths, and finding none I would breathe again, feeling the iron band about my heart relax. I caught the infection of their happiness and we would all laugh together for no reason at all.

They were filled with high hope, for riches and honors lay ahead of us. No wonder they were gay, for had not our good rich friend commissioned my father to go to Honolulu to paint a picture of the volcano Mauna Loa in full eruption? And hadn't they an important letter of introduction to a real king who sat on a real throne, wore a real crown, and lived in a real palace, His Oceanic Majesty, King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Archipelago?

Since we were too poor to afford tickets on a Pacific liner, our benefactor had given us free passage on one of his trading schooners, the *Consuelo*, and these two babes in the wood, with their solemn offspring, were blown at last around Diamond Head under the lee of Punchbowl into the breathless heat of Honolulu Harbor, dangerous seas now far behind, fame and fortune beckoning us from the shores.

A long, graceful boat manned by singing natives in uniform shot out from the king's boathouse. She was dazzling white, with a canvas awning the length of her and a gilded crown on either side of her bow. This was the royal barge coming alongside with tossed oars to row us ashore in state.

We went to live in a wooden cottage that might have been taken from a child's picture book. It was set back from Fort Street, almost lost in a fragrant garden of big leaves and strange-looking flowers. Young attachés and their wives from all the legations annexed my parents with joy, and our wide veranda fairly glistened with naval gold lace from the British, French, Russian, and Chilean men-o'-war. My gay parents must have been a godsend to those exiles of every nationality.

I lived to the tune of their laughter and endless parties, but in spite of belonging to the king's set, in spite of my father's success as an artist, I was not happy. The children who lived on our street looked down their noses at me.

It was the fashion in those days to have at the entrance of one's driveway half a tub constantly filled by a pipe with fresh water for the horses. The rich people had handsome tubs painted with bright

colors at their gates and, to add to their prestige, their tubs were alive with goldfish. Ours was old and unpainted, a shabby affair with rusty hoops, and, alas, contained no fish. The neighboring children made faces at me and with an ancient malice insisted that we were too poor to have goldfish in our disreputable tub. It troubled me that my hilarious parents had no idea that we were losing face with our neighbors' children, but boy-like I kept my suffering to myself.

One day the Japanese attachés from the legation across the way came over for lunch. They were dressed like dark butterflies in their national costume. I stood on the outer edge of the veranda and overheard them telling about the beautiful double-tailed goldfish the Emperor of Japan had just sent to King Kalakaua and how they had emptied them officially that morning into the lily pond of the royal Kapiolani Park. They told my mother these sacred fish were very rare and belonged to the royal family of Japan.

My heart skipped a beat; I was stabbed by a sudden overwhelming desire. In one moment I had become a thief. From then on I saw nothing but an imperial fish swimming in our battered tub, giving face to my carefree parents and despair to my enemies.

Kapiolani Park was out of town near Waikiki, and it cost five cents to go there in the mule-car. Finding I had ten cents in my tin-can bank, I dashed up to the friendly old Chinese groceryman at the head of our street and for five cents bought a ball of red, white, and blue string. I then took two bright new pins from my Portuguese nurse's sewing basket and plunged into action.

This was my first adventure alone into the great out-of-doors away from the safe and protected area under my nurse's eye. With a pounding heart I hailed the mule-car, a wide open-air affair with a cool covering of white canvas and bobbing tassels. It was driven by a barefoot Kanaka with a sleepy face. I held up a timid finger and to my astonishment I was obeyed—the car stopped at my command. I felt important and apologetic at the same time when I found I was the only passenger, for it was the hot, buzzy time of the afternoon when everyone retires for a siesta.

With one wheel flat and squeaking, we swayed and bumped along through the deserted city, down freshly watered avenues kept in perpetual twilight by the shade of flowering trees overhead. The air was filled with the stinging scent of roasting coffee and burnt sugar, while over all hung the redoubtable smell of distant Chinatown, that potent mixture of teeming humanity, rotting fish, sandalwood, and incense.

I heard a warning voice within as I paid my carfare with my last remaining nickel. It whispered, "How are you going to come back with no money?" But I shut my ears tight, and going forward with a pounding heart, I sat close to the driver as we came out of the city into the blinding white road which ran along the shore.

"Want to drive?" he asked, smiling through an enormous yawn as he held out the reins. I clutched the stiff hot leathers while the driver disappeared inside, curled up on the bench, and promptly fell asleep. This was my first meeting with responsibility. Though my bare feet were being burned alive by the heat of the sun on the platform, I stood motionless.

The mule, with his large ears encased in netted fly-bags, feeling the hand of inexperience, promptly relaxed and reduced his speed to a crawl. He dragged us at a snail's pace along the edge of the beach and I could see the lines on lines of charging surf running white over the hidden reefs. To the left I could see half-naked Chinese, with their big cone-shaped hats, working like animated mushrooms, thigh-deep in mud, planting rice in the flat watery fields against a background of green mountains.

We crept along until at last the mule stopped of himself, poked his head around his stern, whisked a fly away with his tail, and looked at me with distaste. The driver woke with a start, shouting automatically as if I were a full carload of passengers: "All out for Kapiolani Park!"

I thanked him politely as he lifted me down in front of the entrance to the Park and I asked him to read me a freshly painted sign at the side of the gates. He slowly read the words: "Fishing in the Park is strictly prohibited and will be punished with the full severity of the law.—KALAKAUA, REX."

I stood rooted to the ground as the driver, with a sleepy grin, drove the bobbing mule-car around a curve and out of sight, leaving me with my ball of twine, my pins, and my pockets empty of money. I stood for a time stunned. "Full severity of the law" meant only one thing when a king caught you. Your head was chopped off on a block of wood in the Tower of London and popped into a basket. Slowly I drew half circles in the dust with my big toe, waiting for my heart to quiet down.

By fine degrees courage returned to me. It came first in the shape of curiosity. I edged my way slowly through the gates, tiptoeing out of the blinding heat into the chill cathedral gloom of the Park. I saw two Chinese gardeners sweeping the driveway. Again I stood still

for a long time. Finding they paid no attention to me, I took a few cautious steps farther in and once more became rooted to the ground, for there, quite near me, squatting on his haunches, was a half-naked Chinese with the face of a joss-house mask. He was cutting the grass with an evil-looking scimitar. Standing still until he had worked himself out of sight round a tree, I dashed off the roadway across a lawn into a beautiful Chinese garden with gray stone lanterns, pagodas, and frog-faced lions goggle-eyed with ferocity.

I came to a pond filled with water lilies, the edges of their enormous pads, neatly turned up, like little fences. A moon-bridge arched over the still water and I climbed the slippery incline, which is very steep until the circle flattens out on top; here I lay on my stomach, quaking. Guilt had laid a cold hand on me. I was a robber in a royal domain.

Placing my straw hat beside me and slowly raising my head, I looked carefully about for sign of a human being; but apparently this garden was a place apart. It was empty of life save for one pink flamingo who stared at me suspiciously. I peered down into the pool below and saw a small white object which stared up at me with frightened eyes. It was my own face reflected among the lilies.

Then I saw them! I couldn't believe my good luck. I had found them at last, the noble goldfish of the Emperor of Japan. Prodigious fellows, obviously aristocrats of high degree, wearing feathery fins and tails like court trains, trailing clouds of glory.

Quickly I bent a pin, and fastening it to the end of my red, white, and blue string I lowered it, hand over hand, into the liquid crystal below. The leisurely fish, as bright as porcelain, glided haughtily past my pin, not deigning to notice it. Why I thought a fish would swallow my baitless hook I do not know. It was a triumph of hope over experience, however, for after I had lain patiently on my stomach for a long time the miracle happened!

A large, dignified grand duke of a goldfish, attracted by the brightness of my pin, made the stupid mistake of thinking it was something good to eat. He slowly opened his bored face and swallowed it. A hard tug nearly toppled me off the bridge. I hauled up the sacred fish and soon had him indignantly flopping beside me, where he spat out the hook with disdain and would have flopped off the bridge had I not covered him with my straw hat. Again I peered around, now guilty in fact, for the deed was done.

The flamingo was still there, standing motionless on one leg,

staring at me with an unblinking, accusing eye. In panic I hastily stuffed the fish into the crown of my hat, and jamming it on my head, with the victim struggling inside, I flew with the heels of terror out into the open road.

To my dismay I found the day almost spent as I ran before a following wind; the whole sky was afire with a red sunset which threw my gigantic shadow like a dancing hobgoblin far ahead of me on the wide road.

The awful voice spoke to me again. "There, what did I tell you? You have no money, so now you have an all-night walk in the dark."

But my only thought was how to keep my fish alive until I got him in our tub. I saw a wide irrigation ditch, which fed the paddy fields with water, running by the side of the road. Slipping down the bank, I removed my hat, and holding the fish by his golden tail, I plunged him into the water, arguing that to a fish this was like a breath of air to a suffocated man.

I held him under until he grew lively again and then I went on my interminable journey, running fast along the road, slipping down to the side of the ditch to souse my imperial highness until he revived enough for the next lap. I don't know how many times I did this, or how many hundred feet I had advanced along the way, but my legs began to ache and my head swam with weariness and wet fish. Then suddenly I was in the midst of warning shouts, angry men's voices, stamping horses, jingling harness, military commands—a carriage had nearly run over me.

I was too young to know about palace revolutions and the necessity for armed escorts. I only knew I was terrified to find myself surrounded by grave men on horseback. An officer leaped from his saddle and stood before me.

I had the presence of mind to jam my prize under my hat as I was led to a shining C-spring victoria which smelled of elegance, varnish, polished leather, and well-groomed horses.

In it rode a fine figure of a man, calm and immaculate in white ducks and pipe-clayed shoes. He sat in noble repose, his strong face, his hands, and his clothes dyed crimson by the tropical sunset. My heart began to jump about, for I recognized the face which was stamped on all the silver coins of his island realm. He wore his famous hat made of woven peacock quills as fine as straw, with its broad band of tiny sea shells. He eyed me gravely as I stood in the road before him, wet to the skin, with muddy hands and feet, my fish



violently protesting under my hat. Would he order his soldiers to execute me on the spot?

"Why, it's Mrs. Strong's little boy!" the deep voice was saying. "What are you doing so far away from home?"

I was speechless.

"Your mother must be very anxious. Come, get in and I'll take you home."

The officer deposited me, dirty and damp, on the spotless cushion beside the king. An order rang out and away we dashed, a fine cavalcade with outriders galloping ahead and men on horseback thundering behind.

His Majesty began to question me tactfully, trying, as is the way with kings, to put his guest at ease, but the fish was too much on my mind and head. I realized it would soon die if I held my tongue, but if I told, what would be my punishment? Try as I might, I couldn't hold back unmanly tears. The king removed his cigar in concern.

"Are you in pain, Austin?" he asked. I began to shake all over in an agony of indecision. "Won't you tell me what's the matter?"

I heard another and a craven voice blurting out of me.

"Oh, please don't cut off my head!" it cried.

The king replied gravely, "I have no intention of cutting off your head."

Removing my hat, I showed him his gift from the Emperor of Japan. The king raised a hand, the cavalcade came to a halt, again the officer was alongside. The king cried, "Stop at the nearest horse trough. Be quick!"

Away we flew, the king with his arm about me, trying vainly to comfort me as I saw my fish growing weaker and weaker. At last we drew up in front of a native hut. I jumped out and plunged my fish into an overflowing horse trough while the king and his men looked on with polite interest. A native was sent running for a large calabash, and the fish was put in it, his sacred life spared, his dignity restored.

I was rolled home in triumph, fast asleep against His Majesty's protecting shoulder, to be roused by shouts of laughter from my relieved parents, who were astounded by my royal return. They watched me with puzzled faces as, struggling with sleep, I staggered away from them to empty my golden prize into our tub.

No one ever knew why I stole that fish; wild horses couldn't drag an explanation from me. I woke very early the next day and crept out through the cool shadows of the morning across the wet lawn

in my bare feet and peered anxiously into our tub. There, sure enough, was the grand duke swimming proudly in our shabby barrel, restoring face to my parents and raising their social standing in the society of my enemies.

There is no moral to this story—in fact, it is a most unmoral one, for later that morning a smart equerry on horseback, dressed in a glistening uniform, dismounted before our gate. He came bearing a large gilt-bordered envelope on which was stamped the crown of Hawaii.

It was a royal grant to one Master Austin Strong, giving him permission to fish in Kapiolani Park for the rest of his days. It was signed "KALAKAUA, REX."



## The Plague

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, 1894-1948. Born at Waitsburg, Washington, Genevieve Taggard was two years old when her parents went to the Hawaiian Islands to teach there in the public schools. Up to the time she entered Punahou High School in Honolulu, her playmates were almost entirely children of the various races that predominate in the Islands—Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese—and thus her writing often shows sympathy and friendliness for people of another race than her own. She taught for a year in a rural school on the island of Oahu, and then in 1914 left Hawaii to study at the University of California. Subsequently she was one of the editors of *The Measure* and has taught literature at Mount Holyoke College, at Bennington College, and at Sarah Lawrence College. She is the author of several volumes of poetry; those which contain verses about the Pacific include *For Eager Lovers* (1922), *Hawaiian Hilltop* (1923), *Words for the Chisel* (1926), *Traveling Standing Still* (1928), and *Collected Poems: 1908-1938* (1938). Although known chiefly as a poet, she had a gift for writing exceptionally good prose, as is demonstrated in the following sketch drawn from the memory of her life in Hawaii.

ONE evening my father came in late to supper just as we had lighted the kerosene lamp and put it in the middle of the cleared dining table. He had been off seeing the superintendent about building the new school.

"Hayashida is sick," said my mother, "and wants to see you before you go to bed."

My father took a little hand lamp and went out into the tropic blackness, down the latticed walk to Hayashida's little whitewashed house, where he lived with Kiko. The screen door banged after him, and he was gone a long time, while I watched the mealy damp baby moths who came under the lamp shade and got cooked on the kerosene surface of the silver lamp. Then the screen door closed lightly, and my father came back holding his lamp up.

"Mama," he said as he blew out the light and stood some distance from us, "Hayashida has a bubo under his arm as big as an egg."

He washed himself with kerosene and called up the doctor on the telephone, sitting down as he waited for a connection. Mother sent us to bed. We didn't know what a bubo was.

The next day the doctors—about four of them and several health officials—came to see Hayashida. They told my father to say that Hayashida had measles and dismiss the school indefinitely. This my father did, because he had to, although he hated to stand up before all his schoolchildren and tell a lie. Hayashida besides being our Japanese boy was the janitor of the school. He had swept it out on Monday afternoon just before he was taken sick.

The neighbors knew what they knew—the measles story wasn't very convincing. The doctors went in and out of the little white-washed house where Hayashida lived, and Kiko could be seen standing limp against one window—all her lovely oiled hair pressed against the glass. We children loved Hayashida and Kiko. He was a big raw-boned Japanese, gaunt and yellow, and very merry. He had come to

Reprinted by permission of the author from *transition* (Paris), no. 5, August, 1927.

us right off a plantation when he couldn't speak any English. Only Kiko could speak, because she had been a silkworm girl in Tokyo. Under the lattice of the passion vine over our door they stood beside each other and wished to come and work for us. Hayashida took care of our huge garden and the lawn; he clipped the hedges and swept the walks, and all afternoon long, while he ran the sprinklers and changed them, he kept our swings going too, and carried us around on his shoulders. Once a centipede crawled up inside his blue denim pants and he caught hold of the cloth and called to us to look while he squeezed it to death, so that it wouldn't bite him. He also sang very sweet songs to himself in a high silly voice all the time he worked.

Now with a great bang, we were overridden with doctors who tramped into our house and brushed past us children as if we didn't even exist.

"You've got to fumigate," said one. "How solid is this house anyway?" and he poked at the new wallpaper and made a hole. "I thought so—built out of sticks," he said.

I wanted to yell at him for that; to bang him on the head; to tell him to get out of my house. While some of the strange men were talking to my mother, the same one who had broken the paper went over and yanked down the curtains. "Take down all the hangings," he ordered my father.

Then the death wagon came for Hayashida. They carried him out with masks over their faces and gloves on, and little Kiko walked sorrowfully after him in a kimono which she had ceased to wear since she lived with us. Now she reverted to a kimono, and carried a few belongings in a little handkerchief. She sat at his head in the wagon, and a few children were there to see what was happening. My father tried not to cry; so did we all. Hayashida was going for good. No one ever got well of the plague.

"Good-bye, Hayashida," said my father, "you have been a good boy with us."

Hayashida sat up in the wagon.

"Will you take care of Kiko if I die, Mr. Taggard?"

"Yes, Hayashida."

"If I get well, can I have my old place back?"

"Yes, Hayashida."

So he went away. The doctors hurried him off to the receiving station and he was put in quarantine. Now two health officials fastened on us.

"Take your children and go away for three or four days while we fumigate. Go anywhere. There is no danger. You haven't been exposed. Go visit friends. Don't let anybody know. There mustn't be a scare. This is only the sixth case. We must keep it quiet."

"I won't go to a friend's house," replied my indignant mother. "Where shall we go? There isn't a place in the world."

"You've got to get out for about four days," they said savagely, wishing she wouldn't quibble with them.

I started to take down some dresses.

"Little girl," one of them bawled at me. "Don't touch those things. Get out of the house in the fresh air. You can't take anything with you."

So we went, headachy and driven, forlorn in our old clothes, about four o'clock, knowing that all the neighbors down the long road to the streetcar were looking out from behind the doors and whispering that there was Plague in our family.

The streetcars go very fast in the Islands, because there are such long stretches. They are open—a row of seats and a roof. On these flying platforms you go across rice fields and wait at switches for the other car; you climb a hill with a drone, and then branch off into Palama where the Japanese live.

At four o'clock on a school day it seemed strange to be riding through Palama. Dimly, the reason for this ride—the distinction of having Plague in the family, the awful importance of an event that seizes you the way a cat does a rat, the very great satisfaction of having something happen that is huge and terrible, that may end in darker, grimmer events—all this was in our minds as we went through Palama, looking at the Japanese and Chinese, the children, the withered women in their flat-chested black sateen coats and earringed ears. On all the faces that turned up to our car as it danged its bell through the crowded streets and down across the bridge, I extended the now gently painful knowledge that Hayashida would die, that our house would be fumigated and that my head ached and my feet were cold.

On we went through Honolulu, past the hardware store where the Sherwin Williams paint folders were tucked in little boxes—(we always helped ourselves to the little booklets with their shiny inches of blue and tan); past our little church looking brown and dusty on a weekday with the shutters closed and the bougainvillea vine next it blooming cerise in the heat; past the Palace, the Opera House, the

statue of Kamehameha, where the idiot Portuguese boy stood all day, worshiping and rubbing his hands; past the rich people's houses on the way to Waikiki.

Waikiki was our heaven always. It was always reserved for the greatest occasions of joy. A sharp turn—our car was running wildly over the swamp in the stiff breeze from the sea, with Diamond Head lifted up, brown as a niggertoe nut, running parallel with our track. Another curve and wind and a switch, and the smell of salt, and the first turn of a wave, between two hedges as we started up again, running headlong into Diamond Head,—headlong for the place where the water came into the arm of the old brown-purple mountain.

(Oh, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the waves; the high clouds; the bright water, the crazy foam on the surf away out, the blue limpid lovely empty water. Oh, the sea.) So I cried to myself, and got up to stand on the seat.

"Sit down," said my mother wearily. She had a headache, I could tell.

We sat fixed, waiting for the great joy of seeing it suddenly, as we knew we would—the mountain, the surf running in with its arched neck and blowing mane, the dizzy blue water level on the sand. There it was. Oh, sea, sea. My brother and sister wouldn't sit still. My father cheered up, and lifted his head and his dreamy gaze to focus on it; my mother sat dully, because her head ached so. I could tell, by the narrowed slits of her eyes. She didn't look. The sun hit the water and the sunlight hit you as it shot off the surface. Black things danced in the air. It hurt between the eyes to look at it.

We got off at the Waikiki Inn and my mother and father hurried ahead. We ran for the sand.

They came out of the office in a minute, looking very embarrassed and troubled and trying to look untroubled. A Japanese boy led them to a little cottage under some vines and unlocked the door. My mother looked in and then came down to get us.

"You can't go in the water today. I'm sorry. Get out right away. You look like little wild children. You mustn't get wet," she said in a lower tone when we came, holding up our skirts to our waists, all wet-legged from the first tumbled wave. "Mother doesn't dare let you get in the water. One of us may have it."

With that her face looked so terrified and in such dull pain that we came limping in, letting down our dresses, and picking up our shoes and stockings. As we walked away from sand to grass lawn,



the sea talked and roared and mumbled and swished at our backs. We didn't dare even turn around.

That night I was sick. The black dots in the air turned to balls of fire; the terrible sunlight on the water, the terrible water we couldn't go in, that became noisy torment, throbbing like the heart in illness; fever that took the bones and broke them and wrenched the stomach. My mother was sick too. We were sick together. The others slept. I lay under the thick mosquito net as if I were as wide as the Pacific Ocean and the fever took one arm off to the east, the other to the west; my legs stretched into dimness, I gazed flat upward, fixed, at some immensity—I immense, and facing immensity. The kerosene lamp purred on the table, a yellow torment. My mother sat retching with a sick headache. Now and then she would come and bow her head on the bed outside the mosquito net and say, "Oh, Genevieve, will this night never be over?" and then she would vomit again.

The sea rose outside in a great wind. A hard tropic tree scratched and clanged on the iron roof of the cottage. It was utterly black except for the torment of the little flame in the lamp. The ocean broke outside so near, the same wave sounds as in daylight, but so interminable at night, and no one to hear it, but us, me and my mother. The waves hit the shore like a blow on a wound; the lamp burned in its chimney stifling the air, never wiggling, just burning. Horror, the black death!

She fanned me and called out that I was her first born, and rubbed the wet hair from my head and chafed my feet. Her hand on my legs made them limited again at the bottom of the bed, not so long that they had no feet as a moment before. "Oh, mother, will this night never end?"

It ended—fear and a sick headache and a little fever—that was all. And I did not die except in some experience of the mind.

And I did not die except in some experience of the mind.

## **The Niihau Story**

By **BLAKE CLARK**, 1908– . A native of Tennessee, educated at Vanderbilt University, Thomas Blake Clark went to Honolulu as an instructor in English at the University of Hawaii. He was there on December 7, 1941, and reported the occurrences of that day in his book *Remember Pearl Harbor!* (1942). His other books relating to the Pacific are *Omai* (1940), the story of the Polynesian “noble savage” whom Captain Cook brought to London in 1774; *Paradise Limited* (1941), an informal history of Hawaii; *Robinson Crusoe, U.S.N.* (1945), an account of George Tweed’s adventures on Guam during Japanese occupation; and *Hawaii, the 49th State* (1947), a volume written to show that the Territory of Hawaii is ready for statehood. The true narrative here given relates the events of the first week of World War II on the “forbidden isle” of Niihau, which revealed that the rugged qualities of the Hawaiian race have not been lost.

**E**VERYONE in Hawaii was thrilled and delighted with "the Niihau story," as it was immediately called. We were delighted because the irrepressible Hawaiians had not failed us. When it comes down to the fundamentals of manhood and womanhood—the good old eternal virtues of courage and loyalty—the Hawaiians are right there, fighting with the rest. It pleased us, too, because it localized World War II, made it Hawaii's war, to a degree at least. Dogfights have taken place above battlefields the world over, but "the Niihau story," with all its circumstances of locality and Hawaiian character, could never have occurred anywhere else.

The Niihau islanders have always known peace. The present owner, whom the Hawaiians regard as a benevolent "chief," is Mr. Aylmer Robinson. His island is only one hundred and twenty miles from metropolitan Honolulu, yet it might as well be one hundred and twenty thousand for all the modernizations that have come to its people. This story began soon after the attack on December 7th. Honolulu papers did not get it until December 16th. On Niihau they have no telephones, no radios, no electric lights, no automobiles. No whiskey has been allowed on the island in more than sixty years. Tobacco is prohibited. For generations, the little group of Hawaiians on Niihau have quietly tended their sheep and cattle, unmindful of the cares of the rest of the world. Yet when America was attacked, this most remote and tranquil of all her communities was brought into the battle on the very first day.

The villagers of Puuwai, the only inhabited spot on the island, were just arriving at their little church for worship when they were surprised to see two airplanes circling overhead, one of them sputtering and smoking badly.

"*Pilikia! Pilikia!*" ("Trouble! Trouble!") shouted one of the cowboys.

The planes banked and hovered over the village.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Remember Pearl Harbor!* revised edition (New York, Harper and Brothers, 1943).

"Look! Red spots on the wings! The Rising Sun! Not American—Japanese plane!" cried a quick-eyed Hawaiian boy.

The planes winged out to sea. The group of Hawaiians entered the church door, exchanging excited speculations. The cowboy-preacher complained of an inattentive congregation.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when one of the bombers returned, roaring in circles above the quiet village. The island watched the pilot attempt a landing on a slope nearby and crash about seventy-five feet from the house of one of the husky cowboys, Hawila Kaleohano.

Hawila ran out to the craft. Pulling open the cabin door, he saw a helmeted Japanese pilot reaching for a revolver. The big Hawaiian cowboy moved like tropic lightning. He grabbed the gun and wrenched the Japanese out of the plane with such force that he snapped the heavy leather safety belt that harnessed the pilot to his seat. Even before the dazed Japanese picked himself up, he began to fumble inside his shirt as if searching for something. This was plain speaking to Hawila, who immediately tore open the pilot's shirt and commandeered a small bundle of maps and papers.

The Japanese had landed, but Hawila had the situation well in hand. Hawila didn't know there was a war on, but he did not wait for a formal declaration.

Villagers clustered about the plane. All of Niihau's one hundred and eighty inhabitants talked at once. They pointed to the bullet holes in the plane, darting questions at Hawila and his captive. What was the Japanese doing here? Was there a war? Had he been in a fight? Had Honolulu been attacked? How did he get those holes in his plane? What happened to the plane they had seen earlier in the day, smoking and sputtering? To all these questions, the pilot shook his head as if to say, "No speak English," although it later developed that he not only understood it, but spoke it fluently. All during the questioning, the Japanese had agitatedly attempted to snatch back the papers which Hawila had taken from him.

Had Niihau been equipped with wireless or telephone—if a single person on the island had owned even a small radio receiving set—the Hawaiians would have known that at that very moment Pearl Harbor was in flames, Hickam Field was a shambles, Kaneohe Naval Air Base practically destroyed, and that this man in their midst was a dangerous enemy. But not knowing these things, they were eager to hear the pilot tell his story. They sent to Kie-kie for Harada, the

Japanese beekeeper, to act as interpreter.

Harada, who took a leading role in the events to follow, was a newcomer to Niihau, having been there for only a year.

Questioning was resumed through the interpreter, but the pilot refused to explain the bullet holes in the plane, and would not admit that there had been an attack on Honolulu. He demanded that Hawila return the "war-papers," as the Hawaiians were now referring to them; but Hawila, a staunch steward, kept them, intending to turn them over intact to his "chief," Mr. Robinson, who was on Kauai, an island fifteen miles away.

Fortunately, Mr. Robinson was to return the next day when the weekly sampan brought provisions from Kauai; so the invader was put in a house, fed, and guarded through the night, awaiting custody of Mr. Robinson.

The next day, after a brisk early morning ride, a group of Hawaiian cowboys, escorting the Japanese prisoner, pulled in their mounts at Kii landing. Shading their eyes with their hands, they peered anxiously out across the blue Pacific towards Kauai, searching the sea for the little sampan which should be riding at the wharf.

"*Pilikia*," one of them muttered. "Mr. Robinson never late."

Noon came, but still no sampan appeared. They waited until darkness fell; then reluctantly turned their mounts homeward.

On Tuesday, the Hawaiians again took the fifteen-mile ride to Kii with their prisoner, waited in vain, and again at dusk rode home in moody silence.

By Wednesday, they were saying, "Kauai also is in trouble. Maybe on all the islands there is great *pilikia*."

It was on Thursday that Harada, who, as one of the pilot's guards, had been in constant conversation with the enemy for four days, sought out the four Hawaiian leaders.

"To keep the prisoner here in Puuwai village is bad," he said, "make much trouble. The women and children are afraid to leave their homes. The men sit here on the porch and talk of *pilikia*, and do no work. Why not take the pilot to my house at Kie-kie? It is quiet there."

"*Mai-kai*—good," said the unsuspecting Hawaiians; and they placed the enemy in Harada's custody, assigning Hawaiian guards to accompany them the two miles to Kie-kie.

The only other resident at Kie-kie was another Japanese, named Shintani. He was the head beekeeper, an old man who had lived on

Niihau for many years. He had married a Niihau woman, and together they had reared a family of Hawaiian-Japanese children. Now, Harada dismissed the Hawaiian guards and called in Shintani. The officer wished to speak with his two countrymen.

What the pilot said to these two men, we do not know. Possibly he spoke to them in nostalgic terms of Japan, and of their everlasting allegiance to the God-Emperor who forever required them to do their duty no matter how far they were from snow-capped Fujiyama and the green isles of the homeland. Perhaps he threatened to kill them if they did not do as he, the Samurai, ordered. In any event, he was successfully persuasive; and before the trio went to sleep their plans were laid.

Early the next morning, the cowboy Hawila was pulling on his palaka shirt when Shintani appeared in the doorway of his home. Could he please have the maps and papers which Hawila was safe-keeping for the honorable pilot who was now well and would like to have them back?

"No!" said Hawila.

Well, then, since Hawila would not return the papers, the honorable pilot would be willing to pay handsomely for the simple favor of having them burned. Shintani displayed \$200 in United States currency—more money than Hawila had ever dreamed of seeing in his life.

"*Hua-kele!*" (Get out—fast!)

That was the last seen of Shintani. Afraid to return with an unfavorable report, the old Japanese fled to the woods.

Precisely why the Japanese pilot set such a high value upon the papers we do not know. Apparently, he did not want possession of them for himself so much as he wished to keep them from falling into enemy hands. The maps may have given the positions of the Japanese aircraft carriers from which Pearl Harbor had been bombed. Among the papers may have been the code by which to decipher Japanese radio messages. Perhaps a future military campaign was outlined there. If the blood of a true Samurai coursed through this Japanese officer's veins, he would be eager to die rather than allow such vital information to fall into the hands of the enemy. Possibly, however, he was not a high-souled Samurai at all, but was thinking only of saving his skin. What if these papers held proof that he was a spy? As a prisoner of war, he would be subject to mere imprisonment; but if the papers showed him to be a spy, he would be shot.

Whatever his reasons, he was determined to get those papers. He had only begun to fight back.

When after a reasonable length of time Shintani had failed to return, the pilot and Harada put their part of the plan into action. They were in the honey-house, where Harada was working and to which an unarmed Hawaiian guard named Hana-kai had agreeably brought the prisoner so that the two Japanese could converse. Apparently the hospitable Hawaiians could not resist treating even a Japanese prisoner as a guest.

"I have finished here," Harada announced; "I now have important task at warehouse."

The two Japanese led the way to the warehouse, Hana-kai following. The moment they were inside the door, the pilot seized a shotgun which Harada had planted for him. His accomplice whipped out a revolver, and they backed the astonished Hawaiian to the wall.

"One cry-out and I kill you!" hissed Harada. Then the two Japanese cautiously withdrew from the warehouse, bolting the door behind them.

Now began the second phase of "The Battle of Niihau." Harada and the pilot headed at once for the village—and the bombing plane's machine guns. On the road, was a crowd of hapless Hawaiian joy riders. A Hawaiian woman and her seven children, decked in flower leis, were riding in a horse-drawn buggy. Perched in carefree Niihau style astride the horse was a long-legged Hawaiian girl.

Here was quick transportation to the village. The pilot grabbed the horse's reins and gave orders to Harada in Japanese. The assistant translated into English.

"Get out, quick!" he commanded the family in the buggy. To the girl on horseback he said, "Not you. Stay where you are!"

Pushing and shoving the frightened woman and children as they climbed out of the buggy, Harada forced them to line up, one behind another, and held his shotgun to the back of the little girl at the end of the row.

"No move! Anybody move, everybody die, one bullet!" he threatened.

The two Japanese leaped into the buggy. Pointing his shotgun at the brown-legged girl on the horse, Harada commanded:

"Turn around. Go Hawila's house! Hurry!" They were off towards the village at a gallop, the young girl sitting straight on the bareback horse, her black hair flying. Each Japanese clung to one arm of the

jolting buggy with his free hand, and clutched his gun with the other.

"Stop now," ordered Harada just before they reached Hawila's house at the entrance to the village. The two Japanese descended from the buggy and approached on foot, hoping to surprise Hawila. But Hawila, forewarned by Shintani's attempted bribe, was on the alert. Seeing the two armed Japanese coming in the front gate, he calmly exited through the back door. As he leaped over the cereus-covered lava wall that enclosed his yard, he was joined by the guard Hana-kai, who had escaped from the warehouse. Hana-kai had climbed into the warehouse loft, jumped out a window twenty feet above the ground, and raced the Japanese to Puuwai. Together, the two Hawaiians hastened to the house where the cowboys usually gathered before riding out to work. Several were there, and they held a hasty council of war. Kekuhina, one of the men who was in charge during Mr. Robinson's absence, said,

"We have no choice. The great signal fire that lies always ready on the cliffs looking toward Kauai must be lighted. Since the days of the ancients, it has summoned the men of Kauai when disaster has threatened Niihau."

Hawila, Hana-kai, and four others set out through the woods to light the pyre.

Harada and the pilot ransacked Hawila's house, but could not find the papers. Enraged, the pilot strode out to the disabled plane, hauled out its two machine guns and full ammunition, set them up in a carriage, trained them on the village, and started firing. Bullets tore straight through the little frame houses. Windows shattered, shingles popped off porch roofs, cactus splinters whizzed through the air. The villagers, all of whom were hearing the staccato report of machine-gun fire for the first time in their lives, fled out their back doors. Shielding themselves behind fences and running to the cover of tall grass and cactus, some sought the woods and some the caves along the seashore.

When the Japanese judged that the entire population was terrorized, they took their guns and marched through the village. As they went from house to house, Harada called out:

"Where is Hawila? Tell us where Hawila is or we shoot!"

They found the village deserted except for old Mrs. Hulu-o-ulani, who had stolidly refused to flee with the others. She was sitting quietly in a rocking chair, reading her Bible, when the Japanese burst in.



"Where has Hawila gone?" demanded Harada.

"I know, but I will not tell you," she answered calmly.

"Listen, old one! You will tell us where Hawila lies hidden, or we will kill you!" Harada threatened.

"Only God has power over life and death," Mrs. Hulu-o-ulani said sternly, "and anyone else who interferes with it will be punished."

The two Japanese looked at each other blankly. They turned to the door and walked out.

The desperate pair began their search all over again, making a frantic house-to-house scrutiny for the papers.

At dusk, Hawila and his men returned from the signal fire to the cactus woods on the outskirts of the village where most of the people were gathered. There, while one man kept watch, they huddled together in a final council of war. It was decided that all the women and children should hide in caves for the night and that Hawila with five strong men should row across the fifteen-mile channel to Kauai and bring back aid. The other men would keep watch on the Japanese and try to capture them.

But they had another duty first. Before any start was made, the Hawaiians wished to ask divine guidance in their undertakings. They waited until the Japanese entered a house at the far side of the village. Then, in the falling dusk, the men crept quietly to the little church, went inside, knelt on the rough floor, and prayed to God.

The Japanese continued their feverish search, not even stopping to eat. They were getting nearer now to the stables where Niihau's famous breed of Arabian horses were quartered. Hawila and his men had to reach these stables to get mounts to take them to the emergency whaleboat at Kii, fifteen miles away. Just as the six men stealthily approached the stables, a horse neighed loudly. Warned, the Japanese headed for the stables, shooting as they ran. The Hawaiians dashed into the stalls and charged out again on horseback. Harada blasted with both barrels. The pilot opened up with his machine gun. But the Hawaiian cowboys, lying low on their bareback mounts, scattered in all directions and melted into the darkness. Not one was hit.

They rode pell-mell down the village path, followed the west shore-line ten miles, galloped across the grassy pasture lands to Kii on the east coast. They jumped into the heavy whaleboat, seized the oars, and pushed out upon the rough channel for Kauai.

But developments on Niihau did not wait for the rescue party to return with aid from Kauai.

In the village, the final phase of the miniature campaign was racing swiftly to a dramatic conclusion. The Japanese had captured one of the Hawaiians who had been watching their operations from ambush. They tied his hands behind his back and naïvely dispatched him to Kie-kie with a message to Harada's wife. He started off obediently; but as soon as he was out of sight of the Japanese, he turned back to the cactus woods. There he searched out the native who was to play the stellar role in the epic's ending—Beni-hakaka Kanahele.

Kanahele had long been a leader among the Niihau people. He was wise with years, and powerful in body. He could carry three one-hundred-and-thirty-pound cases of honey at a time; he could grab an attacking wild boar by the ears, throw him, and finish him off with a knife; he had often slipped into a quiet bay where sharks slept in shallow water, leaped onto a shark's back and had the thrill of a fast ride for as long as he could hold on to the frightened demon of the sea.

Kanahele and his partner decided to raid the enemy's base of supplies. Under cover of darkness, while the Japanese were again searching Hawila's house, the Hawaiians inched their way up the village street, seized the entire cache of ammunition, and lugged it deep into the woods.

Ransacking Hawila's house this time with a vengeance, the Japanese uncovered the pilot's map and revolver; but even tearing up the floor planks and destroying attic walls failed to reveal the "war-papers." Hawila had hidden the papers in a secret place where he knew the natives would look for them if he were killed, but which no outsider would ever find. Such a hiding place is customary in every Hawaiian community; it is never disclosed to other races, not even when they are intermarried with the Hawaiians.

The failure of their search infuriated the Japanese. Just before dawn, in a last desperate gesture, they set fire to Hawila's house and burned it to the ground, doubtless hoping that the papers might burn with it. Then they sprinkled the plane with gasoline and burned it also, perhaps to prevent its eventual salvage by Americans. They may have planned to escape from the island. Perhaps the best guess is that having recovered the pilot's maps, they hoped to capture the motor-sampan when it arrived with Mr. Robinson. With luck, they might reach the Carolines in it. Before leaving, however, they must find Hawila, and force him at the point of a gun to reveal the hiding place of the papers.

But between them and success in these two ventures lay the courage of one man and one woman.

Beni-hakaka Kanahele had taken his family to the beach to spend the night. Now, at dawn, he and his wife were returning to the outskirts of the village. Suddenly they were confronted by the pilot and Harada, and were looking into the barrels of a shotgun and a revolver.

"We want Hawila," Harada said. "You, Kanahele, know the many paths in the woods. You know where Hawila hides. Take us to him."

Kanahele knew that Hawila had rowed with the rescue party to Kauai, but he pretended to search for him. He led the Japanese behind the village, through the cactus thicket, and into the woods. His wife followed.

"Hawila! Hawila!" Kanahele's deep, strong voice echoed through the woods. He led the party along a cow trail that ran between high cactus plants and koa trees, ending by a wall made of jagged lava rock.

The pilot realized he was being duped. His brown face turned red. Sweat stood out on his forehead. He yelled in rage to Harada. Harada shouted angrily at Kanahele and his wife:

"He will shoot you! Shoot everybody if you no find Hawila!"

The pilot did not want to shoot Kanahele and his wife; he wanted them to lead him to Hawila. His shotgun was already loaded; but in order to frighten the Hawaiian couple, he said to Harada in English:

"Hand me two cartridges. One for the man. One for the woman."

Harada took two cartridges from the box and handed them to the pilot. As their hands met, the six-foot Hawaiian jumped the Japanese flier. The shotgun fell from the pilot's hands, but Harada grabbed it.

For a moment the pilot and Kanahele rocked back and forth. Then the Japanese got his arm free and jerked his pistol from his boot, where he had hidden it. He attempted to pull the trigger; but Kanahele's wife, following the example of Hawaiian women of old who went into battle with their men, dove for his arm and caught it before he could fire.

At a command from the pilot, Harada stepped into the fray and grappled with the powerful woman.

"Hua-kele!—Get away!" Kanahele shouted to Harada. "Do not touch my wife. If you hurt her, I will kill you when I am finished here."

Harada ignored the warning, succeeded in pulling the wife away and threatened to kill her.

The pilot, his revolver-arm free, shot Kanahele. The bullet went

into his stomach. The wounded Hawaiian rushed the Japanese again. The pilot shot him again, in the thigh. He shot him a third time, in the groin.

"Then," Kanahele later told the American interpreter who took down his story, "I got mad!"

The enraged Hawaiian came down upon the Japanese like a killer whale upon a shark. He grabbed him up by his leg and neck as he would have a sheep, swung him around in the air, and hurled him with terrific force against the lava stone wall.

Then Kanahele turned to keep his promise to Harada. He was not needed there. The stocky Japanese was clumsily placing the muzzle of the long shotgun against his own stomach, attempting to commit hara-kiri. He was in such a hurry that he missed, as the shotgun kicked itself out of his hands. He grabbed it up and aimed it at himself again. This time he succeeded, emptied both barrels into his stomach.

Kanahele turned quickly to the pilot. He was not needed there, either. The Hawaiian's wife had again rushed to his aid, this time armed with a rock.

"She was plenty *huhu* [angry], that woman," Kanahele told the interpreter. "She started right in to beat that pilot's brains out. She did a pretty good job."

By this time, Beni-hakaka Kanahele, with three bullets in his middle, wasn't feeling so well. He sat down by the bloody stone wall. His wife ran to the village for help. But while aid was coming on horseback, Kanahele got tired of waiting, got up, and walked to the village alone.

Hawila returned from Kauai with a squad of men from the 299th Infantry; but they were not needed, except to round up Shintani and Harada's wife for the concentration camp.

So ended the Battle of Niihau. The Japanese invader was the first armed enemy to assume command over free Americans on their own soil in more than a hundred and fifty years. Fully equipped with modern weapons, he was overcome by two Hawaiians, unarmed except with native strength and courage and the primitive rocks of their own island.

When Major General Rapp Brush pinned American Legion hero medals on Hawila and Kanahele, he said: "You showed fine qualities. When put upon, you took the only action decent people could take."

In Honolulu, we said: "Warn the Japanese not to shoot Hawaiians more than twice. The third time, they get mad!"



## End and Beginning

By DONALD STAUFFER, 1902- . Born in Denver, Colorado, and educated at the University of Colorado, Princeton University, and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar, Dr. Stauffer is at present head of the department of English at Princeton. During World War II he served in the Pacific as a captain in the U.S. Marine Corps. His books include *English Biography Before 1700* (1930), *The Art of Biography in the Eighteenth Century* (1941), *The Nature of Poetry* (1946), and *The Saint and the Hunchback*, a novel (1946). His one volume of poetry, *Brother, This Is War* (1944), was written on various Pacific islands while he was in the Marine Corps. The mountains and the sea in "End and Beginning" are those of Oahu, an island in the Hawaiian Group.

### *End and Beginning*

Mountains and trees and sea and high-built clouds.  
Such breathing permanence we can be watching for.  
Spite, boredom, death, disease, purposeless crowds,  
And all the dust and clatter of a war  
Scarcely disturb the sleeping smile or touch the peace  
Of mountains, high-built clouds and sea and trees.

EWA, AUGUST, 1944

Reprinted by permission of the author from *Brother, This Is War* (Princeton, N. J., Princeton University Press, 1944).

## Lines Written but Never Mailed from Hawaii

By WILLIAM MEREDITH, 1919— . Born in New York City, Meredith was a reporter on the New York Times and a student at Princeton University before his induction into the Army in 1941. He served eight months as a noncommissioned officer and was released to enter Naval aviation. He received his wings in October, 1942, and served three years as a pilot in Alaska and Hawaii as lieutenant, U.S.N.R. He has published two books of Poems, *Love Letter from an Impossible Land* (1944) and *Ships and Other Figures* (1948).

### Lines Written but Never Mailed from Hawaii

No one is snug against the heart's disasters,  
Not the men and women that I know;  
(The learned and the loved that went along  
Ate their knowledge and their beauty like a drug)  
And of disasters, absence may not be the worst;

But the things I could tell you about sunrise in the islands,  
About the sense of summer troubling the cane,  
Of flight as smooth as love above the sea at night  
—I have looked at the ocean in moonlight for a long time,  
But no more than death's meaning can I say what it means—  
The things I could tell you while the sun declines  
Of the gentle play of mountains on the mind;

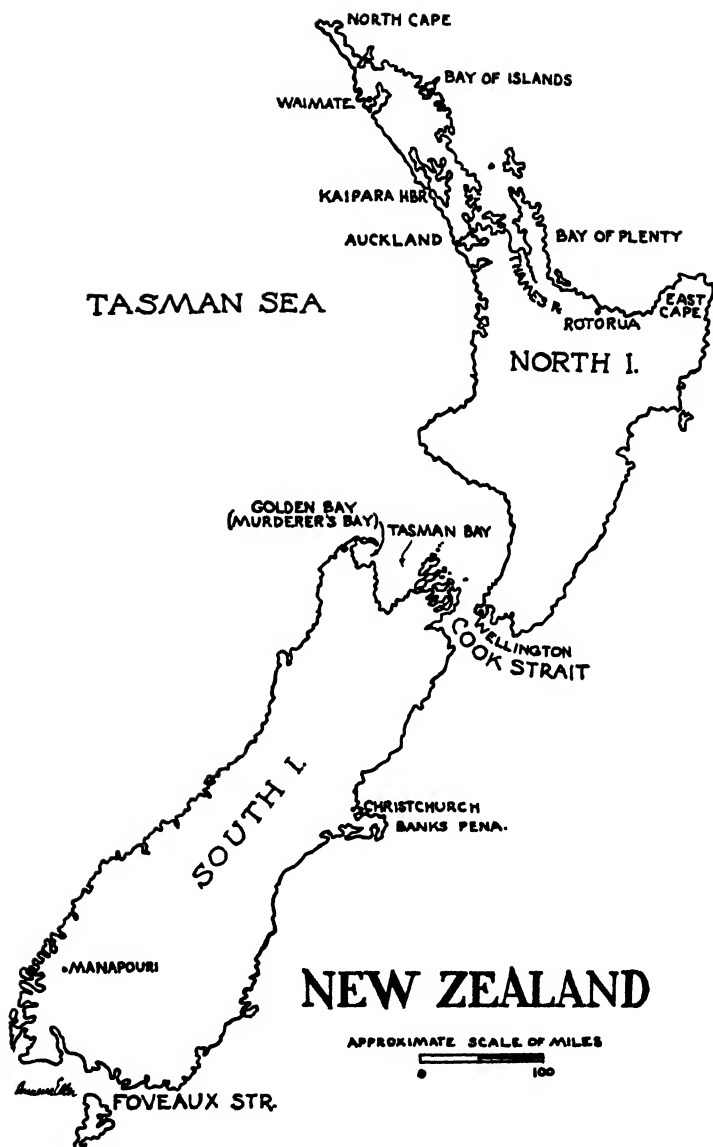
For absent lover ever and be certain that for me,  
These seasons were disasters, these times of day.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Ships and Other Figures* (Princeton, N. J., Princeton University Press, 1948). First printed in *Sewanee Review*, 1946.

## **IV: NEW ZEALAND**







## **Tasman at Murderer's Bay**

By ABEL JANSZOOM TASMAN, 1603–1659. Tasman, the Dutch navigator who discovered Tasmania, the Tasman Sea, New Zealand, and some of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, was born in the village of Luytegest and at the age of twenty shipped before the mast to Batavia, center of operations of the flourishing Dutch East India Company. Through the energetic efforts of the governor-general, Anthony van Diemen, he first went exploring as master of one of the two ships under Matthijs Quast into the empty North Pacific in 1639. He was named commander of an expedition which in August, 1642, left Batavia and after refitting at Mauritius headed southward in two vessels, the Heemskirck and the Zeehaen. He missed the Australian continent but landed on Tasmania, which he named Van Diemen's Land, crossed the Tasman Sea, and on December 13 sighted the Alpine western coast of the South Island of New Zealand. After his unfortunate encounter with the belligerent Maoris which he described in his journal at Murderer's Bay (now called Golden Bay), he avoided the rugged shores of what was later to be called New Zealand, and headed north to the Tongan group. In a second voyage, in 1644, he again managed to sail around Australia without landing. The stockholders in the Company, disappointed that its explorers had found no gold or other wealth, withdrew support; van Diemen died in 1645; and Dutch exploration in the South Pacific petered out. Tasman spent the remainder of his life in commonplace tasks as a Company skipper and built up a small fortune in Batavian land. The following extract from Tasman's journal of his 1642 voyage was translated from a manuscript purchased by Sir Joseph Banks.

[December 13, 1642] Our latitude was  $42^{\circ} 10'$  S., longitude  $188^{\circ} 28'$  [reckoned east of the Peak of Tenerife]. Towards noon, we saw a large high land about fifteen miles south-southeast from us. We steered towards it, but the wind was light and variable. In the evening, we had a breeze, and steered east.

The 14th, at noon, we were about two miles from the shore. Our latitude was  $42^{\circ} 10'$  S., longitude  $189^{\circ} 3'$ . This is a high double land. We could not get sight of the tops of the mountains for dark clouds. We sailed along the coast northward, so close that we could see the waves break on the shore. . . .

The 18th, in the morning, we weighed anchor, and stood into the bay, our shallop and a boat of the Zeehaen going in before us to look for good anchorage and a watering place. At sunset it was calm, and we cast anchor in fifteen fathoms, good muddy ground.

An hour after sunset, we saw several lights on the land, and four vessels coming from the shore towards us. Two of these were our own boats. The people in the other two called to us in a strong rough voice. What they said we did not understand; however, we called to them again in place of an answer. They repeated their cries several times, but did not come nearer than a stone's throw; they sounded also an instrument which made a noise like a Moorish trumpet; and we answered by blowing our trumpet. This was done on both sides several times. When it grew dark, they left off, and went away. We kept good watch all night, with our guns ready.

The 19th, in the morning, a boat of the natives having thirteen men in came near our ship, but not nearer than a stone's throw. They called to us several times, but their language had nothing in it like to the vocabulary of the Solomon Islands given to us by the General and Council at Batavia. These people, as well as we could judge, were of our own common stature, strong boned, and of a rough voice. Their color is between brown and yellow; their hair black, which

From James Burney, *Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea* (London, 1813); translation by the Rev. Charles Godfrey Woide in 1776.

they tie up on the crown of the head, like to the Japanese, and wear a large white feather upright in it. Their vessels were two narrow long canoes fastened together, upon which boards were fixed to sit on. Their paddles were more than a fathom long, and were pointed at the end. Their clothing seemed to us to be of mats, or of cotton; but most of them went with their breast naked.

We showed them fish, linen, and knives, to invite them to come to us, but they would not, and at length rowed back to the land. In the meantime, the officers of the *Zeehaen* came on board us, and we resolved to go nearer to the shore with our ships, as here is good anchorage, and the people seemed to be desirous of our friendship.

Immediately after we had taken this resolution, we saw seven vessels coming from the shore. One of them, in which were seventeen men, came very quick, and turned round behind the *Zeehaen*. Another with thirteen stout men came within half a stone's throw of our ship. They called out one to the other several times. We showed them, as before, white linen; but they lay still. The master of the *Zeehaen*, Gerard Janszoon, who was on board of our ship, ordered his boat, in which were a quartermaster and six seamen, to go to his ship, to carry directions to the mates to keep on their guard, and that in case these people should come alongside, not to allow too many of them to enter the ship at one time. When the *Zeehaen's* boat put off from our ship, the natives in the praus or canoes nearest to us gave a loud call to those who were behind the *Zeehaen*, and made a signal with their paddles, the meaning of which we could not guess. But when the boat of the *Zeehaen* had gone quite clear from our ship, the canoes of the natives which were between our two ships made furiously towards her, and ran with their beaks violently against her, so as to make her heel and take in water; and the foremost of these villains, with a blunt-pointed pike, gave the quartermaster, Cornelius Joppe, a violent blow in his neck which made him fall overboard. The others then attacked the rest of our boat's crew with their paddles, and with short thick clubs (which we had in the beginning supposed to be clumsy parangs) and overcame them. In this scuffle, three of the *Zeehaen's* men were killed, and one was mortally wounded. The quartermaster and two seamen swam for our ship, and we sent our boat, which took them up alive. After the fight, these murderers took one of our dead people into their canoe; another of our dead men fell overboard and sank. They let the boat go. Our ship and the *Zeehaen* fired at them with our muskets

and guns, but we did not hit them, and they paddled away to the shore. We sent our boat to bring back the boat of the *Zeehaen*, wherein we found one of her men dead, and one mortally wounded.

After this, there could no friendly intercourse take place between us and the natives, nor could we hope to obtain water or refreshments here; so we weighed anchor and set sail. When we were under sail, twenty-two of their boats put off from the shore and advanced towards us. Eleven of them were full of people. When they were come within reach of our guns, we fired two shots at them, but without effect. The *Zeehaen* fired also, and hit a man in their foremost canoe, who was standing with a white flag in his hands, so that he fell down. We heard our grapeshot clash against their canoes, but we know not what the effect was, except that it caused them suddenly to retreat towards the shore, where they lay still and did not come towards us again.

We named this bay Moordenaar's Bay [Murderer's Bay]. This is the second land discovered by us. We named it Staten Land in honor of the States General. It is possible that this land joins to the Staten Land [to the east of Tierra del Fuego], but it is uncertain. It is a very fine country, and we hope it is part of the Unknown South Continent.

## Darwin in New Zealand

By CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN (1809–1882). The greatest English naturalist was born in Shrewsbury, England. Studying for the ministry at Cambridge University, he met geologists and botanists who awakened his interest in the physical world, and he sailed as naturalist on H.M.S. Beagle on a surveying expedition which lasted from December, 1831, to October, 1836. This voyage to South America and the South Pacific Ocean gave him much material on the fauna, flora, and geology of many lands, upon which he later based his theory of natural selection; and it may be significant that the two greatest British biologists of the nineteenth century, Darwin and Huxley, both served apprenticeships as naturalists on official exploring vessels in the Pacific. In his autobiography, Darwin remarks: "The voyage of the Beagle has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career. . . . Everything about which I thought or read was made to bear directly on what I had seen or was likely to see; and this habit of mind was continued during the five years of the voyage. I feel sure that it was this training which has enabled me to do whatever I have done in science." In addition to the publication of his journal of the voyage, from which the following selection on his visit to northern New Zealand was taken, Darwin published *Zoölogy of the Voyage of the "Beagle"* (1832–36), *The Origin of Species* (1859), and *The Descent of Man* (1871).

December 19th [1835].—In the evening we saw in the distance New Zealand. We may now consider that we have nearly crossed the Pacific. It is necessary to sail over this great ocean to comprehend its immensity. Moving quickly onwards for weeks together, we meet with nothing but the same blue, profoundly deep, ocean. Even within the archipelagoes, the islands are mere specks, and far distant one from the other. Accustomed to look at maps drawn on a small scale, where dots, shading, and names are crowded together, we do not rightly judge how infinitely small the proportion of dry land is to water of this vast expanse. The meridian of the antipodes has likewise been passed; and now every league, it made us happy to think, was one league nearer to England. These antipodes call to one's mind old recollections of childish doubt and wonder. Only the other day I looked forward to this airy barrier as a definite point in our voyage homewards; but now I find it, and all such resting places for the imagination, are like shadows, which a man moving onwards cannot catch. . . .

December 21st.—Early in the morning we entered the Bay of Islands, and being becalmed for some hours near the mouth, we did not reach the anchorage till the middle of the day. The country is hilly, with a smooth outline, and is deeply intersected by numerous arms of the sea extending from the bay. The surface appears from a distance as if clothed with coarse pasture, but this in truth is nothing but fern. On the more distant hills, as well as in parts of the valleys, there is a good deal of woodland. The general tint of the landscape is not a bright green; and it resembles the country a short distance to the south of Concepcion in Chile. In several parts of the bay, little villages of square tidy-looking houses are scattered close down to the water's edge. Three whaling ships were lying at anchor, and a canoe every now and then crossed from shore to shore; with these exceptions, an air of extreme quietness reigned over the whole

From *Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H.M.S. "Beagle"* (London, 1839; 2nd ed., John Murray, 1845).

district. Only a single canoe came alongside. This, and the aspect of the whole scene, afforded a remarkable and not very pleasing contrast with our joyful and boisterous welcome at Tahiti.

In the afternoon we went on shore to one of the larger groups of houses, which yet hardly deserves the title of a village. Its name is Pahia: it is the residence of the missionaries; and there are no native residents except servants and laborers. In the vicinity of the Bay of Islands, the number of Englishmen, including their families, amounts to between two and three hundred. All the cottages, many of which are whitewashed and look very neat, are the property of the English. The hovels of the natives are so diminutive and paltry that they can scarcely be perceived from a distance. At Pahia, it was quite pleasing to behold the English flowers in the gardens before the houses; there were roses of several kinds, honeysuckle, jasmine, stocks, and whole hedges of sweetbrier.

December 22nd.—In the morning I went out walking; but I soon found that the country was very impracticable. All the hills are thickly covered with tall fern, together with a low bush which grows like a cypress; and very little ground has been cleared or cultivated. I then tried the sea-beach; but proceeding towards either hand, my walk was soon stopped by salt-water creeks and deep brooks. The communication between the inhabitants of the different parts of the bay is (as in Chiloe) almost entirely kept up by boats. I was surprised to find that almost every hill which I ascended had been at some former time more or less fortified. The summits were cut into steps or successive terraces, and frequently they had been protected by deep trenches. I afterwards observed that the principal hills inland in like manner showed an artificial outline. These are the pas, so frequently mentioned by Captain Cook under the name of “hippah”; the difference of sound being owing to the prefixed article.

That the pas had formerly been much used was evident from the piles of shells, and the pits in which, as I was informed, sweet potatoes used to be kept as a reserve. As there was no water on these hills, the defenders could never have anticipated a long siege, but only a hurried attack for plunder, against which the successive terraces would have afforded good protection. The general introduction of firearms has changed the whole system of warfare; and an exposed situation on the top of a hill is now worse than useless. The pas in consequence are, at the present day, always built on a level piece of ground. They consist of a double stockade of thick and tall posts,



placed in a zigzag line, so that every part can be flanked. Within the stockade a mound of earth is thrown up, behind which the defenders can rest in safety, or use their firearms over it. On the level of the ground little archways sometimes pass through this breast-work, by which means the defenders can crawl out to the stockade and reconnoiter their enemies. The Rev. W. Williams, who gave me this account, added that in one pa he had noticed spurs or buttresses projecting on the inner and protected side of the mound of earth. On asking the chief the use of them, he replied that if two or three of his men were shot, their neighbors would not see the bodies, and so be discouraged.

These pas are considered by the New Zealanders as very perfect means of defense: for the attacking force is never so well disciplined as to rush in a body to the stockade, cut it down, and effect their entry. When a tribe goes to war, the chief cannot order one party to go here and another there; but every man fights in the manner which best pleases himself; and to each separate individual to approach a stockade defended by firearms must appear certain death. I should think a more warlike race of inhabitants could not be found in any part of the world than the New Zealanders. Their conduct on first seeing a ship, as described by Captain Cook, strongly illustrates this: the act of throwing volleys of stones at so great and novel an object, and their defiance of "Come on shore and we will kill and eat you all," shows uncommon boldness. This warlike spirit is evident in many of their customs, and even in their smallest actions. If a New Zealander is struck, although but in joke, the blow must be returned, and of this I saw an instance with one of our officers.

At the present day, from the progress of civilization, there is much less warfare, except among some of the southern tribes. I heard a characteristic anecdote of what took place some time ago in the south. A missionary found a chief and his tribe in preparation for war—their muskets clean and bright, and their ammunition ready. He reasoned long on the inutility of the war, and the little provocation which had been given for it. The chief was much shaken in his resolution, and seemed in doubt: but at length it occurred to him that a barrel of his gunpowder was in a bad state, and that it would not keep much longer. This was brought forward as an unanswerable argument for the necessity of immediately declaring war: the idea of allowing so much good gunpowder to spoil was not to be thought of; and this settled the point. I was told by the missionaries that in

the life of Shongi, the chief who visited England, the love of war was the one and lasting spring of every action. The tribe in which he was a principal chief had at one time been oppressed by another tribe from the Thames River. A solemn oath was taken by the men that when their boys should grow up, and they should be powerful enough, they would never forget or forgive these injuries. To fulfil this oath appears to have been Shongi's chief motive for going to England; and when there it was his sole object. Presents were valued only as they could be converted into arms; of the arts, those alone interested him which were connected with the manufacture of arms. When at Sydney, Shongi, by a strange coincidence, met the hostile chief of the Thames River at the house of Mr. Marsden: their conduct was civil to each other; but Shongi told him that when again in New Zealand he would never cease to carry war into his country. The challenge was accepted; and Shongi on his return fulfilled the threat to the utmost letter. The tribe on the Thames River was utterly overthrown, and the chief to whom the challenge had been given was himself killed. Shongi, although harboring such deep feelings of hatred and revenge, is described as having been a good-natured person.

In the evening I went with Captain Fitz Roy and Mr. Baker, one of the missionaries, to pay a visit to Kororadika: we wandered about the village, and saw and conversed with many of the people, both men, women, and children. Looking at the New Zealander, one naturally compares him with the Tahitian; both belonging to the same family of mankind. The comparison, however, tells heavily against the New Zealander. He may, perhaps, be superior in energy, but in every other respect his character is of a much lower order. One glance at their respective expressions brings conviction to the mind that one is a savage, the other a civilized man. It would be vain to seek in the whole of New Zealand a person with the face and mien of the old Tahitian chief Utamme. No doubt the extraordinary manner in which tattooing is here practised gives a disagreeable expression to their countenances. The complicated but symmetrical figures covering the whole face puzzle and mislead an unaccustomed eye: it is moreover probable that the deep incisions, by destroying the play of the superficial muscles, give an air of rigid inflexibility. But, besides this, there is a twinkling in the eye, which cannot indicate anything but cunning and ferocity. Their figures are tall and bulky; but not comparable in elegance with those of the working classes in Tahiti.

But their persons and houses are filthily dirty and offensive: the

idea of washing either their bodies or their clothes never seems to enter their heads. I saw a chief who was wearing a shirt black and matted with filth, and when asked how it came to be so dirty, he replied, with surprise, "Do not you see it is an old one?" Some of the men have shirts; but the common dress is one or two large blankets, generally black with dirt, which are thrown over their shoulders in a very inconvenient and awkward fashion. A few of the principal chiefs have decent suits of English clothes; but these are only worn on great occasions.

December 23rd.—At a place called Waimate, about fifteen miles from the Bay of Islands, and midway between the eastern and western coasts, the missionaries have purchased some land for agricultural purposes. I had been introduced to the Rev. W. Williams, who, upon my expressing a wish, invited me to pay him a visit there. Mr. Bushby, the British resident, offered to take me in his boat by a creek, where I should see a pretty waterfall, and by which means my walk would be shortened. He likewise procured for me a guide.

Upon asking a neighboring chief to recommend a man, the chief himself offered to go; but his ignorance of the value of money was so complete that at first he asked how many pounds I would give him, but afterwards was well contented with two dollars. When I showed the chief a very small bundle, which I wanted carried, it became absolutely necessary for him to take a slave. These feelings of pride are beginning to wear away; but formerly a leading man would sooner have died than undergone the indignity of carrying the smallest burden. My companion was a light active man, dressed in a dirty blanket, and with his face completely tattooed. He had formerly been a great warrior. He appeared to be on very cordial terms with Mr. Bushby; but at various times they had quarrelled violently. Mr. Bushby remarked that a little quiet irony would frequently silence any one of these natives in their most blustering moments. This chief had come and harangued Mr. Bushby in a hectoring manner, saying, "great chief, a great man, a friend of mine, has come to pay me a visit—you must give him something good to eat, some fine presents, etc." Mr. Bushby has allowed him to finish his discourse, and then has quietly replied by some answer such as, "What else shall your slave do for you?" The man would then instantly, with a very comical expression, cease his braggadocio.

Some time ago, Mr. Bushby suffered a far more serious attack. A chief and a party of men tried to break into his house in the middle of the night, and not finding this so easy, commenced a brisk firing

with their muskets. Mr. Bushby was slightly wounded, but the party was at length driven away. Shortly afterwards it was discovered who was the aggressor; and a general meeting of the chiefs was convened to consider the case. It was considered by the New Zealanders as very atrocious, inasmuch as it was a night attack, and that Mrs. Bushby was lying ill in the house: this latter circumstance, much to their honor, being considered in all cases as a protection. The chiefs agreed to confiscate the land of the aggressor to the King of England. The whole proceeding, however, in thus trying and punishing a chief was entirely without precedent. The aggressor, moreover, lost caste in the estimation of his equals and this was considered by the British as of more consequence than the confiscation of his land.

As the boat was shoving off, a second chief stepped into her, who only wanted the amusement of the passage up and down the creek. I never saw a more horrid and ferocious expression than this man had. . . . Physiognomy here spoke the truth; this chief had been a notorious murderer, and was an arrant coward to boot. At the point where the boat landed, Mr. Bushby accompanied me a few hundred yards on the road: I could not help admiring the cool impudence of the hoary old villain, whom we left lying in the boat, when he shouted to Mr. Bushby, "Do not you stay long, I shall be tired of waiting here."

We now commenced our walk. The road lay along a well-beaten path, bordered on each side by the tall fern which covers the whole country. After travelling some miles, we came to a little country village, where a few hovels were collected together, and some patches of ground cultivated with potatoes. The introduction of the potato has been the most essential benefit to the island; it is now much more used than any native vegetable. New Zealand is favored by one great natural advantage; namely, that the inhabitants can never perish from famine. The whole country abounds with fern: and the roots of this plant, if not very palatable, yet contain much nutriment. A native can always subsist on these, and on the shellfish which are abundant on all parts of the seacoast. The villages are chiefly conspicuous by the platforms which are raised on four posts ten or twelve feet above the ground, and on which the produce of the fields is kept secure from all accidents.

On coming near one of the huts I was much amused by seeing in due form the ceremony of rubbing, or, as it ought to be called, pressing noses. The women, on our first approach, began uttering something in a most dolorous voice; they then squatted themselves

down and held up their faces; my companion standing over them, one after another, placed the bridge of his nose at right angles to theirs, and commenced pressing. This lasted rather longer than a cordial shake of the hand with us; and as we vary the force of the grasp of the hand in shaking, so do they in pressing. During the process they uttered comfortable little grunts, very much in the same manner as two pigs do, when rubbing against each other. I noticed that the slave would press noses with any one he met, indifferently either before or after his master the chief. Although among the savages the chief has absolute power of life and death over his slave, yet there is an entire absence of ceremony between them. . . .

The ceremony of pressing noses having been duly completed with all present, we seated ourselves in a circle in the front of one of the hovels, and rested there half an hour. All the hovels have nearly the same form and dimensions, and all agree in being filthy dirty. They resemble a cowshed with one end open, but having a partition a little way within, with a square hole in it, making a small gloomy chamber. In this the inhabitants keep all their property, and when the weather is cold they sleep there. They eat, however, and pass their time in the open part in front.

My guides having finished their pipes, we continued our walk. The path led through the same undulating country, the whole uniformly clothed as before with fern. On our right hand we had a serpentine river, the banks of which were fringed with trees, and here and there on the hillsides there was a clump of wood. The whole scene, in spite of its green color, had rather a desolate aspect. The sight of so much fern impresses the mind with an idea of sterility: This, however, is not correct; for wherever the fern grows thick and breast-high, the land by tillage becomes productive. Some of the residents think that all this extensive open country originally was covered with forests, and that it has been cleared by fire. It is said that by digging in the barest spots, lumps of the kind of resin which flows from the kauri pine are frequently found. The natives had an evident motive in clearing the country; for the fern, formerly a staple article of food, flourishes only in the open cleared tracks. The almost entire absence of associated grasses, which forms so remarkable a feature in the vegetation of this island, may perhaps be accounted for by the land having been aboriginally covered with forest trees.

The soil is volcanic; in several parts we passed over shaggy lavas, and craters could clearly be distinguished on several of the neighbor-

ing hills. Although the scenery is nowhere beautiful, and only occasionally pretty, I enjoyed my walk. I should have enjoyed it more if my companion, the chief, had not possessed extraordinary conversational powers. I knew only three words: "good," "bad," and "yes": and with these I answered all his remarks, without of course having understood one word he said. This, however, was quite sufficient: I was a good listener, an agreeable person, and he never ceased talking to me.

At length we reached Waimate. After having passed over so many miles of an uninhabited useless country, the sudden appearance of an English farmhouse, and its well-dressed fields, placed there as if by an enchanter's wand, was exceedingly pleasant. Mr. Williams not being at home, I received in Mr. Davies's house a cordial welcome. After drinking tea with his family party, we took a stroll about the farm. At Waimate there are three large houses, where the missionary gentlemen, Messrs. Williams, Davies, and Clarke, reside; and near them are the huts of the native laborers. On an adjoining slope, fine crops of barley and wheat were standing in full ear; and in another part, fields of potatoes and clover. But I cannot attempt to describe all I saw; there were large gardens, with every fruit and vegetable which England produces; and many belonging to a warmer clime. I may instance asparagus, kidney beans, cucumbers, rhubarb, apples, pears, figs, peaches, apricots, grapes, olives, gooseberries, currants, hops, gorse for fences, and English oaks; also many kinds of flowers. Around the farmyard there were stables, a thrashing-barn with its winnowing machine, a blacksmith's forge, and on the ground ploughshares and other tools: in the middle was that happy mixture of pigs and poultry, lying comfortably together, as in every English farmyard. At the distance of a few hundred yards, where the water of a little rill had been dammed up into a pool, there was a large and substantial water mill.

All this is very surprising, when it is considered that five years ago nothing but the fern flourished here. Moreover, native workmanship, taught by the missionaries, has effected this change—the lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand. The house had been built, the windows framed, the fields ploughed, and even the trees grafted, by a New Zealander. At the mill, a New Zealander was seen powdered white with flour, like his brother miller in England. When I looked at this whole scene, I thought it admirable. It was not merely that England was brought vividly before my mind; yet, as the evening drew

to a close, the domestic sounds, the fields of corn, the distant undulating country with its trees might well have been mistaken for our fatherland: nor was it the triumphant feeling at seeing what Englishmen could effect; but rather the high hopes thus inspired for the future progress of this fine island.

## Two Maori Myths

Translated by SIR GEORGE GREY, 1812-1898. This famed colonial administrator was born in Lisbon and belonged to a branch of the Greys of Groby, ancient English nobility. Trained in his father's profession of arms, at the age of twenty-six he explored the Swan River of Western Australia, and later served as governor of South Australia (1841-45), New Zealand (1845-53, 1861-68), and Cape Colony (1854-60). As prime minister of New Zealand (1877-79), he initiated many radical reforms carried out by later ministries. He had discovered, upon first taking office as governor in 1845, in the midst of a Maori rebellion, that he could best understand the natives by learning their language and tribal lore, based in great part upon a mythology previously unknown to the white world. In the intervals of a busy career he found time to publish a number of collections: *Poems, Traditions, and Chaunts of the Maoris* (1853), *Mythology and Traditions of the New Zealanders* (1854), with translations, and *Proverbial and Popular Sayings of the Ancestors of the New Zealand Race* (1857), with translations. He also published two volumes of vocabularies of the aborigines of Western Australia (1839 and 1840) and *Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia, 1837-39* (1841). His best known book is *Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealanders, as Furnished by Their Priests and Chiefs* (1855), which was based on his 1854 collection. The following two myths from Polynesian Mythology show how Grey combined solid scholarship with charm of style in a way never equalled by later translators of the folklore of the Pacific area.



### *Kae's Theft of the Whale*

Soon after Tuhuruhuru was born, Tinirau endeavored to find a skilful magician who might perform the necessary enchantments and incantations to render the child a fortunate and successful warrior, and Kae was the name of the old magician whom some of his friends brought to him for this purpose. In due time Kae arrived at the village where Tinirau lived, and he performed the proper enchantments with fitting ceremonies over the infant.

When all these things had been rightly concluded, Tinirau gave a signal to a pet whale that he had tamed, to come on shore; this whale's name was Tutunui. When it knew that its master wanted it, it left the ocean in which it was sporting about, and came to the shore, and its master laid hold of it, and cut a slice of its flesh off to make a feast for the old magician, and he cooked it, and gave a portion of it to Kae, who found it very savory, and praised the dish very much.

Shortly afterwards, Kae said it was necessary for him to return to his own village, which was named Te Tihi-o-Manono; so Tinirau ordered a canoe to be got ready for him to take him back, but Kae made excuses, and said he did not like to go back in the canoe, and remained where he was. This, however, was a mere trick upon his part, his real object being to get Tinirau to permit him to go back upon the whale, upon Tutunui, for he now knew how savory the flesh of that fish was.

At last Tinirau lent Tutunui to the old magician to carry him home, but he gave him very particular directions, telling him: "When you get so near the shore that the fish touches the bottom, it will shake itself to let you know, and you must then, without any delay, jump off it upon the right side."

He then wished Kae farewell, and the old magician started, and away went the whale through the water with him.

From *Polynesian Mythology* (1855; 2nd edition, Auckland, H. Brett, 1885). Reprinted by Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z.

When they came close to the shore at Kae's village, and the whale felt bottom, it shook itself as a sign to Kae to jump off and wade ashore, but it was of no use; the old magician stuck fast to the whale, and pressed it down against the bottom as hard as he could; in vain the fish continued to shake itself; Kae held on to it, and would not jump off, and in its struggles the blowholes of Tutunui got stopped up with sand, and it died.

Kae and his people then managed to drag up the body of Tutunui on shore, intending to feast upon it; and this circumstance became afterwards the cause of a war against that tribe, who were called "The descendants of Poporokewa." When they had dragged Tutunui on shore, they cut its body up and cooked it in ovens, covering the flesh up with the fragrant leaves of the koromiko before they heaped earth upon the ovens, and the fat of Tutunui adhered to the leaves of the koromiko, and they continue greasy to this day, so that if koromiko boughs are put upon the fire and become greasy, the proverb says: "There's some of the savoriness of Tutunui."

Tinirau continued anxiously to look for the return of Tutunui and when a long time had elapsed without its coming back again, he began to say to himself: "Well, I wonder where my whale can be stopping!" But when Kae and his people had cooked the flesh of the whale, and the ovens were opened, a savory scent was wafted across the sea to Tinirau, and both he and his wife smelt it quite plainly, and then they knew very well that Kae had killed the pet which they had tamed for their little darling Tuhuruhuru, and that he had eaten it.

Without any delay, Tinirau's people dragged down to the sea a large canoe which belonged to one of his wives, and forty women forthwith embarked in it; none but women went, as this would be less likely to excite any suspicion in Kae that they had come with a hostile object; amongst them were Hine-i-te-iwaiwa, Raukatauri, Raukatamea, Itiiti, Rekareka, and Rua-hau-a-Tangaroa, and other females of note, whose names have not been preserved. Just before the canoe started Tinirau's youngest sister asked him: "What are the marks by which we shall know Kae?"—and he answered her: "Oh, you cannot mistake him, his teeth are uneven and all overlap one another."

Well, away they paddled, and in due time they arrived at the village of the old magician Kae, and his tribe all collected to see the strangers. Towards night, when it grew dark, a fire was lighted in the house of Kae, and a crowd collected inside it, until it was filled; one side was quite occupied with the crowd of visitors, and the other side

of the house with the people of Kae's tribe. The old magician himself sat at the foot of the main pillar which supported the roof of the house, and mats were laid down there for him to sleep on (but the strangers did not yet know which was Kae, for it did not accord with the Maori's rules of politeness to ask the names of the chiefs, it being supposed from their fame and greatness that they are known by everybody).

In order to find out which was Kae, Tinirau's people had arranged that they would try by wit and fun to make everybody laugh, and when the people opened their mouths, to watch which of them had uneven teeth that lapped across one another, and thus discover which was Kae.

In order, therefore, to make them laugh, Raukatauri exhibited all her amusing tricks and games; she made them sing and play upon the flute, and upon the *putorino*, and beat time with castanets of bone and wood while they sang; and they played at *mora*, and the kind of *ti* in which many motions are made with the fingers and hands, and the kind of *ti* in which, while the players sing, they rapidly throw short sticks to one another, keeping time to the tune which they are singing; and she played upon an instrument like a jew's-harp for them, and made puppets dance, and made them all sing while they played with large whizzgigs; and after they had done all these things, the man they thought was Kae had never even once laughed.

Then the party who had come from Tinirau's all began to consult together, and to say "What can we do to make that fellow laugh?", and for a long time they thought of some plan by which they might take Kae in, and make him laugh; at last they thought of one, which was that they should all sing a droll comic song; so suddenly they all began to sing together, at the same time making most curious faces, and shaking their hands and arms in time to the tune.

When they had ended their song, the old magician could not help laughing out quite heartily, and those who were watching him closely at once recognized him, for there they saw pieces of the flesh of Tutunui still sticking between his teeth, and his teeth were uneven and all overlapped one another. From this circumstance a proverb has been preserved among the Maoris to the present day—for if anyone on listening to a story told by another is amused at it and laughs, one of the bystanders says: "Ah, there's Kae laughing."

No sooner did the women who had come from Tinirau's see the

flesh of Tutumui sticking in Kae's teeth than they made an excuse for letting the fire burn dimly in the house, saying that they wanted to go to sleep—their real object, however, being to be able to perform their enchantments without being seen; but the old magician, who suspected something, took two round pieces of mother-of-pearl shell, and stuck one in the socket of each eye, so that the strangers, observing the faint rays of light reflected from the surface of the mother-of-pearl, might think they saw the white of his eyes, and that he was still awake.

The women from Tinirau's went on, however, with their enchantments, and by their magical arts threw every one in the house into an enchanted sleep, with the intention, when they had done this, of carrying off Kae by stealth. So soon as Kae and the people in the house were all deep in this enchanted sleep, the women ranged themselves in a long row, the whole way from the place where Kae was sleeping down to their canoe; they all stood in a straight line, with a little interval between each of them; and then two of them went to fetch Kae, and lifted the old magician gently up, rolled up in his cloaks, just as he had laid himself down to sleep, and placed him gently in the arms of those who stood near the door, who passed him on to two others, and thus they handed him on from one to another, until he at last reached the arms of the two women who were standing in the canoe ready to receive him; and they laid him down very gently in the canoe, fast asleep as he was; and thus the old magician Kae was carried off by Hine-i-te-iwaiwa and Raukatauri.

When the women reached the village of Tinirau in their canoe, they again took up Kae, and carried him very gently up to the house of Tinirau, and laid him down fast asleep close to the central pillar, which supported the ridgepole of the house, so that the place where he slept in the house of Tinirau was exactly like his sleeping-place in his own house. The house of Kae was, however, a large circular house, without a ridgepole, but with rafters springing from the central pillar, running down like rays to low side posts in the circular wall; while the house of Tinirau was a long house, with a ridgepole running the entire length of the roof, and resting upon the pillar in its center.

When Tinirau heard that the old magician had been brought to his village, he caused orders to be given to his tribe that when he made his appearance in the morning, going to the house where Kae was, they should all call out loud: "Here comes Tinirau, here comes

Tinirau," as if he was coming as a visitor into the village of Kae, so that the old magician on hearing them might think that he was still at home.

At broad daylight next morning, when Tinirau's people saw him passing along through the village towards his house, they all shouted aloud: "Here comes Tinirau, here comes Tinirau"; and Kae, who heard the cries, started up from his enchanted sleep quite drowsy and confused, while Tinirau passed straight on, and sat down just outside the door of his house, so that he could look into it, and, looking in, he saw Kae, and saluted him, saying: "Salutations to you, O Kae!"—and then he asked him, saying: "How came you here?"—and the old magician replied: "Nay, but rather how came you here?"

Tinirau replied: "Just look, then, at the house, and see if you recognize it?"

But Kae, who was still stupefied by his sleep, looking round, saw he was lying in his own place at the foot of the pillar, and said: "This is my house."

Tinirau asked him: "Where was the window placed in your house?"

Kae started and looked; the whole appearance of his house appeared to be changed; he at once guessed the truth, that the house he was in belonged to Tinirau; and the old magician, who saw that his hour had come, bowed down his head in silence to the earth, and they seized him, and dragged him out, and slew him: thus perished Kae.

The news of his death at last reached his tribe—the descendants of Poporokewa; and they eventually attacked the fortress of Tinirau with a large army, and avenged the death of Kae by slaying Tinirau's son.

### *The Art of Netting Learned by Kahukura from the Fairies*

Once upon a time, a man of the name of Kahukura wished to pay a visit to Rangiaowhia, a place lying far to the northward, near the country of the tribe called Te Rarawa. While he lived at his own village, he was continually haunted by a desire to visit that place.

At length he started on his journey, and reached Rangiaowhia, and as he was on his road, he passed a place where some people had been cleaning mackerel, and he saw the inside of the fish lying all about the sand on the seashore: surprised at this, he looked about at the marks, and said to himself: "Oh, this must have been done by some

of the people of the district." But when he came to look a little more narrowly at the foot-marks, he saw that the people who had been fishing had made them in the nighttime, not that morning, nor in the day; and he said to himself: "These are no mortals who have been fishing here—spirits must have done this; had they been men, some of the reeds and grass which they sat on in their canoe would have been lying about." He felt quite sure from several circumstances that spirits or fairies had been there; and after observing everything well, he returned to the house where he was stopping. He, however, held fast in his heart what he had seen, as something very striking to tell all his friends in every direction, and as likely to be the means of gaining knowledge which might enable him to find out something new.

So that night he returned to the place where he had observed all these things, and just as he reached the spot, back had come the fairies too, to haul their net for mackerel; and some of them were shouting out: "The net here! the net here!" Then a canoe paddled off to fetch the other in which the net was laid, and as they dropped the net into the water, they began to cry out: "Drop the net in the sea at Rangiaowhia, and haul it at Mamaku." These words were sung out by the fairies as an encouragement in their work, and from the joy of their hearts at their sport in fishing.

As the fairies were dragging the net to the shore, Kahukura managed to mix among them, and hauled away at the rope; he happened to be a very fair man, so that his skin was almost as white as that of these fairies, and from that cause he was not observed by them. As the net came close in to the shore, the fairies began to cheer and shout: "Go out into the sea, some of you, in front of the rocks, lest the nets should be entangled in Tawatawauia a Teweteweuia," for that was the name of a rugged rock standing out from the sandy shore; the main body of the fairies kept hauling at the net, and Kahukura pulled away in the midst of them.

When the first fish reached the shore, thrown up in the ripples driven before the net as they hauled it in, the fairies had not yet remarked Kahukura, for he was almost as fair as they were. It was just at the very first peep of dawn that the fish were all landed, and the fairies ran hastily to pick them up from the sand, and to haul the net up on the beach. They did not act with their fish as men do, dividing them into separate loads for each, but every one took up what fish he liked, and ran a twig through their gills, and as they strung the fish, they continued calling out: "Make haste, run here, all

of you, and finish the work before the sun rises."

Kahukura kept on stringing his fish with the rest of them. He had only a very short string, and, making a slipknot at the end of it, when he had covered the string with fish, he lifted them up, but had hardly raised them from the ground when the slipknot gave way from the weight of the fish, and off they fell; then some of the fairies ran good-naturedly to help him to string his fish again, and one of them tied the knot at the end of the string for him, but the fairy had hardly gone after knotting it before Kahukura had unfastened it, and again tied a slipknot at the end; then he began stringing his fish again, and when he had got a great many on, up he lifted them, and off they slipped as before.

This trick he repeated several times, and delayed the fairies in their work by getting them to knot his string for him, and put his fish on it. At last full daylight broke, so that there was light enough to distinguish a man's face, and the fairies saw that Kahukura was a man; then they dispersed in confusion, leaving their fish and their net, and abandoning their canoes, which were nothing but stems of the flax. In a moment the fairies started for their own abodes; in their hurry, as has just been said, they abandoned their net, which was made of rushes; and off the good people fled as fast as they could go. Now was first discovered the stitch for netting a net, for they left theirs with Kahukura, and it became a pattern for him. He thus taught his children to make nets, and by them the Maori race were made acquainted with that art, which they have now known from very remote times.

## **A Maori Ruffian**

By **FREDERICK EDWARD MANING** (1811–1883). Maning was born in Dublin, Ireland, and came to Tasmania when his father emigrated in 1824. Nine years later young Frederick landed at Hokianga, New Zealand, settled there, married a chief's sister, and for many years ran a store at Onoke. His humor and his skill in boxing and wrestling made this large-bodied Irish adventurer a great favorite among the Maori natives, and his knowledge of the Maori language and tribal customs made him valuable to the British as an interpreter and later as a judge of the native court. Maning published *Old New Zealand* (1863) under the pseudonym of "A Pakeha Maori," and almost at once tried to destroy all copies; it has since been reprinted many times. He also wrote *Maori Traditions* (1885). *Old New Zealand* has become a classic of the free-and-easy, colloquial style of reminiscence of the "good old days" in that colony.



**H**AVING purchased my "estate," I set up housekeeping. My house was a good commodious raupo building; and as I had a princely income of a few hundred a year "in trade," I kept house in a very magnificent and hospitable style. I kept always eight stout paid Maori retainers, the pay being one fig of tobacco per week, and their potatoes, which was about as much more. Their duties were not heavy; being chiefly to amuse themselves fishing, wrestling, shooting pigeons, or pig hunting, with an occasional pull in the boat when I went on a water excursion.

Besides these paid retainers, there was always about a dozen hangers-on, who considered themselves a part of the establishment, and who, no doubt, managed to live at my expense; but as that expense was merely a few hundredweight of potatoes a week, and an odd pig now and then, it was not perceptible in the good old times. Indeed these hangers-on, as I call them, were necessary; for now and then, in those brave old times, little experiments would be made by certain Maori gentlemen of freebooting propensities, and who were in great want of "British manufactures," to see what could be got by bullying "the pakeha," and to whom a good display of physical force was the only argument worth notice.

These gentry generally came from a long distance, made a sudden appearance, and, thanks to my faithful retainers, who, as a matter of course, were all bound to fight for me, though I should have found it hard to get much work out of them, made as sudden a retreat, though on one or two occasions, when my standing army were accidentally absent, I had to do battle singlehanded. I think I have promised somewhere that I would perform a single combat for the amusement of the ladies, and so I may as well do it now as at any other time. I shall, therefore, recount a little affair I had with one of these gentry, as it is indeed quite necessary I should, if I am to give any true idea of "the good old times."

From *Old New Zealand*, by "A Pakeha Maori," with an introduction by the Earl of Pembroke (London, Richard Bentley & Son, 1876).

I must, however, protest against the misdeeds of a few ruffians—human wolves—being charged against the whole of their countrymen. At the time I am speaking of, the only restraint on such people was the fear of retaliation, and the consequence was that often a daredevil savage would run a long career of murder, robbery, and outrage before meeting with a check, simply from the terror he inspired, and the “luck” which often accompanies outrageous daring. At a time, however, and in a country like New Zealand, where every man was a fighting man or nothing, these desperadoes, sooner or later, came to grief, being at last invariably shot, or run through the body, by some sturdy freholder, whose rights they had invaded.

I had two friends staying with me, young men who had come to see me from the neighboring colonies, and to take a summer tour in New Zealand; and it so happened that no less than three times during my absence from home, and when I had taken almost all my people along with me, my castle had been invaded by one of the most notorious ruffians who had ever been an impersonation of, or lived by, the law of force. This interesting specimen of the genus *homo* had, on the last of these visits, demanded that my friends should hand over to him one pair of blankets; but as the prospectus he produced, with respect to payment, was not at all satisfactory, my friends declined to enter into the speculation, the more particularly as the blankets were mine. Our freebooting acquaintance then, to explain his views more clearly, knocked both my friends down; threatened to kill them both with his tomahawk; then rushed into the bedroom, dragged out all the bedclothes, and burnt them on the kitchen fire.

This last affair was rather displeasing to me. I held to the theory that every Englishman's house was his castle, and was moreover rather savage at my guests having been so roughly handled. I in fact began to feel that though I had up to this time managed to hold my own pretty well, I was at last in danger of falling under the imposition of “blackmail,” and losing my status as an independent potentate—a rangatira of the first water.

I then and there declared loudly that it was well for the offender that I had not been at home, and that if ever he tried his tricks with me he would find out his mistake. These declarations of war, I perceived, were heard by my men in a sort of incredulous silence (silence in New Zealand gives *dis-sent*), and though the fellows were stout chaps, who would not mind a row with any ordinary mortal, I verily

believe they would have all run at the first appearance of this redoubted ruffian. Indeed his antecedents had been such as might have almost been their excuse. He had killed several men in fair fight, and had also—as was well known—committed two most diabolical murders, one of which was on his own wife, a fine young woman, whose brains he blew out at half a second's notice for no further provocation than this:— He was sitting in the veranda of his house, and told her to bring him a light for his pipe. She, being occupied in domestic affairs, said, "Can't you fetch it yourself? I am going for water." She had the calabash in her hand and their infant child on her back. He snatched up his gun and instantly shot her dead on the spot; and I had heard him afterwards describing quite coolly the comical way in which her brains had been knocked out by the shot with which the gun was loaded. He also had, for some trifling provocation, lopped off the arm of his own brother or cousin, I forget which, and was, altogether, from his tremendous bodily strength and utter insensibility to danger, about as "ugly a customer" as one would care to meet.

I am now describing a regular Maori ruffian of the good old times, the natural growth of a state of society wherein might was to a very great extent right, and where bodily strength and courage were almost the sole qualities for which a man was respected or valued. He was a bullet-headed, scowling, bowlegged, broad-shouldered, herculean savage, and all these qualifications combined made him unquestionably "a great rangatira," and, as he had never been defeated, his mana was in full force.

A few weeks after the affair of the blankets, as I was sitting all alone reading a Sydney newspaper, which, being only a year old, was highly interesting, my friends and all my natives having gone on an expedition to haul a large fishing net, who should I see enter the room and squat down on the floor, as if taking permanent possession, but the amiable and highly interesting individual I have taken so much trouble to describe. He said nothing, but his posture and countenance spoke whole volumes of defiance and murderous intent. He had heard of the threats I had made against him, and there he was, let me turn him out if I dare. That was his meaning—there was no mistaking it.

I have all my life been an admirer of the *suaviter in modo*, though it is quite out of place in New Zealand. If you tell a man—a Maori

I mean—in a gentle tone of voice and with a quiet manner, that if he continues a given line of conduct you will begin to commence to knock him down, he simply disbelieves you, and thereby forces you to do that which, if you could have persuaded yourself to have spoken very uncivilly at first, there would have been no occasion for. I have seen many proofs of this, and though I have done my best for many years to improve the understanding of my Maori friends in this particular, I find still there are but very few who can understand at all how it is possible that the *suaviter in modo* can be combined with the *fortiter in re*. They in fact can't understand it for some reason perfectly inexplicable to me.

It was, however, quite a matter of indifference, I could perceive, how I should open proceedings with my friend, as he evidently meant mischief. "Habit is second nature," so I instinctively took to the *suaviter*. "Friend," said I, in a very mild tone and with as amiable a smile as I could get up, in spite of a certain clenching of the teeth which somehow came on me at the moment, "my advice to you is to be off." He seemed to nestle himself firmer in his seat, and made no answer but a scowl of defiance. "I am thinking, friend, that this is my house," said I, and springing upon him I placed my foot to his shoulder, and gave a shove which would have sent most people heels over head.

Not so, however, with my friend. It shook him, certainly, a little; but in an instant, as quick as lightning, and as it appeared with a single motion he bounded from the ground, flung his mat away over his head, and struck a furious blow at my head with his tomahawk. I escaped instant death by a quickness equal to or greater than his own. My eye was quick, and so was my arm; life was at stake. I caught the tomahawk in full descent; the edge grazed my hand; but my arm, stiffened like a bar of iron, arrested the blow. He made one furious, but ineffectual, effort to tear the tomahawk from my grasp; and then we seized one another round the middle, and struggled like maniacs in the endeavor to dash each other against the boarded floor, I holding on for dear life to the tomahawk, and making desperate efforts to get it from him, but without a chance of success, as it was fastened to his wrist by a strong thong of leather.

He was, as I soon found, somewhat stronger than I, and heavier; but I was as active as a cat, and as long-winded as an emu, and very far from weak. At last he got a *wiri* round my leg; and had it not been

for the table on which we both fell, and which, in smashing to pieces, broke our fall, I might have been disabled, and in that case instantly tomahawked.

We now rolled over and over on the floor like two mad bulldogs; he trying to bite, and I trying to stun him by dashing his bullet head against the floor. Up again!—still both holding on to the tomahawk. Another furious struggle, in the course of which both our heads, and half our bodies, were dashed through the two glass windows in the room, and every single article of furniture was reduced to atoms. Down again, rolling like mad, and dancing about amongst the rubbish—the wreck of the house.

By this time we were both covered with blood from various wounds, received I don't know how. I had been all this time fighting under a great disadvantage, for my friend was trying to kill me, and I was only trying to disarm and tie him up—a much harder thing than to kill. My reason for going to this trouble was that, as there were no witnesses to the row, if I killed him, I might have had serious difficulties with his tribe. Up again; another terrific tussle for the tomahawk; down again with a crash; and so this life or death battle went on, down and up, up and down, for a full hour.

At last I perceived that my friend was getting weaker, and felt that victory was only now a question of time. I, so far from being fatigued, was even stronger. Another desperate wrestling match. I lifted my friend high in my arms, and dashed him, panting, furious, foaming at the mouth, but beaten, against the ground. There he lies; the worshipper of force. His god has deserted him. But no, not yet. He has one more chance, and a fatal one it nearly proved to me. I began to unfasten the tomahawk from his wrist. An odd expression came over his countenance. He spoke for the first time. "Enough, I am beaten; let me rise."

Now I had often witnessed the manly and becoming manner in which some Maoris can take defeat, when they have been defeated in what they consider fair play. I had also ceased to fear my friend, and so incautiously let go his left arm. Like lightning he snatched at a large carving fork which, unperceived by me, was lying on the floor amongst the smashed furniture and debris of my household effects; his fingers touched the handle, and it rolled away out of his reach, and my life was saved. He then struck me with all his remaining force on the side of the head, causing the blood to flow out of my mouth. One more short struggle, and he was conquered.

But now I had at last got angry. The drunkenness, the exhilaration of fight, which comes on some constitutions, was fairly on me. I had also a consciousness that now I must kill my man, or, sooner or later, he would kill me. I thought of the place I would bury him; how I would stun him first with the back of the tomahawk, to prevent too much blood being seen; how I would then carry him off (I could carry two such men now, easy). I would murder him and cover him up. I unwound the tomahawk from his wrist: he was passive and helpless now. I wished he was stronger, and told him to get up and "die standing," as his countrymen say. I clutched the tomahawk for the *coup de grâce* (I can't help it, young ladies, the devil is in me)—at this instant a thundering sound of feet is heard—a whole tribe are coming!

Now am I either lost or saved!—saved from doing that which I should afterwards repent, though constrained by necessity to do it. The rush of charging feet comes closer. In an instant comes dashing and smashing through doors and windows, in breathless haste and alarm, a whole tribe of friends. Small ceremony now with my antagonist. He was dragged by the heels, stamped on, kicked, and thrown half-dead, or nearly quite dead, into his canoe.

All the time we had been fighting a little slave imp of a boy belonging to my antagonist had been loading the canoe with my goods and chattels, and had managed to make a very fair plunder of it. These were all now brought back by my friends, except one cloth jacket, which happened to be concealed under the *whariki*, and which I only mention because I remember that the attempt to recover it some time afterwards cost one of my friends his life. The savage scoundrel who had so nearly done for me broke two of his ribs, and so otherwise injured him that he never recovered, and died after lingering about a year. My friends were going on a journey, and had called to see me as they passed. They saw the slave boy employed as I have stated, and knowing to whom he belonged had rushed at once to the rescue, little expecting to find me alive.

I may as well now dispose of this friend of mine by giving his after history. He for a long time after our fight went continually armed with a double gun, and said he would shoot me wherever he met me; he however had had enough of attacking me in my "castle," and so did not call there any more. I also went continually armed, and took care also to have always some of my people at hand. After this, this fellow committed two more murders, and also killed in fair

fight with his own hand the first man in a native battle, in which the numbers on each side were about three hundred, and which I witnessed. The man he killed was a remarkably fine young fellow, a great favorite of mine. At last, having attacked and attempted to murder another native, he was shot through the heart by the person he attempted to murder, and fell dead on the spot, and so there died "a great rangatira." His tribe quietly buried him and said no more about it, which showed their sense of right. Had he been killed in what they considered an unjust manner, they would have revenged his death at any cost; but I have no doubt they themselves were glad to get rid of him, for he was a terror to all about him.

I have been in many a scrape both by sea and land, but I must confess that I never met a more able hand at an argument than this Maori rangatira. . . .

"Fair play is a jewel"; and I will here, as bound in honor to do, declare that I have met amongst the natives with men who would be a credit to any nation; men on whom nature had plainly stamped the mark of "noble," of the finest bodily form, quick and intelligent in mind, polite and brave, and capable of the most self-sacrificing acts for the good of others; patient, forbearing, and affectionate in their families; in a word, gentlemen. These men were the more remarkable, as they had grown up surrounded by a set of circumstances of the most unfavorable kind for the development of the qualities of which they were possessed; and I have often looked on with admiration, when I have seen them protesting against, and endeavoring to restrain some of, the dreadful barbarities of their countrymen.

As for the Maori people in general, they are neither so good or so bad as their friends and enemies have painted them, and I suspect are pretty much like what almost any other people would have become, if subjected for ages to the same external circumstances. For ages they have struggled against necessity in all its shapes. This has given to them a remarkable greediness for gain in every visible and immediately tangible form. It has even left its mark on their language. Without the aid of iron the most trifling tool or utensil could only be purchased by an enormously disproportionate outlay of labor in its construction, and, in consequence, became precious to a degree scarcely conceivable by people of civilized and wealthy countries. This great value attached to personal property of all kinds increased proportionately the temptation to plunder; and where no law existed, or could exist, of sufficient force to repress the inclination,

every man, as a natural consequence, became a soldier, if it were only for the defence of his own property and that of those who were banded with him—his tribe, or family. From this state of things regular warfare arose, as a matter of course; the military art was studied as a science, and brought to great perfection as applied to the arms used; and a marked military character was given to the people. The necessity of labor, the necessity of warfare, and a temperate climate gave them strength of body, accompanied by a perseverance and energy of mind perfectly astonishing. With rude and blunt stones they felled the giant kauri—toughest of pines; and from it, in process of time, at an expense of labor, perseverance, and ingenuity perfectly astounding to those who know what it really was—produced, carved, painted, and inlaid a masterpiece of art, and an object of beauty—the war canoe, capable of carrying a hundred men on a distant expedition, through the boisterous seas surrounding their island.

As a consequence of their warlike habits and character, they are self-possessed and confident in themselves and their own powers, and have much diplomatic finesse and casuistry at command. Their intelligence causes them theoretically to acknowledge the benefits of law, which they see established amongst us, but their hatred of restraint causes them practically to abhor and resist its full enforcement amongst themselves. Doubting our professions of friendship, fearing our ultimate designs, led astray by false friends, possessed of that “little learning” which is, in their case, most emphatically “a dangerous thing,” divided amongst themselves—such are the people with whom we are now in contact—such the people to whom, for our own safety and their preservation, we must give new laws and institutions, new habits of life, new ideas, sentiments, and information—whom we must either civilize or by our mere contact exterminate. How is this to be done? Let me see. I think I shall answer this question when I am prime minister.

■





## **The Woman at the Store**

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD, 1888–1923. New Zealand's best-known fiction writer was born Kathleen Beauchamp in Wellington, the granddaughter of an early emigrant. She contributed to the school magazines at the various local schools that she attended, and in 1903 went to England to a finishing school, where she also studied the violoncello. She returned to New Zealand in 1906, but after twenty months realized her desire to go back to Europe to try a writing career. Her later life forms a well-known chapter in the history of the short story in English, in which her sensuous precision and her adaptation of the Chekhov technique have been widely mentioned. A number of her stories have as setting her childhood home. "New Zealand is in my very bones," she once said. Her earlier local stories, such as "The Woman at the Store," "Millie," and "Ole Underwood," have a harsh, pioneer flavor that is missing in later tales, reminiscent of her girlhood, such as "At the Bay," "The Garden Party," "Prelude," "New Dresses," "The Little Girl," and "The Doll's House." "The Woman at the Store," here reprinted, has a grimness and a psychological surprise that give it a startlingly modern tone. Katherine Mansfield spent some years on the European continent in search of health (she was afflicted with tuberculosis) and died at the age of thirty-four.

ALL that day the heat was terrible. The wind blew close to the ground; it rooted among the tussock grass, slithered along the road, so that the white pumice dust swirled in our faces, settled and sifted over us and was like a dry-skin itching for growth on our bodies. The horses stumbled along, coughing and chuffing. The pack horse was sick—with a big, open sore rubbed under the belly. Now and again she stopped short, threw back her head, looked at us as though she were going to cry, and whinnied. Hundreds of larks shrilled; the sky was slate color, and the sound of the larks reminded me of slate pencils scraping over its surface. There was nothing to be seen but wave after wave of tussock grass, patched with purple orchids and manuka bushes covered with thick spider webs.

Jo rode ahead. He wore a blue galatea shirt, corduroy trousers and riding boots. A white handkerchief, spotted with red—it looked as though his nose had been bleeding on it—was knotted round his throat. Wisps of white hair straggled from under his wide-awake—his moustache and eyebrows were called white—he slouched in the saddle, grunting. Not once that day had he sung

*"I don't care, for don't you sec,  
My wife's mother was in front of me!"*

It was the first day we had been without it for a month, and now there seemed something uncanny in his silence. Jim rode beside me, white as a clown; his black eyes glittered, and he kept shooting out his tongue and moistening his lips. He was dressed in a jaeger vest, and a pair of blue duck trousers, fastened round the waist with a plaited leather belt. We had hardly spoken since dawn. At noon we had lunched off fly biscuits and apricots by the side of a swampy creek.

Reprinted from *Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield*, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright 1924, 1937, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Canadian rights by permission of the Society of Authors, Mr. Middleton Murry, and Messrs. Constable.

"My stomach feels like the crop of a hen," said Jo. "Now then, Jim, you're the bright boy of the party—where's this 'ere store you kep' on talking about? 'Oh, yes,' you says, 'I know a fine store, with a paddock for the horses and a creek runnin' through, owned by a friend of mine who'll give yer a bottle of whisky before 'e shakes hands with yer.' I'd like ter see that place—merely as a matter of curiosity—not that I'd ever doubt yer word—as yer know very well—but . . ."

Jim laughed. "Don't forget there's a woman too, Jo, with blue eyes and yellow hair, who'll promise you something else before she shakes hands with you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"The heat's making you balmy," said Jo. But he dug his knees into the horse. We shambled on. I half fell asleep, and had a sort of uneasy dream that the horses were not moving forward at all—then that I was on a rocking horse, and my old mother was scolding me for raising such a fearful dust from the drawing-room carpet. "You've entirely worn off the pattern of the carpet," I heard her saying, and she gave the reins a tug. I snivelled and woke to find Jim leaning over me, maliciously smiling.

"That was a case of all but," said he. "I just caught you. What's up? Been bye-bye?"

"No!" I raised my head. "Thank the Lord we're arriving somewhere."

We were on the brow of the hill, and below us there was a whare roofed with corrugated iron. It stood in a garden, rather far back from the road—a big paddock opposite, and a creek and a clump of young willow trees. A thin line of blue smoke stood up straight from the chimney of the whare; and as I looked a woman came out, followed by a child and a sheep dog—the woman carrying what appeared to me a black stick. She made gestures at us. The horses put on a final spurt, Jo took off his wide-awake, shouted, threw out his chest, and began singing, "I don't care, for don't you see. . . ." The sun pushed through the pale clouds and shed a vivid light over the scene. It gleamed on the woman's yellow hair, over her flapping pinafore and the rifle she was carrying. The child hid behind her, and the yellow dog, a mangy beast, scuttled back into the whare, his tail between his legs. We drew rein and dismounted.

"Hallo," screamed the woman. "I thought you was three 'awks. My kid comes runnin' in ter me. 'Mumma,' says she, 'there's three brown things comin' over the 'ill,' says she. An' I comes out smart,

I can tell yer. 'They'll be 'awks,' I says to her. Oh, the 'awks about 'ere yer wouldn't believe."

The "kid" gave us the benefit of one eye from behind the woman's pinafore—then retired again.

"Where's your old man?" asked Jim.

The woman blinked rapidly, screwing up her face.

"Away shearin'. Bin away a month. I suppose yer not goin' to stop, are yer? There's a storm comin' up."

"You bet we are," said Jo. "So you're on your lonely, missus?"

She stood, pleating the frills of her pinafore, and glancing from one to the other of us, like a hungry bird. I smiled at the thought of how Jim had pulled Jo's leg about her. Certainly her eyes were blue, and what hair she had was yellow, but ugly. She was a figure of fun. Looking at her, you felt there was nothing but sticks and wires under that pinafore—her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty bluchers.

"I'll go and turn out the horses," said Jim. "Got any embrocation? Poi's rubbed herself to hell!"

"'Arf a mo!" The woman stood silent a moment, her nostrils expanding as she breathed. Then she shouted violently. "I'd rather you didn't stop. . . . You can't, and there's the end of it. I don't let out that paddock any more. You'll have to go on; I ain't got nothing!"

"Well, I'm blest!" said Jo, heavily. He pulled me aside. "Gone a bit off 'er dot," he whispered. "Too much alone, you know," very significantly. "Turn the sympathetic tap on 'er, she'll come round all right."

But there was no need—she had come round by herself.

"Stop if you like!" she muttered, shrugging her shoulders. To me—"I'll give yer the embrocation if yer come along."

"Right-o, I'll take it down to them." We walked together up the garden path. It was planted on both sides with cabbages. They smelled like stale dishwater. Of flowers there were double poppies and sweet williams. One little patch was divided off by pawa shells—presumably it belonged to the child—for she ran from her mother and began to grub in it with a broken clothes peg. The yellow dog lay across the doorstep, biting fleas; the woman kicked him away.

"Gar-r, get away, you beast . . . the place ain't tidy. I 'aven't 'ad time ter fix things today—been ironing. Come right in."

It was a large room, the walls plastered with old pages of English periodicals. Queen Victoria's Jubilee appeared to be the most recent number. A table with an ironing board and washtub on it, some

wooden forms, a black horsehair sofa, and some broken cane chairs pushed against the walls. The mantelpiece above the stove was draped in pink paper, further ornamented with dried grasses and ferns and a colored print of Richard Seddon. There were four doors—one, judging from the smell, let into the "store," one on to the "back yard," through a third I saw the bedroom. Flies buzzed in circles round the ceiling, and treacle papers and bundles of dried clover were pinned to the window curtains.

I was alone in the room; she had gone into the store for the embrocation. I heard her stamping about and muttering to herself: "I got some, now where did I put that bottle? . . . It's behind the pickles . . . no, it ain't." I cleared a place on the table and sat there, swinging my legs. Down in the paddock I could hear Jo singing and the sound of hammer strokes as Jim drove in the tent pegs. It was sunset. There is no twilight in our New Zealand days, but a curious half-hour when everything appears grotesque—it frightens—as though the savage spirit of the country walked abroad and sneered at what it saw. Sitting alone in the hideous room I grew afraid. The woman next door was a long time finding that stuff. What was she doing in there? Once I thought I heard her bang her hands down on the counter, and once she half moaned, turning it into a cough and clearing her throat. I wanted to shout "Buck up!" but I kept silent.

"Good Lord, what a life!" I thought. "Imagine being here day in, day out, with that rat of a child and a mangy dog. Imagine bothering about ironing. Mad, of course she's mad! Wonder how long she's been here—wonder if I could get her to talk."

At that moment she poked her head round the door.

"Wot was it yer wanted?" she asked.

"Embrocation."

"Oh, I forgot. I got it, it was in front of the pickle jars."

She handed me the bottle.

"My, you do look tired, you do! Shall I knock yer up a few scones for supper! There's some tongue in the store, too, and I'll cook yer a cabbage if you fancy it."

"Right-o." I smiled at her. "Come down to the paddock and bring the kid for tea."

She shook her head, pursing up her mouth.

"Oh no. I don't fancy it. I'll send the kid down with the things and a billy of milk. Shall I knock up a few extry scones to take with yer termorrow?"

"Thanks."

She came and stood by the door.

"How old is the kid?"

"Six—come next Christmas. I 'ad a bit of trouble with 'er one way an' another. I 'adn't any milk till a month after she was born and she sickened like a cow."

"She's not like you—takes after her father?" Just as the woman had shouted her refusal at us before, she shouted at me then.

"No, she don't! She's the dead spit of me. Any fool could see that. Come on in now, Else, you stop messing in the dirt."

I met Jo climbing over the paddock fence.

"What's the old bitch got in the store?" he asked.

"Don't know—didn't look."

"Well, of all the fools. Jim's slanging you. What have you been doing all the time?"

"She couldn't find this stuff. Oh, my shakes, you are smart!"

Jo had washed, combed his wet hair in a line across his forehead, and buttoned a coat over his shirt. He grinned.

Jim snatched the embrocation from me. I went to the end of the paddock where the willows grew and bathed in the creek. The water was clear and soft as oil. Along the edges held by the grass and rushes, white foam tumbled and bubbled. I lay in the water and looked up at the trees that were still a moment, then quivered lightly, and again were still. The air smelt of rain. I forgot about the woman and the kid until I came back to the tent. Jim lay by the fire, watching the billy boil.

I asked where Jo was, and if the kid had brought our supper.

"Pooh," said Jim, rolling over and looking up at the sky. "Didn't you see how Jo had been titivating? He said to me before he went up to the whare, 'Dang it! she'll look better by night light—at any rate, my buck, she's female flesh!'"

"You had Jo about her looks—you had me, too."

"No—look here. I can't make it out. It's four years since I came past this way, and I stopped here two days. The husband was a pal of mine once, down the West Coast—a fine, big chap, with a voice on him like a trombone. She'd been barmaid down the Coast—as pretty as a wax doll. The coach used to come this way then once a fortnight, that was before they opened the railway up Napier way, and she had had no end of a time! Told me once in a confidential moment that she knew one hundred and twenty-five different ways of kissing!"

"Oh, go on, Jim! She isn't the same woman!"

"Course she is. . . . I can't make it out. What I think is the old man's cleared out and left her: that's all my eye about shearing. Sweet life! The only people who come through now are Maoris and sundowners!"

Through the dark we saw the gleam of the kid's pinafore. She trailed over to us with a basket in her hand, the milk billy in the other. I unpacked the basket, the child standing by.

"Come over here," said Jim, snapping his fingers at her.

She went, the lamp from the inside of the tent cast a bright light over her. A mean, undersized brat, with whitish hair, and weak eyes. She stood, legs wide apart and her stomach protruding.

"What do you do all day?" asked Jim.

She scraped out one ear with her little finger, looked at the result and said, "Draw."

"Huh! What do you draw? Leave your ears alone!"

"Pictures."

"What on?"

"Bits of butter paper an' a pencil of my Mumma's."

"Boh! What a lot of words at one time!" Jim rolled his eyes at her. "Baa-lambs and moo-cows?"

"No, everything. I'll draw all of you when you're gone, and your horses and the tent, and that one"—she pointed to me—"with no clothes on in the creck. I looked at her where she couldn't see me from."

"Thanks very much. How ripping of you," said Jim. "Where's Dad?"

The kid pouted. "I won't tell you because I don't like yer face!" She started operations on the other ear.

"Here," I said. "Take the basket, get along home and tell the other man supper's ready."

"I don't want to."

"I'll give you a box on the ear if you don't," said Jim, savagely.

"Hie! I'll tell Mumma. I'll tell Mumma." The kid fled.

We ate until we were full, and had arrived at the smoke stage before Jo came back, very flushed and jaunty, a whisky bottle in his hand.

"'Ave a drink—you two!" he shouted, carrying off matters with a high hand. "'Ere, shove along the cups."

"One hundred and twenty-five different ways," I murmured to Jim.



"What's that? Oh! stow it!" said Jo. "Why 'ave you always got your knife into me? You gas like a kid at a Sunday School beano. She wants us to go up there tonight, and have a comfortable chat. I"—he waved his hand airily—"I got 'er round."

"Trust you for that," laughed Jim. "But did she tell you where the old man's got to?"

Jo looked up. "Shearing! You 'eard 'er, you fool!"

The woman had fixed up the room, even to a light bouquet of sweet williams on the table. She and I sat one side of the table, Jo and Jim the other. An oil lamp was set between us, the whisky bottle and glasses, and a jug of water. The kid knelt against one of the forms, drawing on butter paper; I wondered, grimly, if she was attempting the creek episode. But Jo had been right about nighttime. The woman's hair was tumbled—two red spots burned in her cheeks—her eyes shone—and we knew that they were kissing feet under the table. She had changed the blue pinafore for a white calico dressing jacket and a black skirt—the kid was decorated to the extent of a blue sateen hair ribbon. In the stifling room, with the flies buzzing against the ceiling and dropping on to the table, we got slowly drunk.

"Now listen to me," shouted the woman, banging her fist on the table. "It's six years since I was married, and four miscarriages. I says to 'im, I says, what do you think I'm doin' up 'ere? If you was back at the coast, I'd 'ave you lynched for child murder. Over and over I tells 'im—you've broken my spirit and spoiled my looks, and wot for—that's wot I'm driving at." She clutched her head with her hands and stared round at us. Speaking rapidly, "Oh, some days—an' months of them—I 'ear them two words knockin' inside me all the time—'Wot for!' but sometimes I'll be cooking the spuds an' I lifts the lid off to give 'em a prong and I 'ears, quite suddin again, 'Wot for!' Oh! I don't mean only the spuds and the kid—I mean—I mean," she hiccoughed—"you know what I mean, Mr. Jo."

"I know," said Jo, scratching his head.

"Trouble with me is," she leaned across the table, "he left me too much alone. When the coach stopped coming, sometimes he'd go away days, sometimes he'd go away weeks, and leave me ter look after the store. Back 'e'd come—pleased as Punch. 'Oh, 'allo,' 'e'd say. 'Ow are you gettin' on. Come and give us a kiss.' Sometimes I'd turn a bit nasty, and then 'e'd go off again, and if I took it all right, 'e'd wait till 'e could twist me round 'is finger, then 'e'd say, 'Well,

so long, I'm off,' and do you think I could keep 'im?—not me!"

"Mumma," bleated the kid, "I made a picture of them on the 'ill, an' you an' me, an' the dog down below."

"Shut your mouth!" said the woman.

A vivid flash of lightning played over the room—we heard the mutter of thunder.

"Good thing that's broke loose," said Jo. "I've 'ad it in me 'ead for three days."

"Where's your old man now?" asked Jim, slowly.

The woman blubbered and dropped her head on to the table. "Jim, 'e's gone shearin' and left me alone again," she wailed.

"'Ere, look out for the glasses," said Jo. "Cheer-o, 'ave another drop. No good cryin' over spilt 'usbands! You Jim, you blasted cuckoo!"

"Mr. Jo," said the woman, drying her eyes on her jacket frill, "you're a gent, an' if I was a secret woman, I'd place any confidence in your 'ands. I don't mind if I do 'ave a glass on that."

Every moment the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder sounded nearer. Jim and I were silent—the kid never moved from her bench. She poked her tongue out and blew on her paper as she drew.

"It's the loneliness," said the woman, addressing Jo—he made shecp's eyes at her—"and bein' shut up 'ere like a broody 'en." He reached his hand across the table and held hers, and though the position looked most uncomfortable when they wanted to pass the water and whisky, their hands stuck together as though glued. I pushed back my chair and went over to the kid, who immediately sat flat down on her artistic achievements and made a face at me.

"You're not to look," said she.

"Oh, come on, don't be nasty!" Jim came over to us, and we were just drunk enough to wheedle the kid into showing us. And those drawings of hers were extraordinary and repulsively vulgar. The creations of a lunatic with a lunatic's cleverness. There was no doubt about it, the kid's mind was diseased. While she showed them to us, she worked herself up into a mad excitement, laughing and trembling, and shooting out her arms.

"Mumma," she yelled. "Now I'm going to draw them what you told me I never was to—now I am."

The woman rushed from the table and beat the child's head with the flat of her hand.

"I'll smack you with yer clothes turned up if yer dare say that again," she bawled.

Jo was too drunk to notice, but Jim caught her by the arm. The kid did not utter a cry. She drifted over to the window and began picking flies from the treacle paper.

We returned to the table—Jim and I sitting one side, the woman and Jo, touching shoulders, the other. We listened to the thunder, saying stupidly, "That was a near one," "There it goes again," and Jo, at a heavy hit, "Now we're off," "Steady on the brake," until rain began to fall, sharp as cannon shot on the iron roof.

"You'd better doss here for the night," said the woman.

"That's right," assented Jo, evidently in the know about this move.

"Bring up yer things from the tent. You two can doss in the store along with the kid—she's used to sleep in there and won't mind you."

"Oh Mumma, I never did," interrupted the kid.

"Shut yer lies! An' Mr. Jo can 'ave this room."

It sounded a ridiculous arrangement, but it was useless to attempt to cross them, they were too far gone. While the woman sketched the plan of action, Jo sat, abnormally solemn and red, his eyes bulging, and pulling at his moustache.

"Give us a lantern," said Jim, "I'll go down to the paddock." We two went together. Rain whipped in our faces, the land was light as though a bush fire was raging. We behaved like two children let loose in the thick of an adventure, laughed and shouted to each other, and came back to the whare to find the kid already bedded in the counter of the store. The woman brought us a lamp. Jo took his bundle from Jim, the door was shut.

"Good night all," shouted Jo.

Jim and I sat on two sacks of potatoes. For the life of us we could not stop laughing. Strings of onions and half-hams dangled from the ceiling—wherever we looked there were advertisements for "Camp Coffee" and tinned meats. We pointed at them, tried to read them aloud—overcome with laughter and hiccoughs. The kid in the counter stared at us. She threw off her blanket and scrambled to the floor, where she stood in her grey flannel nightgown, rubbing one leg against the other. We paid no attention to her.

"Wot are you laughing at?" she said, uneasily.

"You!" shouted Jim. "The red tribe of you, my child."

She flew into a rage and beat herself with her hands. "I won't be laughed at, you curs—you." He swooped down upon the child and swung her on to the counter.

"Go to sleep, Miss Smarty—or make a drawing—here's a pencil—you can use Mumma's account book."

Through the rain we heard Jo creak over the boarding of the next room—the sound of a door being opened—then shut to.

"It's the loneliness," whispered Jim.

"One hundred and twenty-five different ways—alas! my poor brother!"

The kid tore out a page and flung it at me.

"There you are," she said. "Now I done it ter spite Mumma for shutting me up 'ere with you two. I done the one she told me I never ought to. I done the one she told me she'd shoot me if I did. Don't care! Don't care!"

The kid had drawn the picture of the woman shooting at a man with a rook rifle and then digging a hole to bury him in.

She jumped off the counter and squirmed about on the floor biting her nails.

Jim and I sat till dawn with the drawing beside us. The rain ceased, the little kid fell asleep, breathing loudly. We got up, stole out of the whare, down into the paddock. White clouds floated over a pink sky—a chill wind blew; the air smelled of wet grass. Just as we swung into the saddle Jo came out of the whare—he motioned to us to ride on.

"I'll pick you up later," he shouted.

A bend in the road, and the whole place disappeared.



## **The Happiest Dog in the North Island**

*By* **SIDNEY HARTLEY JENKINSON**. A bachelor of science from the New Zealand University College of Canterbury, Jenkinson is best known as an engineer. He had extensive experience in the iron and steel works of the United States, and is remembered for his designs of locomotive engines. Broadly interested in science and author of a number of technical papers, he contributed a volume on New Zealanders and Science to the Centennial Survey series. He is now living in retirement as a fruit farmer. The following brief story is an excellent example of the "tall tale" in a New Zealand setting.

**R**ECENTLY while out on a tramp through the bush, I discovered him. Hearing a dog give a short, sharp bark, as it were of mortal agony, I rushed along the narrow path with thoughts of wild pig, taniwhas, taipos, and all the powers of darkness. Soon I came out into a clearing, and there, wagging his tail in absolute contentment, was the happiest dog in the North Island.

This dog had his kennel under the Rangiora, but in front the ground sloped away to a deep valley, across which the forest began again in one regular, unbroken line of mournful-looking rimu trees. The dog's bark was still being echoed back and forth across the valley in sounds as loud and clear as the ear-piercing yell that gave them birth, while the author of all this horrible iteration stood gleefully, contemplating the success of his efforts. Then I understood the secret of that dog's happiness: he could keep half a countryside awake without straining a single muscle of his throat.

Soon a man came out of a house that lay a couple of rods away, but on a much lower level, and called out something—I had not the slightest chance of catching what, owing to the mighty uproar that seemed to fill all nature. However, I scrambled down to him, and as I descended a curious thing happened, the sounds grew quickly fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether as I approached the man.

I remarked: "Well, that was not a bad echo while it lasted."

"While it lasted!" said the man. "Why the dam thing's going yet, and will go till he stops it."

Then he explained.

It appeared that the dog had been tied up at that spot when he was little more than a pup, to watch over the building material for the house, and had discovered the marvellous properties of the echo.

At first the house was built near the dog's kennel and in the track of that echo; for a long time it had not given them much trouble,

Reprinted by permission of the editor from *New Zealand Short Stories*, edited by O. N. Gillespie (London, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1930).

because the dog used to destroy the echo by aimlessly barking back at it. After a while, however, the dog learned to control the echo, and from that moment nothing human could live near the kennel.

So the man had to move the house to its present site, where it would be all right, he said, so long as the dog did not find out that the house was out of the track of the echo.

He told me that he often went out and swore, and threw stones at the dog, while the echo was on, in order to deceive the animal into thinking that the echo annoyed him; for he was certain that if the dog found out that no one but himself heard the echo, he would manage somehow to change its direction.

I asked him why he did not shift the dog instead of the house, but he said the dog was up to the trick, and, as soon as anyone came near him, he would start the echo, and no one dared to move the dog while the echo was loose on the premises. The dog himself, he said, would stop the echo, when he got tired of the row, by barking back at it; and he was so expert at choosing the right time to bark that he seldom failed to stop it at the first attempt. But the man feared that, as the dog was old, he would die while the echo was in progress and leave that fearful siren song as a legacy to all eternity. Also he did not dare to shoot or poison the dog while the echo was quiet, lest the animal should give one last dying yell that would live through the ages.

The man was not sure that the echo would last for ever, but he did know that once, when they gave the dog boiled meat for dinner (the dog liked all meat raw or roasted), the dog had let the echo go on for seven days, and then only stopped it because they gave him raw haunch of venison, which he was very fond of. At the end of the seven days the echo was as vigorous as at the start.

The only possible road to the man's house and farm passed the kennel, and while the echo was on, he said, no horse or cow could be made to face it.

They had tried every means to stop the echo, and had concluded that nothing short of filling the whole valley with concrete would quiet it. This would be very costly, the man said; besides, it would do away with his farm altogether, as he thought nothing would grow under three hundred feet of solid mortar. But if the dog died while the echo was on, he reckoned that was what they would have to do. Possibly they could chip the concrete out again before it got thoroughly set.



At that point in our conversation the dog was heard to bark again, and the man said it would be better for me to go while things were quiet up at the kennel, as the bark we had just heard would stop the echo.

He told me to sneak up as quickly as I could, and if I reached the kennel before the dog barked again, I should try to grab him by the throat. And he offered, if I got the dog off the premises, alive or dead, without leaving an echo, to give me one thousand pounds; but he warned me that I must not, on any account, kill the dog while the echo was on.

However, the dog barked as soon as I started to climb the hill, and, as I passed, the innocent creature was wagging his tail in the midst of the wildest concatenation of hideous sounds my ear ever listened to.

It struck me as pathetic that the dog should be deriving so much enjoyment from the delusion that the echo was heard as far as his bark; but for all that I feel justified in styling him the happiest dog in the North Island.

■

## **The Thirsty Land**

By "ROBIN HYDE" [Iris Guiner Wilkinson], 1906-1939. Born in South Africa, Miss Wilkinson, better known by her pseudonym, came to New Zealand as an infant, and attended Bechampore School, Wellington, and Wellington Girls' College. As a result of a permanent injury which kept her at home, she became a free-lance writer. Her work appeared in various Australian and New Zealand publications. Her novels include *Passport to Hell* (1936), *Check to Your King* (1936), *Wednesday's Children* (1936), *Nor the Years Condemn* (1938), and *The Godwits Fly* (1938). Her volumes of verse are *The Desolate Star* (1934), *The Conquerors* (1935), and *Persephone in Winter* (1937). A book about her experiences in China during the undeclared war with Japan, *The Dragon Rampant* (1939), was in press when she died in London as a consequence of hardships suffered during that war. "The Thirsty Land," her best known poem, is a modern piece descriptive of New Zealand.

## *The Thirsty Land*

Sharpset the tide runs up the swiftly flowing  
Sea-flags are tossed past rampart sand and stone  
Where ancient sun-bleached vessels parch, forgetting  
Their wasted wooden sinews, crackled bone,  
Argos once more at sunset. White birds scream,  
Soften the skies, where noon's fierce smithies shone;  
The lion dunes shake out their manes: for ever  
Darkness and wave gleam on.

O sick of swollen heat, craving the cup,  
Things on that shore gasp seawards, and renew:  
Rockpool anemones flush like Tyre, the soiled  
Vain jellies split on sand fringe white and blue:  
Old blistering roots are slaked, the salt drink wakens  
White boats to bubbling talk: veins filled with foam  
The blackened seaweeds, swelling green or brown,  
Sway out, reach glistening home.

Now the cool stars display; the murmuring nets  
Round out moist nets, the sea-pods burst like grapes;  
Street-withered people linger at the edge,  
Shadows of things are lovelier than their shapes.  
Sands underfoot are chill, fishermen hear  
Lost bells, the drowned Atlantean ringing;  
A needled silver pricks and cures the heart—  
And sound of oars, and singing.

But pausing not, the lambent waves melt on  
Past where the Penguin sank; a maned host flows

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *A Book of New Zealand Verse*  
(Christchurch, N.Z., The Caxton Press, 1945).

Cook Straits to Tory Channel, where the great  
Barnacle-bellied sea beasts come and go.  
They lap the broad-bulked whaling-ships, they pass  
Remembered peach-tree islets, where one light  
Splinters by broken jetty; where one house  
Heaps driftwood for the night.

Southward to gleam, where handful puffs of gulls  
Drift on green galleon waves, and fern plumes nod;  
Past Reefton's line of surf, Lyttelton lights,  
Lake-locked Manapouri, half untrod.  
Where stars smite mailed like fists, through dangerous reefways  
Sealers and men grown old in wandering teach:  
Wild fuchsias' falling crimson dyes the channels,  
Ambergris rolls on Hellfire Beach.

Mine I remember, in the thirsty land  
Whose bones gape through her skin, pain through her soul;  
Her wells dry, the unharvested corn leans pale . . .  
The tides run up, they lap the southern Pole.  
Blue-green that ice: and this land burning hot  
With fevers. Withering hangs her misty glow.  
Abundant wings are black about the breasts  
Of dead I loved, and could not know.

Give me your cold: waves from my hands to flow—  
In the hot deathly nights, you save me so.



## **The Whare**

By DOUGLAS (ALEXANDER) STEWART, 1913- . Born at Eltham, New Zealand, and educated at Victoria University College, Stewart went through the journalistic mill on several New Zealand and Australian newspapers. He has edited the famous "Red Page" of the Sydney Bulletin. Aside from plays and poems, he has published *Green Lions* (1936), *The White Cry* (1938), and *The Girl with the Red Hair* (1944). "The Whare" is a story showing the strong appeal that native life sometimes has for an adventurous sort of "pakeha," or white man.

IT WAS six months since those fleas had tasted anything but Maori. They leapt at a white skin like a shoal of herrings at a loaf of bread. They came from the dust under the raupo mats and they were there in millions. Every ten minutes or so when the irritation became unendurable, you could roll up your trousers and scrape them off like sand or bid-a-bid seeds. But attacking them was a waste of time, and unless a particularly savage pang forced you into action, you just sat and let yourself be devoured.

The old chief and his wife, with their hard, leathery skins, hardly seemed to notice them. Sometimes when the woman saw that I was in trouble she would say "Ah! You got te flea, eh!" and she would promise to boil a kerosene tin of water, shift the mats, and scald the brutes to death. "T'ose flea! We boil 'em, t'at te way to fix 'em!" If the chief on some rare occasion, sitting by the open fire in the whare at night, felt a pinprick through his hide, he said "Flea! Bitem!" in a tone of pleased discovery. He took a pride in his fleas. Their presence cheered him, their habits interested him, and their prowess delighted him. They were his *lares et penates*, or the flocks and herds of a patriarch.

Maybe I exaggerate the importance of the fleas. In the long run, for there were processes of the mind more powerful than those ridiculous irritations of the flesh, I should probably have come to the same decision without their prompting. But I don't want memory, always a romantic, to sentimentalize them out of existence. They did force a decision.

I drifted into the Maori settlement with the greatest simplicity. I was trudging along the road in the sunny midday, heading north, when a tall native, riding bareback on an old grey mare, came cantering up the road behind me. He stopped short beside me, the mare grunting with relief and indignation, and said, "You've got a

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Coast to Coast: Australian Stories, 1943*, selected by Frank Dalby Davison (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, Ltd., 1945).

heavy swag, Jack. Carry it for you?"

The morning seemed sunnier after that. It was good to be able to walk freely. The road wound along a ridge from which the ragged country, broken into gullies and patchworked with leaden tea-tree and an occasional acre of ploughed land or yellowish grass, fell with the slow sweep of a glacier into the shallow harbor of Kaipara. The water, so far away, had lost its quick sparkle and become some new element more like metal, a sheet of silvery tinfoil among the gigantic hills. It was hard, desolate country, but it couldn't depress you when the sun was shining on the red-clay cuttings and the mare's hooves were clip-clopping on the stones, and you had nothing to do but walk along the road and look at things.

The Maori, who seemed about thirty-five years old, was slim and somber. He spoke little, and appeared to be turning something over in his mind. At last he said, "My father will give you some lunch."

I said "Good" and then wished I hadn't, for the monosyllable might have sounded like pidgin English, and his own was perfect. He had probably been to one of the Maori colleges and then, as most of his people do, come back to the pa.

We plodded on until we caught sight of a tumble-down whare standing among the rushes of an upland swamp on a plateau above the harbor. "That's my place," said the horseman. "You can sleep there if you like—have a rest for a day or two. I don't live there now."

"It's pretty rough," he added.

He wasn't very enthusiastic. Afterwards I found out that various swaggies in the past had abused the hospitality of the little tribe, and I came to the conclusion that the young Maori resented it and that, although the tradition of welcome to the stranger was too strong for him to break, maybe his children would rebel against it.

The whare, like all deserted houses, was dirty and forlorn. The broken iron bedstead, the torn mats, the cooking-pot lying on its side in the dust, the rain-sodden, long-dead ashes, the cobwebs and the rat-droppings—they were the apparatus of ghosts. Behind the building was the Maoris' inevitable totem—a broken-down limousine, rusting into the grass. The Maori dropped my swag and we went back to the road and up to the settlement on the hillside.

Half a dozen Maoris, squatting on the grass outside one of the whares, stared at us in good-humored curiosity. They were all eating and drinking. One of the young fellows said something in Maori to a squat, dumpy girl, and she laughed. They went on eating.



The Maori took me to the whare door and introduced me to his father and mother, chief and chieftainess of the settlement. The woman, bent and skinny and weather-beaten like a twist of withered grass, smiled a welcome. From her beaked nose her face fell away in a landslide of wrinkles to a toothless mouth, achieving some dignity again in a firm, tattooed chin. The old man had the stamp of aristocracy both in manners and features. His hair and mustache were grey, his brown eyes clear, his cheeks smooth. But for his coloring and his thick lower lip he could have passed for a European. "Eh, Jack," he said, "you come a long way?"

"From Taranaki," I told him.

"Eh, Tara-naki," he drawled in soft amazement, as if I had come from the moon. His geography was vague. He had been to Auckland, though. He and the old woman had stayed with relations in the city—probably at that squalid settlement by the blue harbor—for several months, and then come back to the *kumara* patch and the whare. I imagined them laboring along Queen Street, staring in wonder and delight at the shops and the traffic. It would be like a visit to a foreign country.

The woman came out of the darkness of the whare with a mug of tea and a plate piled with pipis and something which looked like green string and which I was told was boiled watercress.

"You like te pipi?"

"Kapai!"

"Kapai!" She laughed. There was no fear of insulting her by using pidgin English. Her pakeha vocabulary was small, and you had to speak simply and slowly to make her understand. She treated the barrier of tongues as a joke, laughing with pleasure when she could comprehend and with amusement when she couldn't. Her conversation was full of expressive "what-you-callums."

Some sort of council of war, which I sensed concerned me, went on while I was negotiating the shellfish and the boiled watercress (which tasted like barbed wire), and when it was over the young Maori went off on the mare and the old man said, "You stay wit' me, eh, Jack? 'Tat other place no good. You stay here wit' me. The missus make you a bed in te wharepuni."

That was better. The deserted whare would have given you the horrors. Only I had yet to meet the fleas.

That first night, sitting around the fire with the two old Maoris, found everything, even the fleas, strange and exhilarating. It was

an open fire built on the dust in a sort of alcove at one end of the whare, and the smoke, guided by the corrugated iron walls of the alcove, found an uncertain track to a hole in the roof. Strips of shark meat and bunches of reddish corn cobs hung on the walls, drying in the heat and collecting the savor of smoke and smuts. The firelight danced across the room, coloring the far wall and giving a touch of mystery to the Maoris' sleeping place—a continuation of the main room, screened by a wall of mats. The narrow entrance and the black interior made it look like a cave. The room where we sat was full of moving shadows, with high lights glowing on the bare table and the wooden form beside it, and gleaming on a shelf of chipped crockery. Near the fire stood a kerosene tin of pipis. A big enamel teapot rested at the edge of the embers and an iron kettle swung over the flames.

We drank many cups of tea, ate pipis and smoked. The teapot, steaming by the fire day after day, was never emptied. When the black juice ran low, the old man would throw in a handful of tea leaves and pour in boiling water.

The woman, washing dishes, mixing a damper or peeling *kumaras*, was always busy in a leisurely, mechanical way. Sometimes, in a cracked voice, she sang a fragment of a Maori song. I asked her to sing the cradle song "Hine e Hine" for me, and she was pleased, and sang the sweet air through. But she sang very badly. I talked to her about bird-voiced Ana Ilato at Rotorua. She made a show of interest, but it was only her politeness. She wanted to peel the *kumaras* and sing to herself in her cracked voice and not to talk. I remembered the grey Tuwehirangi at Manutahi, reputed to be a hundred and fifteen years old, who would simply walk away when a white man talked to her. She wasn't interested. The old Maori women like to gossip with each other.

The old man, brightening at the mention of Rotorua, told me he had a cousin there. It was a peg to hang a conversation on, but the conversation wouldn't follow. There was no common ground on which we could meet and, worse, no common background where the pakeha's way of thought could have commerce with the Maori's. Instead of asking him about the ancient legends of his race, I fell back on the fleas. We had them in common, anyhow.

When it came to suppertime, he said, "You rest tomorrow, Jack. You done up. You don't do anyt'ing tomorrow and t'en we see. Maybe you stay wit' us for a while."

He'd already begun to say that word "Jack" in a different tone. At first, especially with the young Maori, it was the familiar, faintly contemptuous nickname that would be fastened on a stray dog and a swaggie alike, and I had been inclined to resent it. Now it had become my name, not my nickname.

He led me over to the meetinghouse, a long, low, gusty barn of a building where the old woman, by piling mats on an iron bedstead, had made me a sleeping-place. A cloud of sparrows stormed from the rafters, chirping in alarm. When the old man had gone, I lifted one of the mats and saw that here, too, the livestock abounded. There was nothing to be done about it; I lay down on the mats. Rats began to squeak and rustle and thump about the floor, and cautiously in twos and threes the sparrows came back.

Tired, and feeling security in the roof and the bed despite the rats and sparrows, I slept that night.

The next night was harder. I felt a bit foolish and out of place to be living with the Maoris, and lay awake thinking things over. My bloodthirsty bedfellows made sleep impossible. In the early hours of the morning I put on an overcoat and sat out on the hillside, looking at the harbor and waiting for daylight. The landscape had the dramatic, electric stillness of night, as if the hills as well as the sweet-scented moonlit tea-tree, stretching for miles, had awakened into some secret life quite different from their torpor in the daylight. The harbor, too, was brighter by moonlight than sunlight, a wash of pure silver around the dark bases of the ranges. A faint rushing sound might have been air dragging across the valleys, or the waves breaking on the coast, a long way off. I thought of Auckland asleep, and the two old Maoris asleep on the mats in the cubbyhole at the end of their whare, so remote from the city, lapped in this tranquillity, as self-sufficient as the fallow deer on the ridges beyond Wanganui or the wild drake and his mate that nested on the cliff above the Waingongora at home.

I had loafed all day. The old man disappeared and came back in the evening and gave me a tin of tobacco he had bought for me at the store. I didn't want to take it, but couldn't refuse for fear of offending him. In the whare at night, breaking one of his long silences, he told me about the white woman—God knows who she was, and how poverty-stricken or how mad she was to be tramping the lonely road through the tea-tree—who had stayed at the pa all through the spring; and about a white man who had stayed for six

months and then slipped away in the night, stealing their blankets and an axe.

"He need 'em, or else he wouldn't take 'em," the Maori woman said.

"Aye, t'at orright," the old man agreed. "If he want 'em he can have 'em. He can come back again if he want to, t'at one."

I began to understand something of Maori hospitality and of their outlook on life, simple but realistic, tolerant but not sentimental. It arose partly from the fact that understanding was easier than anger. They were happy and didn't want their happiness to be disturbed by the feeling that they had been let down.

It became obvious that they were expecting me to stay for a long time. They were hinting at that by telling me about the others. I had a notion they liked having a pet white man about the place. It satisfied their religious instincts in a way, as well as their good nature. You were at once a homeless dog to be comforted, a fabulous animal to wonder at, and a god to be propitiated. Owning you enhanced the chief's prestige in the pa, and gave the old couple something different to do, something different to talk about.

There was no effort of adjustment needed to settle into the life. You ate and slept and scratched and from time to time said something, not so much for its meaning, but as a token of friendship. You said something to the old woman, or she said something to you, in the comradely way you'd talk to a dog you were fond of. The response was the same—a tail wagged in the mind.

On the second day I helped the tribe to store the *kumaras* for the winter. They gave me a black stallion to ride—not, unfortunately, a great proud snorting beast with a fiery eye and a flowing mane, but a typical product of Maori horse-breeding, a dusty, ragged, somnambulist runt—and I made repeated trips from the whare to the field across the road where the women were digging the earthy, red-purple sweet potatoes. Taking their time about it, grubbing in the earth with their hands, they'd fill a sack and lift it up to me while I sat on the stallion. They cracked jokes to each other in Maori and laughed a lot.

The men had dug a pit at the back of the whare, lined with fern leaves. They tipped the *kumaras* into the pit and, when there was a fair-sized mound, laid more fern leaves around the sides and on top, then covered the pile with clay. It was easy work, very pleasant in the light May sunshine. The men smoked and lazed between trips. Nobody hurried. The little stallion was the only one tired enough to

feel relieved when I brought the last load home in the dark and sent him off into the tea-tree with a smack on the rump.

Both the Maoris were sympathetic about the fleas that night. They would "get te boiling water and kill 'em all for sure" one day—tomorrow. It wouldn't be long till the frosts came, and they weren't so bad then.

The futile promises were a bit irritating; the fleas were maddening. I'd get up and stamp about the room for relief, then sit down beside the old man and stare at the fire again. When the fleas had drunk their fill and were sleeping it off, there was something curiously attractive about the whare, especially one night when it rained and the big drops fell hissing into the fire. You thought of those miles of lonely wet hills, and it was good to be indoors. We sat for hours, it seemed, without talking, listening to the rain hammering on the iron roof. It drove us closer together, wove us into a primitive human companionship—three against the storm. I imagined the old couple sitting together by the fire year after year, and saw myself with them, staring at the flames interminably, not talking and not thinking, sunk in a dark tide of physical sympathy, with somewhere in the chasms of the mind a vague sadness. There was a touch of nightmare about the vision and afterwards it haunted me.

That wet night the woman, grinning, asked me, "You got a girl, eh? You sad. You got a girl somewhere, a long way away? You leave te girl behind and forget her now?"

"Yes," I told her. "I've got a girl. She's a long way away."

"Maybe you get te Maori girl, he? How you like te Maori wife?"

Then she told me there was to be a dance at the meetinghouse on the Saturday. "You meet te nice girl at te dance. Plenty wahine!"

When I was alone with the rats and sparrows, with the feeble light of the candle emphasizing the cavernous gloom of the wharepuni, I began to see that the woman had been testing me out. The old man that day had bought me another tin of tobacco and broached a great scheme whereby we were going to earn twelve pounds between us cutting rushes for a pakeha farmer down the road. Before the job started, we were to go down to the harbor and get in a store of pipis from the mudflats. He was including me in all his plans as a matter of course. I had come to stay.

"You not want to go, eh? You stay here as long as you like. You stay wit' us."

"You not want to go away."

I didn't work the next day. I felt restless and went for a walk along the road. A farmer—perhaps the one for whom we were to cut the rushes—saw me leaning over a bridge and had a yarn. He said if I registered as unemployed he'd give me a job, with five bob a week added to the government subsidy. I told him I'd think it over.

I was thinking everything over, and thinking with a queer urgency, almost panic, in the whare that night.

"Tomorrow we get te pipi."

"We cut te rushes, contrac' for a fortnight; make twelve poun'."

"Plenty nice Maori girl come on Saturday."

"You not want to go away."

Well, it would be interesting getting the pipis. I'd often watched the Maoris wading in shallow waters and reaching into the blue mud for the shellfish, and it would be good to help them. I wouldn't mind rush-cutting, either. That would be something new and it ought to be as pleasant as scything a ragwort at Whangamomona. As for a Maori girl—the ukuleles and steel guitars and the rattletrap piano all going like mad and the young bucks shouting the choruses—the way I'd often seen them—good!

Or would it be? Wouldn't you be isolated, mooching about on your own between dances, a stranger at the party? Maybe they'd be a bit antagonistic; certainly they'd be curious. Even if they gave you a good time and you joined in the singing, you'd be acting a part. You didn't belong.

"How you like te Maori wife, he, Jack?"

I looked at the old couple, nodding by the fire, the light on their dark faces. What did I really know about them? What went on in those secretive Maori minds? They weren't animals. They had their own thoughts, based on a conception of life beyond my understanding. What possible communion could there be between the white man and the native? The memory of that deep, mindless sympathy when we sat quietly by the fire on the wet night was uncannily disturbing, horrible. The friendly little whare was a prison.

"T'at flea! Tomorrow I kill te lot of 'em."

When I went to bed, they bit like devils. It was going to be a long, restless night. I thought of the Maoris' incredible kindness. What lovable people they were! But I saw how their generosity was binding me to them. "Tomorrow we get te pipis." "Next week we cut te rushes." Next month, next year . . .

After a while I climbed out of bed and wrote a note. "Thank you

for being so good to me. I hope I can repay you some day. I'm sorry to go away like this without saying good-bye. I hope you'll understand; it's just that I have to be moving on. Don't think I'm not grateful. Jack."

Feeling as guilty as if I'd been the swaggie who stole the blankets. I packed my swag and crept out of the whare. There was a full moon, and the old mysterious enchantment in the vast hills and tea-trees. Along the ridge above the glitter of the harbor, the road was white. I could have shouted for joy at the way it ran over the rise and disappeared into the country I'd never seen.

I walked hard all night, half-expecting to see the young Maori come galloping after me on the indignant grey mare and force me to go back to the pa for fear of hurting his feelings.

## The Unhistoric Story

By ALLEN CURNOW. This selection by Curnow, like his poem "Discovery," reveals him as among the best of the younger New Zealand poets. "The Unhistoric Story" gives his version of the history of his island birthplace, the "Little Britain" of the South Seas.

### *The Unhistoric Story*

Whaling for continents suspected deep in the south  
The Dutchmen envied the unknown, drew bold  
Images of marketplace, populous rivermouth,  
The Land of Beach ignorant of the value of gold.  
    Morning in Murderers' Bay,  
    Blood drifted away.  
    It was something different, something  
    Nobody counted on.

Spider, clever and fragile, Cook showed how  
To spring a trap for islands, turning from planets  
His measuring mission, showed what the musket could do,  
Made his Christmas goose of the wild gannets;  
    Still as the collier steered  
    No continent appeared;  
    It was something different, something  
    Nobody counted on.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *A Book of New Zealand Verse* (Christchurch, N.Z., The Caxton Press, 1945).



The roving tentacles rested, touched, clutched  
Substantial earth, that is, accustomed haven  
For the hungry whaler. Some inland, some hunched  
Rudely in bays, the shaggy foreshore shaven,  
    Lusted, preached as they knew,  
    But as the children grew  
    It was something different, something  
    Nobody counted on.

Green slashed with flags, pipeclay and boots in the bush,  
Christ in canoes and the musketed Maori boast;  
All a rubble-rattle at Time's glacial push:  
Vogel and Seddon howling empire from an empty coast  
    A vast ocean laughter  
    Echoed unheard, and after  
    All it was different, something  
    Nobody counted on.

The pilgrim dream pricked by a cold dawn died  
Among the chemical farmers, the fresh towns; among  
Miners, not husbandmen, who piercing the side  
Let the land's life, found like all who had so long  
    Bloodily or tenderly striven  
    To rearrange the given  
    It was something different, something  
    Nobody counted on.

After all re-ordering of old elements  
Time trips up all but the humblest of heart  
Stumbling after the fire, not in the smoke of events;  
For many are called, but many are left at the start,  
    And whatever islands may be  
    Under or over the sea,  
    It is something different, something  
    Nobody counted on.

**V: AUSTRALIA**





Anama Eller

## The Natives of New Holland

By WILLIAM DAMPIER, 1652–1715. Dampier, English buccaneer and circumnavigator, was born at East Coker, Somerset, and before the age of twenty voyaged as a merchant seaman and fought in the Royal Navy. Emigrating to Jamaica, he was attracted to the life of the buccaneer, and with a band of freebooters crossed the Isthmus of Darien (1679) and plundered the Peruvian coast. Later he joined in piratical forays along the shores of Chile, Peru, and Mexico. When the crew of the *Cygnet*, a small old sailing vessel, failed to meet with the Manila galleon off the Mexican coast, they decided to seek fortune in the East Indies and the Philippines. Here the crew mutinied against Captain Swan, their leader, and putting him ashore drove south to explore New Holland, as Australia was then called. They landed about latitude  $16^{\circ} 50'$  on January 4, 1688, and spent two months in the region now called Dampier Land, of whose aboriginal inhabitants Dampier gave the memorable description here printed. Later, Dampier was marooned at his own request in the Nicobar Islands and after three years of adventure made his way back to England. As a result of the publication of his *New Voyage Round the World* (1697) and *Voyages and Descriptions* (1699), he obtained the reputation of an explorer, and in 1699 he was sent out by the Admiralty in the *Roebeck* on a voyage of discovery along the coasts of Australia, New Guinea, and New Britain. His second circumnavigation of the globe, during which he gave his name to Dampier Archipelago and Dampier Strait, was described in his *Voyage to New Holland* (1703 and 1709). Later he commanded an unsuccessful privateering expedition to the South Seas (1703–1707) and made a fabulous profit as pilot under Captain Woodes Rogers on another expedition (1708–1711) which rescued from an uninhabited Pacific island the sailor Alexander Selkirk, prototype of Robinson Crusoe. Dampier should be remembered as the pioneer of British exploration in the South Seas almost a century before Cook.

NEW HOLLAND is a very large tract of land. It is not yet determined whether it is an island or a main continent; but I am certain that it joins neither to Asia, Africa, nor America.

This part of it that we saw is all low even land, with sandy banks against the sea, only the points are rocky, and so are some of the islands in this bay. The land is of a dry sandy soil, destitute of water, except you make wells, yet producing divers sorts of trees; but the woods are not thick, nor the trees very big. Most of the trees that we saw are dragon trees, as we supposed, and these too are the largest trees of any there. They are about the bigness of our large apple trees, and about the same height, and the rind is blackish, and somewhat rough. The leaves are of a dark color; the gum distills out of the knots or cracks that are in the bodies of the trees. We compared it with some gum dragon, or dragon's blood, that was aboard, and it was of the same color and taste. The other sorts of trees were not known by any of us. There was pretty long grass growing under the trees, but it was very thin. We saw no trees that bore fruit or berries.

We saw no sort of animal, nor any track of beast, but once, and that seemed to be the tread of a beast as big as a great mastiff dog. Here are a few small land birds, but none bigger than a blackbird, and but few sea fowls. Neither is the sea very plentifully stored with fish, unless you reckon the manatee and turtle as such. Of these creatures there is plenty, but they are extraordinary shy, though the inhabitants cannot trouble them much, having neither boats nor iron.

The inhabitants of this country are the miserablest people in the world. The Hodmadods of Monomatapa, though a nasty people, yet for wealth are gentlemen to these, who have no houses and skin garments, sheep, poultry, and fruits of the earth, ostrich eggs, etc., as the Hodmadods have. And setting aside their human shape, they differ but little from brutes. They are tall, straight-bodied, and thin, with small long limbs. They have great heads, round foreheads, and

From *New Voyage Round the World* (London, Knapton, 1697).

great brows. Their eyelids are always half closed, to keep the flies out of their eyes—they being so troublesome here that no fanning will keep them from coming to one's face, and without the assistance of both hands to keep them off, they will creep into one's nostrils, and mouth too, if the lips are not shut very close; so that from their infancy being thus annoyed with these insects, they do never open their eyes as other people, and therefore they cannot see far, unless they hold up their heads, as if they were looking at somewhat over them.

They have great bottle noses, pretty full lips, and wide mouths. The two fore-teeth of their upper jaw are wanting in all of them, men and women, old and young; whether they draw them out, I know not. Neither have they any beards. They are long visaged, and of a very unpleasant aspect, having no one graceful feature in their faces. Their hair is black, short and curled, like that of the negroes, and not long and lank like the common Indians. The color of their skins, both of their faces and the rest of their body, is coal black, like that of the negroes of Guinea.

They have no sort of clothes, but a piece of the rind of a tree tied like a girdle about their waists, and a handful of long grass, or three or four small green boughs full of leaves, thrust under their girdle, to cover their nakedness.

They have no houses, but lie in the open air, without any covering, the earth being their bed, and the heaven their canopy. Whether they cohabit one man to one woman, or promiscuously, I know not, but they do live in companies, twenty or thirty men, women, and children together.

Their only food is a small sort of fish, which they get by making weirs of stone across little coves or branches of the sea, every tide bringing in the small fish and there leaving them for a prey to these people, who constantly attend there to search for them at low water. This small fry I take to be the top of their fishery; they have no instruments to catch great fish, should they come, and such seldom stay to be left behind at low water; nor could we catch any fish with our hooks and lines all the while we lay there. In other places at low water they seek the cockles, mussels and periwinkles. Of these shell-fish there are fewer still, so that their chiefest dependence is upon what the sea leaves in their weirs, which, be it much or little, they gather up, and march to the places of their abode. There the old people that are not able to stir abroad by reason of their age, and

the tender infants, wait their return; and what Providence has bestowed on them, they presently broil on the coals, and eat it in common. Sometimes they get as many fish as makes them a plentiful banquet, and at other times they scarce get every one a taste; but be it little or much that they get, every one has his part, as well the young and tender, the old and feeble, who are not able to go abroad, as the strong and lusty. When they have eaten they lie down till the next low water, and then all that are able march out, be it night or day, rain or shine, 'tis all one; they must attend the weirs, or else they must fast. For the earth affords them no food at all. There is neither herb, root, pulse, nor any sort of grain for them to eat that we saw; not any sort of bird or beast that they can catch, having no instruments wherewithal to do so.

I did not perceive that they did worship anything. These poor creatures have a sort of weapon to defend their weir, or fight with their enemies, if they have any that will interfere with their poor fishery. They did at first endeavor with their weapons to frighten us, who, lying ashore, deterred them from one of their fishing places. Some of them had wooden swords, others had a sort of lances. The sword is a piece of wood shaped somewhat like a cutlass [probably the boomerang]. The lance is a long straight pole sharp at one end, and hardened afterwards by heat. I saw no iron, nor any other sort of metal; therefore it is probable they use stone hatchets, as some Indians in America do.

How they get their fire I know not, but probably as Indians do, out of wood. I have seen the Indians of Bon-Airy [Buenos Aires] do it, and have myself tried the experiment. They take a flat piece of wood that is pretty soft, and make a small dent in one side of it. Then they take another hard round stick, about the bigness of one's little finger, and sharpening it at one end like a pencil, they put that sharp end in the hole or dent of the flat soft piece, and then rubbing or twirling the hard piece between the palms of their hands, they drill the soft piece till it smokes, and at last takes fire.

These people speak somewhat through the throat, but we could not understand one word that they said.

We anchored, as I said before, January 5th, and seeing men walking on the shore, we presently sent a canoe to get some acquaintance with them, for we were in hopes to get some provision among them. But the inhabitants, seeing our boat coming, ran away and hid themselves. We searched afterwards three days in hopes to find their

houses, but found none; yet we saw many places where they had made fires. At last, being out of hopes to find their habitations, we searched no farther, but left a great many toys ashore, in such places where we thought that they would come. In all our search we found no water, but old wells on the sandy bays.

At last we went over to the islands, and there we found a great many of the natives; I do believe there were forty on one island, men, women, and children. The men at our first coming ashore threatened us with their lances and swords, but they were frightened by firing one gun, which we fired purposely to scare them. The island was so small that they could not hide themselves; but they were much disordered at our landing, especially the women and children, for we went directly to their camp. The lustiest of the women, snatching up their infants, ran away howling, and the little children ran after, squeaking and bawling; but the men stood still. Some of the women, and such people as could not go from us, lay still by a fire, making a doleful noise, as if we had been coming to devour them; but when they saw we did not intend to harm them, they were pretty quiet, and the rest that fled from us at our first coming returned again. This their place of dwelling was only a fire, with a few boughs before it, set up on that side the winds was of.

After we had been here a little while, the men began to be familiar, and we clothed some of them, designing to have had some service of them for it, for we found some wells of water here, and intended to carry two or three barrels of it aboard. But it being somewhat troublesome to carry to the canoes, we thought to have made these men to have carried it for us, and therefore we gave them some old clothes—to one an old pair of breeches, to another a ragged shirt, to the third a jacket that was scarce worth owning—which yet would have been very acceptable at some places where we had been, and so we thought they might have been with these people. We put them on them, thinking that this finery would have brought them to work heartily for us; and our water being filled in small long barrels, about six gallons in each, which were made purposely to carry water in, we brought these our new servants to the wells, and put a barrel on each of their shoulders for them to carry to the canoe. But all the signs we could make were to no purpose, for they stood like statues, without motion, but grinned like so many monkeys, staring one upon another; for these poor creatures seem not accustomed to carry burdens, and I believe that one of our ship-boys of



ten years old would carry as much as one of them. So we were forced to carry our water ourselves, and they very fairly put the clothes off again, and laid them down, as if clothes were only to work in. I did not perceive that they had any great liking to them at first, neither did they seem to admire anything that we had.

At another time, our canoe, being among these islands seeking for game, espied a drove of these men swimming from one island to another, for they have no boats, canoes, or bark logs. They took up four of them, and brought them aboard; two of them were middle-aged, the other two were young men about eighteen or twenty years old. To these we gave boiled rice, and with it turtle and manatee boiled. They did greedily devour what we gave them, but took no notice of the ship, or anything in it, and when they were set on land again, they ran away as fast as they could.

At our first coming, before we were acquainted with them, or they with us, a company of them who lived on the main came just against our ship, and standing on a pretty high bank threatened us with their swords and lances by shaking them at us. At last the captain ordered the drum to be beaten, which was done of a sudden with much vigor, purposely to scare the poor creatures. They, hearing the noise, ran away as fast as they could drive, and when they ran away in haste, they would cry "Gurry, gurry," speaking deep in the throat. Those inhabitants also that live on the main would always run away from us, yet we took several of them; for, as I have already observed, they had such bad eyes that they could not see us till we came close to them. We did always give them victuals, and let them go again, but the islanders, after our first time of being among them, did not stir for us.

■

## **The Discovery of the Darling River**

By **CHARLES STURT**, 1795–1869. Sturt, born in India, came to Australia in 1827 as a captain in the 39th Regiment with more taste for exploring than for routine garrison duties. In Sydney he met John Oxley, Allan Cunningham, and Hamilton Hume—pioneer discoverers who were pushing westward the knowledge of Australia's great central river system. He was delighted when Governor Darling named him to head an expedition "to determine the supposed existence of an inland sea." A blistering drought had parched the land, and when, on January 18, 1829, he discovered the broad, dry, salt-crusted river bed which he named the Darling, he was unable to conjecture where the flow might lead in seasons of plentiful rain. The problem of its course was not solved until Sturt's expedition of 1829–30 discovered its confluence with the mighty Murray River and he deduced that this was the same stream he had first found three hundred miles away. This trip opened up South Australia for colonization, with Sturt as registrar general of lands. He returned, stricken with scurvy, from a third expedition in 1846, but served as colonial secretary from 1849 to 1851, and died in England. Sturt, first to approach the burning heart of the continent, was a model explorer—intrepid, chivalrous, and able to deal with savage men without bloodshed.

MY SEARCH for water had been unsuccessful, and the sun had set, when I came upon a broad part of the creek that appeared very favorable for an encampment, as it was encompassed by high banks, and would afford the men a greater facility of watching the cattle, that I knew would stray away if they could.

My anxiety for them led me to wander down the bed of the creek, when, to my joy, I found a pond of water within a hundred yards of the tents. It is impossible for me to describe the relief I felt at this success, or the gladness it spread among the men. Mr. Hume joined me at dusk, and informed me that he had made a circuit, and had struck upon the creek about three miles below us but that, in tracing it up, he had not found a drop of water until he came to the pond near which we had so providentially encamped.

On the following morning, we held a westerly course over an open country for about eight miles and a half. The prevailing timber appeared to be a species of eucalypti, with rough bark, of small size, and evidently languishing from the want of moisture. The soil over which we travelled was far from bad, but there was a total absence of water upon it. At 6 p.m. Oxley's Table Land was distant from us about fifteen miles, bearing S 20 E by compass.

We had not touched upon the creek from the time we left it in the morning, having wandered from it in a northerly direction, along a native path that we intersected, and that seemed to have been recently trodden, since footsteps were fresh upon it. At sunset, we crossed a broad dry creek that puzzled us extremely, and were shortly afterwards obliged to stop for the night upon a plain beyond it. We had, during the afternoon, bent down to the SW in hopes that we should again have struck upon New Year's Creek; and, under an impression that we could not be far from it, Mr. Hume and I walked across the plain, to ascertain if it was sufficiently near to be of any service to us. We came upon a creek, but could not decide whether it

From *Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia* (London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1834).

was the one for which we had been searching, or another.

Its bed was so perfectly even that it was impossible to say to what point it flowed, more especially as all remains of debris had moldered away. It was, however, extremely broad, and evidently, at times, held a furious torrent. In the center of it, at one of the angles, we discovered a pole erected, and at first thought, from the manner in which it was propped up, that some unfortunate European must have placed it there as a mark to tell of his wanderings, but we afterwards concluded that it might be some superstitious rite of the natives, in consequence of the untowardness of the season, as it seemed almost inconceivable that an European could have wandered to such a distance from the located districts in safety.

The creek had flooded-gum growing upon its banks, and, on places apparently subject to flood, a number of tall straight saplings were observed by us. We returned to the camp, after a vain search for water, and were really at a loss what direction next to pursue. The men kept the cattle pretty well together and, as we were not delayed by any preparations for breakfast, they were saddled and loaded at an early hour. The circumstance of there having been natives in the neighborhood, of whom we had seen so few traces of late, assured me that water was at hand, but in what direction it was impossible to guess.

As the path we had observed was leading northerly, we took up that course, and had not proceeded more than a mile upon it, when we suddenly found ourselves on the banks of a noble river. Such it might in truth be called, where water was scarcely to be found. The party drew up upon a bank that was from forty to forty-five feet above the level of the stream. The channel of the river was from seventy to eighty yards broad, and enclosed an unbroken sheet of water, evidently very deep, and literally covered with pelicans and other wild fowl. Our surprise and delight may better be imagined than described. Our difficulties seemed to be at an end, for here was a river that promised to reward all our exertions, and which appeared every moment to increase in importance to our imagination. Coming from the NE, and flowing to the SW, it had a capacity of channel that proved that we were as far from its source as from its termination. The paths of the natives on either side of it were like well trodden roads; and the trees that overhung it were of beautiful and gigantic growth.

Its banks were too precipitous to allow of our watering the cattle,

but the men eagerly descended to quench their thirst, which a powerful sun had contributed to increase; nor shall I ever forget the cry of amazement that followed their doing so, or the looks of terror and disappointment with which they called out to inform me that the water was so salt as to be unfit to drink! This was, indeed, too true: on tasting it, I found it extremely salt, being apparently a mixture of sea and fresh water. Whence this arose, whether from local causes, or from a communication with some inland sea, I knew not, but the discovery was certainly a blow for which I was not prepared. Our hopes were annihilated at the moment of their apparent realization. The cup of joy was dashed out of our hands before we had time to raise it to our lips.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, we proceeded down the river, and halted at about five miles, being influenced by the goodness of the feed to provide for the cattle as well as circumstances would permit. They would not drink of the river water, but stood covered in it for many hours, having their noses alone exposed above the stream. Their condition gave me great uneasiness. It was evident they could not long hold out under their excessive thirst, and unless we should procure some fresh water, it would be impossible for us to continue our journey. On a closer examination, the river appeared to me much below its ordinary level, and its current was scarcely perceptible. We placed sticks to ascertain if there was a rise or fall of tide, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion, although there was undoubtedly a current in it. Yet, as I stood upon its banks at sunset, when not a breath of air existed to break the stillness of the waters below me, and saw their surface kept in constant agitation by the leaping of fish, I doubted whether the river could supply itself so abundantly, and rather imagined that it owed such abundance, which the pelicans seemed to indicate was constant, to some mediterranean sea or other. Where, however, were the human inhabitants of this distant and singular region? The signs of a numerous population were around us, but we had not seen even a solitary wanderer. The water of the river was not, by any means, so salt as that of the ocean, but its taste was precisely similar. Could it be that its unnatural state had driven its inhabitants from its banks?

One would have imagined that our perplexities would have been sufficient for one day, but ere night closed, they increased upon us, although our anxiety, with regard to the cattle, was happily removed. Mr. Hume, with his usual perseverance, walked out when the camp was formed; and, at a little distance from it, ascended a ridge of pure

sand, crowned with cypresses. From this, he descended to the westward, and, at length, struck upon the river, where a reef of rocks crossed its channel, and formed a dry passage from one side to the other; but the bend, which the river must have taken, appeared to him so singular that he doubted whether it was the same beside which we had been travelling during the day. Curiosity led him to cross it, when he found a small pond of fresh water on a tongue of land, and, immediately afterwards, returned to acquaint me with the welcome tidings. It was too late to move, but we had, at least, the prospect of a comfortable breakfast in the morning.

In consequence of the doubts that hung upon Mr. Hume's mind as to the course of the river, we arranged that the animals should precede us to the fresh water; and that we should keep close in upon the stream, to ascertain that point. After traversing a deep bight, we arrived nearly as soon as the party at the appointed rendezvous. The rocks composing the channel of the river at the crossing place were of indurated clay. In the course of an hour, the animals appearing quite refreshed, we proceeded on our journey, and at about four miles crossed New Year's Creek, at its junction with the salt river. We passed several parts of the main channel that were perfectly dry, and were altogether at a loss to account for the current we undoubtedly had observed in the river when we first came upon it. At midday D'Urban's Group bore S 65 E distant about thirty-two miles. We made a little westing in the afternoon. The river continued to maintain its character and appearance, its lofty banks, and its long still reaches: while, however, the blue-gum trees upon its banks were of magnificent size, the soil had but little vegetation upon it, although an alluvial deposit.

We passed over vast spaces covered with the *polygonum junceum*, that bore all the appearance of the flooded tracks in the neighborhood of the marshes, and on which the travelling was equally distressing to the animals. Indeed, it had been sufficiently evident to us that the waters of this river were not always confined to its channel, capacious as it was, but that they inundated a belt of barren land, that varied in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile, when they were checked by an outer embankment that prevented them from spreading generally over the country, and upon the neighboring plains. At our halting place, the cattle drank sparingly of the water, but it acted as a violent purgative both on them and the men who partook of it.

On the 5th, the river led us to the southward and westward. Early

in the day, we passed a group of seventy huts, capable of holding from twelve to fifteen men each. They appeared to be permanent habitations, and all of them fronted the same point of the compass. In searching amongst them we observed two beautifully made nets, of about ninety yards in length. The one had much larger meshes than the other, and was, most probably, intended to take kangaroos; but the other was evidently a fishing net.

In one hut, the floor of which was swept with particular care, a number of white balls, as of pulverised shells or lime, had been deposited—the use of which we could not divine. A trench was formed round the hut to prevent the rain from running under it, and the whole was arranged with more than ordinary attention.

We had not proceeded very far when we came suddenly upon the tribe to which this village, as it might be called, belonged. In breaking through some brush to an open space that was bounded on one side by the river, we observed three or four natives, seated on a bank at a considerable distance from us; and directly in the line on which we were moving. The nature of the ground so completely favored our approach that they did not become aware of it until we were within a few yards of them, and had ascended a little ridge, which, we afterwards discovered, ended in an abrupt precipice upon the river, not more than thirty yards to our right. The crack of the drayman's whip was the first thing that aroused their attention. They gazed upon us for a moment, and then started up and assumed an attitude of horror and amazement; their terror apparently increasing upon them. We stood perfectly immovable, until at length they gave a fearful yell, and darted out of sight.

Their cry brought about a dozen more natives from the river, whom we had not before observed, but who now ran after their comrades with surprising activity, and without once venturing to look behind them. As our position was a good one, we determined to remain upon it, until we should ascertain the number and disposition of the natives. We had not been long stationary when we heard a crackling noise in the distance, and it soon became evident that the bush had been fired. It was, however, impossible that we could receive any injury on the narrow ridge upon which we stood, so that we waited very patiently to see the end of this affair.

In a short time the fire approached pretty near to us, and dense columns of smoke rose into the air over our heads. One of the natives, who had been on the bank, now came out of the bush, exactly from

the spot into which he had retreated. He advanced a few paces towards us, and bending his body so that his hands rested on his knees, he fixed his gaze upon us for some time; but, seeing that we remained immovable, he began to throw himself into the most extravagant attitudes, shaking his foot from time to time. When he found that all his violence had no effect, he turned his rear to us in a most laughable manner, and absolutely groaned in spirit when he found that this last insult failed of success.

He stood perplexed and not knowing what next to do, which gave Mr. Hume an opportunity to call out to him, and with considerable address he at length got the savage to approach close up to him; Mr. Hume himself having advanced a short distance from the animals in the first instance. As soon as I thought the savage had sufficiently recovered from his alarm, I went up to him with a tomahawk, the use of which he immediately guessed. We now observed that the natives who had fled from the river had been employed in setting a net. They had placed it in a semicircle, with either end to the shore, and rude pieces of wood were attached to it to keep the upper part perpendicular. It was in fact a seine, only that the materials, with the exception of the net-work, were simpler and rougher than cork or lead, for which last we afterwards discovered stones had been substituted.

We had on this occasion a remarkable instance of the docility of the natives of the interior, or of the power they have of subduing their apprehensions: manifesting the opposite extremes of fear and confidence. These men whom we had thus surprised, and who, no doubt, imagined that we were about to destroy them, having apparently never seen nor heard of white men before, must have taken us for something preternatural; yet from the extremity of fear that had prompted them to set their woods in flames, they in a brief space so completely subdued those fears as to approach the very beings who had so strongly excited their alarm. The savage who had been the principal actor in the scene was an elderly man, rather descending to the vale of years than what might be strictly called aged. I know not how it was, but I regarded him with peculiar interest. Mr. Hume's manners had in a great measure contributed to allay his evident agitation; but, from the moment I approached him, I thought there was a shade of anxiety upon his brow, and an expression of sorrow over his features, the cause of which did not originate with us. I could see in a moment that his bosom was full even to bursting, and he seemed



to claim at once our sympathy and our protection, although we were ignorant of that which oppressed him. We had not long been seated together, when some of his tribe mustered sufficient courage to join him. Both Mr. Hume and I were desirous of seeing the net drawn, but the old man raised some objection, by pointing to the heavens and towards the sun. After a little more solicitation, however, he gave a whistle and, four or five natives having obeyed the summons, he directed them to draw the net, but they were unfortunate, and our wish to ascertain the kind of fish contained in the river was disappointed. As his tribe gathered round him, the old chief threw a melancholy glance upon them, and endeavored, as much as he could, to explain the cause of that affliction which, as I had rightly judged, weighed heavily upon him. It appeared, then, that a violent cutaneous disease raged throughout the tribe, that was sweeping them off in great numbers. He called several young men to Mr. Hume and myself who had been attacked by this singular malady. Nothing could exceed the anxiety of his explanations, or the mild and soothing tone in which he addressed his people, and it really pained me that I could not assist him in his distress.

We now discovered the use to which the conical substance, that had been deposited with such unusual care in one of the huts, was applied. There were few of the natives present who were not more or less marked with it, and it was no doubt indicative of mourning. Some of the men, however, were painted with red and yellow ochre, with which it was evident to me they had besmeared themselves since our appearance, most likely in preparing for the combat in which they fancied they would be engaged.

We distributed such presents as we had to those around us, and when we pursued our journey, the majority accompanied us, nor did they wholly leave us until we had passed the place to which their women had retired. They might have left us when they pleased, for we intended them no harm; as it was, however, they struck into the bushes to join their families, and we pushed on to make up for lost time.

## **The Sick Stockrider**

By ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, 1833-1870. Gordon, pioneer balladist and sportsman, was born in the Azores, son of a retired Bengal Cavalry officer. After a scrape at home he emigrated to South Australia at the age of twenty, where he joined the mounted police. Later he was renowned as a steeplechase rider. He was a friend of Marcus Clarke, Henry Kendall, and others of the early literary group. In 1867 he went to Victoria to start a horse-dealing firm at Ballarat. His claim to a Scottish barony was rejected by the courts, and overcome by disappointment and the fear of liabilities incurred in the publication of his last book, he committed suicide at the age of thirty-seven. Gordon's Byronic nature probably helped to make him celebrated as the best known of the Australian poets of the Victorian era; his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey in 1934. His first volume of verse appeared in 1864, and there are many collected editions of his work. "The Sick Stockrider" shows Gordon at the top of his limited range.

## The Sick Stockrider

Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade.  
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide  
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,  
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull and dense,  
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;  
I was dozing in the gateway of Arbuthnot's boundary fence,  
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.

We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through the haze  
And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;  
To southward lay "Katawa," with the sand peaks all ablaze,  
And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to Lindisfarm,  
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;  
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear and calm,  
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place  
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;  
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase  
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,  
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,  
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,  
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

From *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* (Melbourne, Clarkson, Massina, 1870).

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,  
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,  
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs;  
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and his gang,  
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;  
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang  
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat."

Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,  
Close behind them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed;  
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath!  
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the grey,  
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,  
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay,  
In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind!

There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse to horse.  
And you rolled together when the chestnut reared;  
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow watercourse—  
A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard!

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young  
Come back to us; how clearly I recall  
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung;  
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Aye! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,  
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;  
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,—  
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the  
cards:  
It matters little what became of him;  
But a steer ripped up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,  
And Sullivan was drowned at Sink-or-swim;

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful wreck,  
In "the horrors," at the Upper Wandinong,  
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck—  
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Ah, those days and nights we squandered at the Logans' in the glen—  
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.  
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then;  
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,  
And life is short—the longest life a span;  
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,  
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain  
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—  
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again,  
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,  
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;  
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,  
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,  
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;  
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,  
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

## Michael Howe, the Demon Bushranger

By MARCUS CLARKE, 1846-1881. Clarke, one of the foremost Australian writers of his time, was born in London, son of a barrister. When he was eighteen his father died and the youth emigrated to Melbourne, where his uncle was a judge. A job in a banking house did not suit his nature, and he went into the back country, working on various sheep stations and beginning his writing career by contributing to several Australian journals. In 1867 he returned to the city as a journalist and special contributor to newspapers. In 1868 he bought a magazine, renamed it the *Colonial Monthly*, and in its columns began running his first novel, *Long Odds*. During the remaining fourteen years of his life, Clarke wrote novels, sketches, short stories, plays, critical essays, and poems, and published about a dozen volumes. Best known is *For the Term of His Natural Life* (1867). This foremost novel of convict life in Tasmania was written as a serial for the *Australian Journal*, and later, drastically revised, was printed and reprinted many times. A powerful exploitation of a new theme, the novel was based on observation and historical study; but it suffers from melodramatic plotting, satirical castigation of authorities and the "system," and concentration upon extreme cases of convict punishment. These qualities lend an air of improbability to his novel, but many critics feel that, with all its defects, *His Natural Life* is a masterpiece of Australian literature. Less pretentious are Clarke's historical sketches of early life in the colonies; the following tale describes the exploits of the most notorious bandit of the Tasmanian bush.

FROM the year 1813—the year in which Colonel Davey arrived as lieutenant governor—to 1825 the Colony of Van Diemen's Land was overrun with bushrangers. The severe punishment of lash and chain urged the convicts to escape, the paucity of the military force assisted them in their attempts, and the mountainous nature of the country aided to baffle efforts at recapture. In those days the "settler" would till his fields with pistols in his belt, and smoke his evening pipe with rifle placed ready to his hand. Bands of escaped convicts ranged the mountains, descending from their rocky fastnesses to plunder, murder, and ravish. They rode about in gangs, they held councils of war, they posted sentries, and took oaths of secrecy. They attacked the gaol, and liberated their companions; they even issued proclamations, and dictated terms to the governor himself. Indeed the condition of affairs in Hobart Town was not encouraging to the settler. The convict element was uppermost. Felons were to freemen in the proportion of ten to one.

Concubinage with convict women was customary. The very ships that brought a mingled herd of male and female criminals were the scenes of unbridled license. Each sailor or soldier was permitted to ally himself with a female, and the connection often terminated in a marriage, which manumitted the convict. "The madams on board," says Macarthur, "occupy the few days which elapse before landing in preparing the most dazzling effect in their descent upon the Australian shore. With rich dresses, bonnets a la mode, ear pendants, brooches, long gorgeous shawls and splendid veils, silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odors from their profusely perfumed forms, they are assigned as servants. The settler expected a servant, but receives a 'princess.'" The children of these rakings of the London bagnios were not unworthy of their race. Their paramours vied with each other in villainy and distinction. Blunt Davey himself was not too curious as to the morals of his domestics, and gentlemen in Hobart Town witnessed some curious scenes. "So-

*From Old Tales of a Young Country (Melbourne, A. H. Massina, 1871).*

ciety as it then existed," says Mr. West, "nourished every species of crime. Tattered promissory notes, of small amount and doubtful parentage, fluttered about the colony. . . . Plate, stolen by bushrangers and burglars, was melted down and disposed of. . . . They burnt the implements of husbandry for the iron, they robbed the gibbet of the chains, they even wrenched the plate from the coffin of an opulent merchant, and stripped him of his shroud."

In addition to the cheerful condition of affairs at home, armed bandits, mounted on stolen horses, rode abroad, and defied all attempts at capture. Of these gentry, the most noted was Michael Howe.

In the year 1812, the convict ship *Indefatigable*, Captain Cross, arrived at Hobart Town; and among the many poor devils whom she carried was one Michael Howe, a native of Pontefract, transported for seven years for robbing a miller on the king's highway. The robber seemed tractable and good-natured, though cursed with a most pernicious love of liberty. He attempted to escape before the vessel left the docks, jumping overboard, and swimming some distance before he was retaken. On arrival in Van Diemen's Land he was assigned to a Mr. Ingle, a storekeeper, but the life did not appear to suit him. He had been a sailor, had served on board a man-of-war, and owned (according to Mr. West) a small collier. A man of determined character and somewhat romantic notions, he resolved to escape and take to the bush. At that time a scoundrel named Whitehead, with a band of twenty-seven desperadoes, ranged the country; to these worthies Howe made his way, and was received with acclamations by the troop. The first exploit of the gang was to attack New Norfolk—then a small but flourishing township—and to plunder the inhabitants of all their portable property. From New Norfolk they proceeded to Pittwater, and burnt the wheat stacks, barns, and outhouses of Mr. Humphrey, the police magistrate, affixing to the gate of the ruined barn a paper, on which was drawn—in the same spirit as the coffin and crossbones of the Irish rent receipts—a gun firing a gigantic bullet at the head of a man.

Mr. Humphrey appears to have taken his loss quietly, but on the ruffians plundering the house of Mr. Carlisle, the settlers thought it time to bestir themselves.

A neighbor of Carlisle's, a Mr. McCarthy, who owned a schooner, the *Geordy*, then lying in the river, determined to make a push for a general capture of the gang.



Howe, when a servant at Ingle's, had gained the affections of a native girl, and had induced her to accompany him to the bush. This young woman was only seventeen years of age, and is described as being of some personal attractions. She was accustomed to wait upon her lover, and to assist him in his escapes from justice. On the night when Whitehead fired Mr. Humphrey's house, Black Mary and Howe were encamped with some of the gang on the heights above the plain. According to the girl's statement, the bushranger, in high glee, filled a "goblet" (probably a pannikin) and, as the twilight closed, cried to his comrade Collier, "Collier, we want light! Here's success to the hand that will give it us!" Practical Mary, eager to please her lord, rose to get a fire stick from the embers; but Howe laughed loudly, and seizing her by the arm exclaimed, "Sit down, girl! Whitehead's lighting a match for us!" Presently "a tremendous flame arose from two different points below, which threw a glare over all the plain." "There!" cried Howe; "these fires have cost a pretty penny. Here's success to the bushman's tinderbox, and a blazing fire to his enemies!" Mary relates that Howe was kind to her—after the manner of his sex—whenever things went right with him, but if anything "crossed his temper he was like a tiger." He was very jealous of her, she says; and when Edwards, one of his gang, gave her a shawl which he had stolen from Captain Tomnson, Howe pistoled him on the spot.

McCarthy organised a party, consisting of some eleven men, among whom were Carlisle, O'Birne, the master of the schooner, and an old convict of sixty years of age, named Worrall. This old man had been one of the mutineers of the "Nore," and though he vows in his narrative (given in the *Military Sketch Book*) that the only part he took in the proceedings was the writing "in a fair hand" several papers for the mutineers, he was transported for life to Van Diemen's Land. This party, armed to the teeth, and guided by a native, set out upon the track of the bushrangers. By and by they heard the report of a musket shot, and creeping stealthily up behind a huge hollowed log, came upon the bandits pleasantly encamped. The scene, as described by Worrall, must have been a picturesque one. "Some were cooking pieces of mutton; othersolling on the grass, smoking and drinking; and a pretty, interesting-looking native girl sat playing with the long and bushy black ringlets of a stout, wicked-looking man seated by her. He had pistols in his belt, wore a fustian jacket, a kangaroo-skin cap and waistcoat, with leather gaiters and dirty vel-

veteen breeches." This was Michael Howe. Whitehead, the leader—"a tall ill-looking villain"—was asleep on the grass. McCarthy directed his men to cock their pieces, and called upon the bushrangers to surrender. Instantly the gang were on their feet. But before a shot was fired, Whitehead called a parley. "We don't want to shed blood," said he; "go home." McCarthy still held firm, and was further expostulating, when Howe roared, "Slap at the beggars!" and a tearing volley from guns and pistols rattled among the branches. Five of the attacking party fell, and, "keeping up a brisk hedge-firing," they were forced to retreat, leaving one of their number—a man named Murphy—dead on the grass. Mr. Carlisle and O'Birne were mortally wounded. Carlisle died on the way home; O'Birne, who was shot through the jaws, lingered for four days in extreme agony.

McCarthy knew that his unsuccessful attempt would bring upon him speedy vengeance, and applied for military protection. A detachment of the 73rd Regiment were sent out to scour the country, and McCarthy's homestead was garrisoned by a party of the 46th. The bushrangers, unwitting of the ambush, attacked the farm, and a sort of siege commenced. The soldiers, however, gained the day, and a shot from Worral mortally wounded Whitehead. The dying man ran back towards his comrades, crying to Howe, "Take my watch—the villains have shot me." The soldiers ran round the house to take their assailants in the rear, and Worral, reloading his piece, observed Howe bend over the corpse of his captain as if to comply with his request. He ran towards him, but when he reached the spot the miscreant had disappeared, and there lay on the ground the mutilated trunk of Whitehead. In pursuance of an agreement made between them, Howe had hacked off his comrade's head with his clasp knife, to prevent any person claiming the reward that was offered for it. The gang got clear away to the mountains. The body of Whitehead was gibbeted on Hunter's Island, and Howe became the leader of the troop.

The atrocity and daring of the scoundrel now almost surpasses belief. His headquarters were about fifteen miles west of Oatlands, in a place yet known as "Michael Howe's Marsh." He instituted there a sort of rude court of justice, and would subject such of his band as displeased him to punishment. Says Mr. West, "The tone assumed by this robber was that of an independent chief, and in the management of his men he attempted the discipline of war. He professed the piety of the quarterdeck, and read to them the Scriptures." His

style and title was "Governor of the Ranges," and he addressed the king's representative as "Governor of the Town." He punished his men with blows and hard labor if they disobeyed him; and when one day a man named Bowles fired a blank shot over his head in jest, the chief tied him hand and foot, and blew his brains out. He compelled his adherents to take an oath of fidelity upon a (stolen) Bible, and sent insolent messages to the authorities. In a journal called the *Bengal Hurkaru* occurs the following: "John Yorke, being duly sworn, states: About five o'clock in the evening of November 27th (1816), I fell in with a party of bushrangers—about fourteen men and two women. Michael Howe and Geary were the only two of the gang I knew personally. I met them on Scantling's Plains. I was on horseback. They desired me to stop, which I accordingly did on the high road; it was Geary that stopped me; he said he wanted to see every man sworn to abide by the contents of a letter. I observed a thick man writing, as I suppose, to the lieutenant governor. Geary was the man who administered the oath on a prayer book, calling each man for the purpose regularly. They did not inform me of the contents of the letter. Michael Howe and Geary directed me to state when I came home the whole I had seen; and to inform Mr. Humphrey, the magistrate, and Mr. Wade, the chief constable, to take care of themselves, as they were resolved to have their lives, and to prevent them keeping stock or grain, unless something was done for them; that Mr. Humphrey might rear what grain he liked; but they would thrash more in one night than he could reap in one year. They said they would set the whole country on fire with one stick. I was detained about three quarters of an hour, during which time they charged me to be strict in making known what they said to me and what I had seen. On my return from Port Dalrymple, I called at a hut occupied by Joseph Wright, Scantling's Plains. Williams and a youth were there, who told me the bushrangers had been there a few days before, and forced them to a place called Murderer's Plains, which the bushrangers called the Tallow-Chandler's Shop, where they made them remain three days for the purpose of rendering down a large quantity of beef fat, which Williams understood was taken from cattle belonging to Styne and Troy."

The poorer settlers were in league with the daring robbers, and were wont to supply them with information. Howe affected to be a sort of Robin Hood—indeed it is probable that the marauder of Sherwood Forest was just such another greasy ruffian. In another

hundred years the "light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream"—the consecration of that lecherous butcher, Henry the Eighth—the poet's dream of that beer-swilling termagant, Virgin Elizabeth—the light that gilds the shameless robberies of the glorious Reformation—may shine upon Michael Howe in the character of a romantic outlaw.

The people certainly admired him; and though a reward of a hundred guineas and a free passage to England was set upon his head, he was accustomed to visit Hobart Town in perfect security. Worrall—who had set his heart upon seeing England again, and was always on the watch to capture the bandit—came very near taking him on one occasion. The old sailor was buying some powder and shot in the store of one Stevens, when a man dressed like a gentleman entered. The moment Worrall heard him speak he recognised the voice of the fellow "who had cut off the head of Whitehead," and grappled with him. A furious struggle took place, and just as poor Worrall thought his hundred guineas and free passage were safe, he received a violent blow on the back of the head, and fell senseless. When he recovered, Stevens, the storekeeper, was holding a pannikin of rum to his lips, and Howe had gone. Stevens swore that "a strange man had rushed into the store and knocked Worrall down with a bludgeon." The bethumped old fellow had his suspicions, but like a wise man said nothing, until one day Stevens was detected in "receiving" plunder, and previous to swinging on the Hunter Island gibbet confessed that he himself had struck the blow—"I wish I'd killed him," he added.

A regular campaign was now commenced against the freebooters, and one day a party of the 46th, among whom, as a volunteer, was the indefatigable Worrall, stumbled upon a hut on the banks of the Shannon. The bushrangers had chosen their camping ground with an eye to the picturesque. "It was a flat piece of green land, covered with wild flowers, and overlooking the most beautiful country that can be imagined: a precipice in our front, from which we hurled a stone that rolled over half a mile of steep hill down to a river, all studded with islands and ornamented by the most delightfully displayed foliage on its banks; plain over plain and wood over wood was to be seen for twenty miles distance, and the blue mountains far away gave one the idea of an earthly paradise, yet no human being ever claimed it—none ever trod over this fair country but a few lawless brigands."

Remaining in ambush for some time at the spot, they at last per-

ceived four men approaching, of whom one was Howe. The native girl before mentioned was with him, clad in a dress of skins, feathers, and white calico. The instinct of the savage detected the trap: she pointed, gesticulated, seized Howe's arm, and ran back. The soldiers dashed out, and allowing the less valuable prey to escape, followed Howe.

The bushranger, closely followed by the girl, gained the summit of a hill, turned around and fired, but missed, and ran on. For more than a mile the chase continued, the bushranger gaining on his pursuers at every stride, when the girl's strength began to fail her, and she lagged behind. Howe pressed and urged her to further exertion. The pursuers set up a great shout at this, and redoubled their efforts. The girl fell, and Howe in vain commanded her to rise. The soldiers were within five hundred yards of him, and gnashing his teeth with rage, the monster drew his remaining pistol and, taking deliberate aim at the exhausted girl, fired. He then turned and plunged into a ravine, "where pursuit was hopeless."

Howe doubtless hoped that his bullet had taken fatal effect, and that Mary would be unable to speak concerning him. He was doubly deceived. The girl was but slightly wounded, and justly incensed at the brutality of her lover. She volunteered to aid her rescuers to track him to his hiding place. After a march of three hours, the party arrived at some huts on the Shannon bank. These were deserted, but on the opposite side of the river stood Geary—the lieutenant of the gang—with leveled musket. He fired, missed, and made off.

The girl now led them to another place, and as they "arrived at a high rock which overhung the waters of the creek," a shot was heard; a wild figure burst out of the bush, and darted past them. The cliff was steep, but two soldiers, dropping down its hinder side, ran round and cut off the outlaw's retreat. It was Hillier, the most brutal of the band. He turned and faced them for an instant, and then, seeing their numbers, flung away his empty gun with an oath, and sprang head first from the rock into the river. The drop was a hundred feet, and all thought him a dead man. He rose to the surface, however, and swam for the opposite bank. The two soldiers quickly ran to a narrow ravine formed by the overhanging rocks, and daringly leaping it, met him as he landed. He took to the water again, but on reaching the middle of the creek, and seeing the musket muzzles menacing him on all sides, cried out that he would surrender, and, if they

would spare his life, turn approver. The sergeant who commanded the party would make no terms, vowing to shoot him unless he surrendered instantly. So he came ashore, and was bound.

Now a very horrible discovery was made. Guided by the native girl, they reached the hut, in which lay a body with the head nearly severed from the trunk. "Ay," says Hillier, "that's poor Peter Septon; he often said he'd cut his own throat, and now he's done it completely." "No man ever cut his throat in that manner," cried Worral. "You did it, you villain!" Hillier protested innocence, but a few paces further the party came upon another bleeding wretch, with his hand shattered by a bullet, and his throat partially severed. This was Collier, another bandit. "Villain!" cries he to Hillier, "you would have murdered me as you murdered Septon." The black girl at this moment, seeing that the murderer was inevitably doomed, says: "Hillier, you killed my sister, too!" Hillier, finding it useless to dissemble, confessed.

The soldiers brought their prisoners to New Norfolk, making Hillier carry Septon's head tied round his neck. The two men who had escaped with Howe were soon afterwards retaken at Kangaroo Point, and the four were gibbeted together on Hunter's Island, beside the whistling bones of Whitehead.

Howe was now reduced to despair. The capture of the huts had deprived him of his ammunition and his dogs—the two sources of life in the bush. He resolved to surrender himself, offering, if his life was spared, to assist the government in capturing the remnant of his own band. Such was the state of the country, and the terror his deeds had inspired, that Governor Sorrell, who had succeeded Davey, accepted the offer made him, and despatched Captain Nairns, of the 46th, as an ambassador to the bushranger.

Howe was brought to Hobart Town, and lodged in gaol, from which he was soon rashly released, and permitted to walk about the city attended only by a single constable. In the meantime the robbers received reinforcements of several escaped convicts, for whom large rewards were offered by the Crown; and notwithstanding that Geary was shot in an affray in the Tea-Tree Bush, the plundering and burning continued. Twenty men were thought to be at large. They seized the boat which carried provisions between Georgetown and Launceston, they sent messages of defiance to the government, and openly offered an asylum to all escaped convicts. Encouraged by

these successes, or perhaps weary of civilization, Howe eluded his guardian constable, and having received arms and provisions, made for his old haunts.

This was too much for human patience. The governor made a personal appeal to the settlers, and troops of volunteers were despatched in all directions. Convicts and freemen took part in these excursions, and such exertions were made that of the twenty only three remained at large—Howe, Watts, and Browne. For these miscreants the following rewards were offered: For Howe, one hundred guineas and a free pardon; for Watts, eighty guineas and a free pardon; for Browne, fifty guineas and a free pardon. Browne surrendered, but Howe was not to be taken.

A convict named Drewe, otherwise called Slambow, was shepherding for a Mr. Williams, and determined to make a push for the reward. This Drewe had, it appears, with the majority of the convict storekeepers, often assisted Howe in his escapes from justice. Falling in with Watts, he pointed out the advantages of freedom, and suggested that the two together might easily overcome the brigand. Watts assented, and proposed to Howe that they should send a message to Hobart Town through Slambow. Howe agreed, and the three met at dawn, at a place called Longbottom, on the banks of the Derwent. Howe ordered Watts to shake the priming from his gun, and did the same himself. Drewe had been advised to leave his gun, and was unarmed. The bushranger then lighted a fire, and busied himself in preparing a breakfast for his guest. Watts seized a favorable moment, and, leaping upon him, secured him.

Howe witnessed the treacherous scoundrels eat their breakfast in silence, busying himself the while with straining at his bonds. After breakfast the captors started in high glee for Hobart Town, Watts going first with the loaded gun, the bound bushranger in the middle, and Drewe bringing up the rear. They had gone about eight miles, and Drewe, eager for the reward, had refused assistance from his master, when Howe, watching a favorable moment, slipped his hands from the loosened cords, drew a concealed knife, and stabbed Watts in the back. Drewe was clambering up a bank, and saw nothing; but, when he reached the top, Howe coolly presented Watts' gun, and shot him dead. Watts cried, "Have you shot Slambow?" "Yes," says Howe, "and will shoot you as soon as I can load the piece." Upon this, Watts, though bleeding from the wound in his back, made shift

to get upon his feet, and ran some two hundred yards. Howe, doubtless fearing an alarm from the shot, did not wait to complete his work, but made off into the bush. Watts got to a settler's house, and being sent to Sydney, three days after arrival, died of his wounds.

Villain as Howe was, one cannot but admit that his cowardly assailants met with their deserts. The double murder, however, caused a proclamation from government, offering, in addition to the reward and pardon, a free passage to England for anyone who should bring in the dreaded bushranger, dead or alive. Our old friend Worral determined to make a final effort.

Alone in the wilderness, Howe seems to have lived for some time the victim of a despairing conscience. His nature was never without a touch of rude romance, and the recollection of his crimes went far to turn his brain. In his solitary wanderings among the mountains he saw visions. Spirits appeared to him, and promised him happiness. The ghosts of his victims arose, and threatened despair. He kept a journal of his dreams—a journal written with blood, on kangaroo skin. It is possible that, in a land of fruits and game, he might have lived a hermit and died a penitent. But the barren beauty of the bush afforded no sustenance.

He was compelled to descend from his hut—an eyrie built on the brink of a cataract, and surrounded by some of the sublimest scenery of the Tasmanian mountains—to plunder the farms for food and ammunition. Armed bands, incited by the hope of the reward, lay in wait for him at every turn. Mr. Bonwick describes the condition of the man in the following picturesque passage: "Clad in kangaroo skins, and with a long, shaggy black beard, he had a very Orson-like aspect. Badgered on all sides, he chose a retreat among the mountain fastnesses of the Upper Shannon—a dreary solitude of cloudland—the rocky home of hermit eagles. On this elevated plateau, contiguous to the almost bottomless lakes from whose crater-formed recesses in ancient days torrents of liquid fire poured forth upon the plains of Tasmania, or rose uplifted basaltic masses, like frowning Wellington, within sight of lofty hills of snow, having the peak of Tenerife to the south, Frenchman's Cap and Byron to the west, Miller's Bluff to the east, and the serrated crest of the western tier to the north; entrenched in dense woods, with surrounding forests of dead poles, through whose leafless passages the wind harshly whistled in a storm—thus situated amidst some of the sublimest



scenes of nature, away from suffering and degraded humanity, the lonely bushranger was confronted with his God and his own conscience."

To capture this hunted outlaw was the task and the fortune of Worral. He allied himself with a man named Warburton, a kangaroo hunter and confidant of Howe's, and one Pugh, a soldier of the 48th. The three proceeded to Warburton's hut, situated in a lonely spot on the Shannon bank; and Worral and Pugh sat down with their guns across their knees, while Warburton went out to seek Howe. At last, the sun striking a tier of the opposite hills showed two figures approaching the hut.

An hour passed, and Worral in despair crept cautiously out. The bushranger was standing within a hundred yards of him talking to the traitor. He drew back, and presently Howe slowly entered the hut, with his gun presented and cocked. He saw the trap at once. "Is that your game?" he cried, and fired. Pugh knocked up the gun, and says Worral with almost poetic imagery, "Howe ran off like a wolf."

I give the story of the capture in the sailor's own words: "I fired, but missed; Pugh then halted and took aim at him, but also missed. I immediately flung away the gun, and ran after Howe; Pugh also pursued; Warburton was a considerable distance away. I ran very fast, so did Howe, and if he had not fallen down an unexpected bank I should not have been fleet enough for him. This fall, however, brought me up with him. He was on his legs, and preparing to climb a broken bank, which would have given him a free run into a wood, when I presented my pistol at him, and desired him to stand. He drew forth another, but did not level it at me. We were about fifteen yards from each other, the bank he fell from being between us. He stared at me with astonishment, and to tell you the truth I was a little astonished at him, for he was covered with patches of kangaroo skin, and wore a long black beard, a haversack and powder horn slung across his shoulders. I wore my beard also—as I do now—and a curious pair we looked like. After a moment's pause, he cried out, 'Blackbeard against Graybeard for a million!' and fired. I slapped at him, and I believe hit him, for he staggered, but rallied again, and was clearing the bank between him and me when Pugh ran up, and with the butt end of his firelock knocked him down again, jumped after him, and battered his brains out, just as he was opening a clasp knife to defend himself."

Such was the end of Michael Howe. His captors cut off his head

and brought it to Hobart Town, terrifying poor Dr. Ross, who, proceeding up country a newly arrived immigrant, met the ghastly procession. The reward was divided amongst them; the settlers subscribed nearly double the amount, and old Worral was sent "home free, with the thanks of the governor and the public."



## **The Man from Snowy River**

By ANDREW BARTON PATERSON, 1864–1941. “Banjo” Paterson—who took his pseudonym from an old racehorse on his father’s station—was born at Narrambla, New South Wales. He went to Sydney Grammar School and later was admitted to practice as solicitor in the Supreme Court, N.S.W. At various times he was a war correspondent in South Africa, China, and the Philippines. During World War I he was a major on remount service in Egypt. Paterson, a storyteller in verse, was in the Gordon tradition at its best, and has been called an Australian Kipling. He wrote “Waltzing Matilda,” the only Australian poem known around the world. He knew the bush dwellers and their horses, listened to their yarns, and made from them ballads glorifying their rough lives. He collected and edited *Old Bush Songs* (1905). The volume *The Man from Snowy River* appeared in 1895; Paterson’s *Collected Verse* (1921) ran through at least nine editions. He also published two novels and a book of short stories.

## *The Man from Snowy River*

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around  
That the colt from old Regret had got away,  
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a thousand  
pound,  
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.  
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far  
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,  
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,  
And the stock horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,  
The old man with his hair as white as snow;  
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up—  
He would go wherever horse and man could go.  
And Clancy of The Overflow came down to lend a hand,  
No better horseman ever held the reins;  
For never horse could throw him while the saddle girths would stand—  
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast;  
He was something like a racehorse undersized,  
With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thoroughbred at least—  
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.  
He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—  
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;  
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,  
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses* (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1895).

But still so slight and weedy, ~~one~~ would doubt his power to stay,

And the old man said, "That horse will never do  
For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop away,  
Those hills are far too rough for such as you."

So he waited, sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his friend—

"I think we ought to let him come," he said.  
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,  
For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,

Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough;  
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,  
The man that holds his own is good enough.

And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,

Where the river runs those giant hills between;  
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,  
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went; they found the horses by the big mimosa clump,

They raced away towards the mountain's brow,  
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,  
No use to try for fancy riding now.

And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.

Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,  
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,  
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them—he was racing on the wing

Where the best and boldest riders take their place,  
And he raced his stock horse past them, and he made the ranges ring  
With the stock whip, as he met them face to face.

Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreadful lash,

But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,  
And they charged beneath the stock whip with a sharp and sudden  
dash,

And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black

Resounded to the thunder of their tread,  
And the stock whips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back

From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.  
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,  
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;  
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,  
No man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull—  
It well might make the boldest hold their breath;  
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full  
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.  
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,  
And he swung his stock whip round and gave a cheer,  
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,  
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,  
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,  
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—  
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.  
Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken  
ground,  
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;  
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound  
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the farther hill,  
And the watchers on the mountain, standing mute,  
Saw him ply the stock whip fiercely; he was right among them still,  
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.  
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met  
In the ranges—but a final glimpse reveals  
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,  
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam;  
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,  
Till they halted, cowed and beaten; then he turned their heads for  
home,  
And alone and unassisted brought them back.  
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,

He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;  
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,  
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise  
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,  
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze  
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,  
And where around The Overflow the reed-beds sweep and sway  
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,  
The Man from Snowy River is a household word today,  
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.





## **A Golden Shanty**

By **EDWARD G. DYSON**, 1865-1931. Dyson, Australian poet and story writer, was born near the Ballarat gold diggings and during his boyhood worked in the mines and quartz-crushing mills that later served as the scenes of many a realistic tale and verse. At eighteen he began a career as a free-lance journalist. "The Golden Shanty," his best known story, might have a special appeal to admirers of Bret Harte. Dyson later wrote several volumes of fiction about Melbourne factory hands.

ABOUT ten years ago, not a day's tramp from Ballarat, set well back from a dusty track that started nowhere in particular and had no destination worth mentioning, stood the Shamrock Hotel. It was a low, rambling, disjointed structure, and bore strong evidence of having been designed by an amateur artist in a moment of vinous frenzy. It reached out in several well-defined angles, and had a lean-to building stuck on here and there; numerous outhouses were dropped down about it promiscuously; its walls were propped up in places with logs, and its moss-covered shingle roof, bowed down with the weight of years and a great accumulation of stones, hoop iron, jam tins, broken glassware, and dried 'possum skins, bulged threateningly, on the verge of utter collapse. The Shamrock was built of sun-dried bricks, of an unhealthy, bilious tint. Its dirty, shattered windows were plugged in places with old hats and discarded female apparel, and draped with green blinds, many of which had broken their moorings, and hung despondently by one corner. Groups of ungainly fowls coursed the succulent grasshopper before the bar door; a moody, distempered goat rubbed her ribs against a shattered trough roughly hewn from the butt of a tree, and a matronly old sow of spare proportions wallowed complacently in the dust of the road, surrounded by her squealing brood.

A battered sign hung out over the door of the Shamrock, informing people that Michael Doyle was licensed to sell fermented and spirituous liquors, and that good accommodation could be afforded to both man and beast at the lowest current rates. But that sign was most unreliable; the man who applied to be accommodated with anything beyond ardent beverages—liquors so fiery that they "bit all the way down"—evoked the astonishment of the proprietor. Bed and board were quite out of the province of the Shamrock. There was, in fact, only one couch professedly at the disposal of the weary wayfarer, and this, according to the statement of the few persons who had

From *A Golden Shanty: Australian Stories and Sketches; Prose and Verses by Bulletin Writers* (Sydney, Bulletin Newspaper Co., 1890).

ever ventured to try it, seemed stuffed with old boots and stubble; it was located immediately beneath a hen roost, which was the resting place of a maternal fowl, addicted on occasion to nursing her chickens upon the tired sleeper's chest. The "turnover" at the Shamrock was not at all extensive, for, saving an occasional agricultural laborer who came from "beyant"—which was the versatile host's way of designating any part within a radius of five miles—to revel in an occasional "spree," the trade was confined to the passing "cockatoo" farmer, who invariably arrived on a bony, drooping prad, took a drink, and shuffled away amid clouds of dust.

The only other dwellings within sight of the Shamrock were a cluster of frail, ramshackle huts, compiled of slabs, scraps of matting, zinc, and gunny bag. These were the habitations of a colony of squalid, gibbering Chincse fossickers, who herded together like hogs in a crowded pen, as if they had been restricted to that spot on pain of death, or its equivalent, a washing.

About a quarter of a mile behind the Shamrock ran, or rather crawled, the sluggish waters of the Yellow Creek. Once upon a time, when the Shamrock was first built, the creek was a beautiful limpid rivulet, running between verdant banks; but an enterprising prospector wandering that way, and liking the indications, put down a shaft, and bottomed on "the wash" at twenty feet, getting half an ounce to the dish. A rush set in, and within twelve months the banks of the creek, for a distance of two miles, were denuded of their timber, torn up, and covered with unsightly heaps. The creek had been diverted from its natural course half a dozen times, and hundreds of diggers, like busy ants, delved into the earth and covered its surface with red, white, and yellow tips. Then the miners left almost as suddenly as they had come; the Shamrock, which had resounded with wild revelry, became as silent as a morgue, and desolation brooded on the face of the country. When Mr. Michael Doyle, whose greatest ambition in life had been to become lord of a "pub," invested in that lucrative country property, saplings were growing between the deserted holes of the diggings, and agriculture had superseded the mining industry in those parts.

Landlord Doyle was of Irish extraction; his stock was so old that everybody had forgotten where and when it originated, but Mickey was not proud—he assumed no unnecessary style, and his personal appearance would not have led you to infer that there had been a king in his family, and that his paternal progenitor had killed a land-

factured those pants after plans and specifications of her own designing, and was mighty proud when Michael would yank them up into his armpits, and amble round, peering about discontentedly over the waistband. "They was th' great savin' in weskits," she said.

Of late years it had taken all Mr. Doyle's ingenuity to make ends meet. The tribe of dirty, unkempt urchins who swarmed about the place "took a power of feedin'," and Mrs. D. herself was "th' big ater." "Ye do be atin' twinty-four hours a day," her lord was wont to remark, "and thin yez must get up av noights for more. Whin ye'r not atin' ye'r munchin' a schnack, bad cess t'ye."

In order to provide the provender for his unreasonably hungry family, Mickey had been compelled to supplement his takings as a Boniface by acting alternately as fossicker, charcoal burner, and "wood-jamber"; but it came "terrible hard" on the little man, who waxed thinner and thinner, and sank deeper into his trousers every year. Then, to augment his troubles, came that pestiferous heathen, the teetotal Chinee. One hot summer's day he arrived in numbers, like a plague, armed with picks, shovels, dishes, cradles, and tubs, and with a clatter of tools and a babble of grotesque gibberish, camped by the creek and refused to go away again. The awesome solitude of the abandoned diggings was ruthlessly broken. The deserted field, with its white mounds and decaying windlass stands fallen aslant, which had lain like a long-forgotten cemetery buried in primeval forest, was now desecrated by the hand of the Mongol, and the sound of his weird, Oriental oaths. The Chows swarmed over the spot, tearing open old sores, shovelling old tips, sluicing old tailings, digging, cradling, puddling, ferreting into every nook and cranny.

Mr. Doyle observed the foreign invasion with mingled feelings of righteous anger and pained solicitude. He had found fossicking by the creek very handy to fall back upon when the wood-jambering trade was not brisk; but now that industry was ruined by Chinese competition, and Michael could only find relief in deep and earnest profanity.

With the pagan influx began the mysterious disappearance of small valuables from the premises of Michael Doyle, licensed victualler. Sedate, fluffy old hens, hitherto noted for their strict propriety and

regular hours, would leave the place at dead of night, and return from their nocturnal rambles never more; stay-at-home sucking pigs, which had erstwhile absolutely refused to be driven from the door, corrupted by the new evil, absented themselves suddenly from the precincts of the Shamrock, taking with them cooking utensils and various other articles of small value, and ever afterwards their fate became a matter for speculation. At last a favorite young porker went, whereupon its lord and master, resolved to prosecute inquiries, bounced into the Mongolian camp, and without any unnecessary preamble, opened the debate.

"Look here, now," he observed, shaking his fist at the group, and bristling fiercely, "which av ye dhirty haythen furriners cum up to me house lasht noight and shtole me pig Nancy? Which av ye is it, so't I kin bate him, ye thavin' haythens?"

The placid Orientals surveyed Mr. Doyle coolly, and innocently smiling, said, "No savee"; then bandied jests at his expense in their native tongue, and laughed the little man to scorn. Incensed by the evident ridicule of the "haythen furriners," and goaded on by the smothered squeal of a hidden pig, Michael "went for" the nearest Asiatic, and proceeded to "put a head on him as big as a tank," amid a storm of kicks and digs from the other Chows. Presently the battle began to go against the Irish cause; but Mrs. Mickey, making a timely appearance, warded off the surplus Chinamen by chipping at their skulls with an ax handle. The riot was soon quelled, and the two Doyles departed triumphantly, bearing away a corpulent young pig, and leaving several broken, discouraged Chinamen to be doctored at the common expense.

After this gladsome little episode the Chinamen held off for a few weeks. Then they suddenly changed their tactics, and proceeded to cultivate the friendship of Michael Doyle and his able-bodied wife. They liberally patronised the Shamrock, and beguiled the licensee with soft but cheerful conversation; they flattered Mrs. Doyle in seductive pidgin English, and endeavored to ensnare the children's young affections with preserved ginger. Michael regarded these advances with misgiving; he suspected the Mongolians' intentions were not honorable, but he was not a man to spoil trade—to drop the substance for the shadow.

This state of affairs had continued for some time before the landlord of the Shamrock noticed that his new customers made a point of carrying off a brick every time they visited his caravanserai. When

leaving, the bland heathen would cast his discriminating eye around the place, seize upon one of the sun-dried bricks with which the ground was littered, and steal away with a nonchalant air—as though it had just occurred to him that the brick would be a handy thing to keep by him.

The matter puzzled Mr. Doyle sorely; he ruminated over it, but he could only arrive at the conclusion that it was not advisable to lose custom for the sake of a few bricks; so the Chinese continued to walk off with his building material. When asked what they intended to do with the bricks, they assumed an expression of the most deplorably hopeless idiocy, and suddenly lost their acquaintance with the “Ing-lisiman” tongue. If bricks were mentioned they became as devoid of sense as wombats, although they seemed extremely intelligent on most other points. Mickey noticed that there was no building in progress at their camp, also that there were no bricks to be seen about the domiciles of the pagans, and he tried to figure out the mystery on a slate, but, on account of his lamentable ignorance of mathematics, failed to reach the unknown quantity and elucidate the enigma. He watched the invaders march off with all the loose bricks that were scattered around, and never once complained; but when they began to abstract one end of his licensed premises, he felt himself called upon, as a husband and father, to arise and enter a protest, which he did, pointing out to the Yellow Agony, in graphic and forcible language, the gross wickedness of robbing a struggling man of his house and home, and promising faithfully to “bate” the next lop-eared Child of the Sun whom he “cot shiftin’ a’er a brick.”

“Ye dogs! Wud yez shtale me hotel, so’t whin me family go in-soide they’ll be out in the rain?” he queried, looking hurt and indignant.

The Chinamen said, “No savee.” Yet, after this warning, doubtless out of consideration for the feelings of Mr. Doyle, they went to great pains and displayed much ingenuity in abstracting bricks without his cognisance. But Mickey was active; he watched them closely, and whenever he caught a Chow in the act, a brief and one-sided conflict raged, and a dismantled Chinaman crawled home with much difficulty.

This violent conduct on the part of the landlord served in time to entirely alienate the Môngolian custom from the Shamrock, and once more Mickey and the Chows spake not when they met. Once more, too, promising young pullets, and other portable valuables, be-

gan to go astray, and still the hole in the wall grew till the after-part of the Shamrock looked as if it had suffered recent bombardment. The Chinamen came while Michael slept, and filched his hotel inch by inch. They lost their natural rest, and ran the gauntlet of Mr. Doyle's stick and his curse—for the sake of a few bricks. At all hours of the night they crept through the gloom, and warily stole a bat or two, getting away unnoticed perhaps, or, mayhap, only disturbing the slumbers of Mrs. Doyle, who was a very light sleeper for a woman of her size. In the latter case the lady would awaken her lord by holding his nose—a very effective plan of her own—and, filled to overflowing with the rage which comes of a midnight awakening, Mickey would turn out of doors in his shirt to cope with the marauders, and course them over the paddocks. If he caught a heathen he laid himself out for five minutes' energetic entertainment, which fully repaid him for lost rest and missing hens, and left a Chinaman too heartsick and sore to steal anything for at least a week. But the Chinaman's friends would come as usual, and the pillage went on.

Michael Doyle puzzled himself to prostration over this insatiable and unreasonable hunger for bricks; such an infatuation on the part of men for cold and unresponsive clay had never before come within the pale of his experience. Times out of mind he threatened to "have the law on the yalla blaggards"; but the law was a long way off, and the Celestial housebreakers continued to elope with scraps of the Shamrock, taking the proprietor's assaults humbly and as a matter of course.

"Why do ye be shtealing me house?" fiercely queried Mr. Doyle of a submissive Chow, whom he had taken one night in the act of ambling off with a brick in either hand.

"Mc no steal 'em, no feah—odder feller, him steal 'em," replied the quaking pagan.

Mickey was dumb-stricken for the moment by this awful prevarication; but that did not impair the velocity of his kick—this to his great subsequent regret, for the Chinaman had stowed a third brick away in his pants for convenience of transit, and the landlord struck that brick; then he sat down and repeated aloud all the profanity he knew.

The Chinaman escaped, and had presence of mind enough to retain his burden of clay.

Month after month the work of devastation went on. Mr. Doyle fixed ingenious mechanical contrivances about his house, and turned out at early dawn to see how many Chinamen he had "nailed"—only



to find his springtraps stolen and his hotel yawning more desperately than ever. Then Michael could but lift up his voice and swear—nothing else afforded him any relief.

At last he hit upon a brilliant idea. He commissioned a "cocky" who was journeying into Ballarat to buy him a dog—the largest, fiercest, ugliest, hungriest animal the town afforded; and next day a powerful, ill-tempered canine, almost as big as a pony, and quite as ugly as any nightmare, was duly installed as guardian and night watch at the Shamrock. Right well the good dog performed his duty. On the following morning he had trophies to show in the shape of a boot, a scrap of blue dungaree trousers, half a pigtail, a yellow ear, and a large part of a partially shaved scalp; and just then the nocturnal visits ceased. The Chows spent a week skirmishing round, endeavoring to call the dog off, but he was neither to be begged, borrowed, nor stolen; he was too old-fashioned to eat poisoned meat, and he prevented the smallest approach to familiarity on the part of a Chinaman by snapping off the most serviceable portions of his vestments, and always fetching a scrap of heathen along with them.

This, in time, sorely discouraged the patient Children of the Sun, who drew off to hold congress and give the matter weighty consideration. After deliberating for some days, the yellow settlement appointed a deputation to wait upon Mr. Doyle. Mickey saw them coming, and armed himself with a log and unchained his dog. Mrs. Doyle ranged up alongside, brandishing her ax handle, but by humble gestures and a deferential bearing the Celestial deputation signified a truce. So Michael held his dog down, and rested on his arms to await developments. The Chinamen advanced, smiling blandly; they gave Mr. and Mrs. Doyle fraternal greeting, and squirmed with that wheedling obsequiousness peculiar to "John" when he has something to gain by it. A pock-marked leper placed himself in the van as spokesman.

"Nicee day, Missa Doyle," said the moonfaced gentleman, sweetly. Then, with a sudden expression of great interest, and nodding towards Mrs. Doyle, "How you sissetah?"

"Foind out! Fwhat yer wantin'?" replied the host of the Shamrock, gruffly; "t' shtale more bricks; ye crawlin' blaggards?"

"No, no. Me not steal 'em blick—odder feller; he hide 'em; build big house byem-by."

"Ye loi, ye screw-faced nayger! I seed ye do it, and if yez don't cut and run I'll lave the dog loose to feed on yer dhirty carcasses."

The dog tried to reach for his favorite hold, Mickey brandished

his log, and Mrs. Doyle took a fresh grip of her weapon. This demonstration gave the Chows a cold shiver, and brought them promptly down to business.

"We buy 'em hotel; what for you sell 'em—eh?"

"F'what! yez buy me hotel? D'ye mane it? Purchis th' primisis and yez can shtale ivery brick at yer laysure. But ye're joakin'. Whoop! Look ye here! I'll have th' lot av yez aten up in two minits if yez play yer Choinase thricks on Michael Doyle."

The Chinamen eagerly protested that they were in earnest, and Mickey gave them a judicial hearing. For two years he had been in want of a customer for the Shamrock, and he now hailed the offer of his visitors with secret delight. After haggling for an hour, during which time the ignorant Hi Yup of the contorted countenance displayed his usual business tact, a bargain was struck. The yellow men agreed to give fifty pounds cash for the Shamrock and all buildings appertaining thereto, and the following Monday was the day fixed for Michael to journey into Ballarat with a couple of representative heathens to sign the transfer papers and receive the cash.

The deputation departed smiling, and when it gave the news of its triumph to the other denizens of the camp there was a perfect babel of congratulations in the quaint dialogue of the Mongol. The Chinamen proceeded to make a night of it in their own outlandish way, indulging freely in the seductive opium, and holding high carouse over an extemporised fan-tan table, proceedings which make it evident that they thought they were getting to windward of Michael Doyle, licensed victualler.

Michael, too, was rejoicing with exceeding great joy, and felicitating himself on being the shrewdest little man who ever left the "ould sod." He had not hoped to get more than a twenty-pound note for the dilapidated old humpy, erected on Crown land, and unlikely to stand the wear and tear of another year. As for the business, it had fallen to zero, and would not have kept a Chinaman in soap. So Mr. Doyle plumed himself on his bargain, and expanded till he nearly filled his capacious garments. Still, he was harassed to know what could possibly have attached the Chinese so strongly to the Shamrock. They had taken samples from every part of the establishment, and fully satisfied themselves as to the quality of the bricks, and now they wanted to buy. It was most peculiar. Michael "had never seen anything so quare before, savin' wanst whin his grand-father was a boy."

After the agreement arrived at between the publican and the

Chinese, one or two of the latter hung about the hotel nearly all their time, in sentinel fashion. The dog was kept on the chain, and lay in the sun in a state of moody melancholy, narrowly scrutinising the Mongolians. He was a strongly anti-Chinese dog, and had been educated to regard the almond-eyed invader with mistrust and hate; it was repugnant to his principles to lie low when the heathen was around, and he evinced his resentment by growling ceaselessly.

Sunday dawned. It was a magnificent morning; but the rattle of the Chinamen's cradles and toms sounded from the creek as usual. Three or four suave and civil Asiatics, however, still lingered around the Shamrock, and kept an eye on it in the interests of all, for the purchase of the hotel was to be a joint-stock affair. These "Johns" seemed to imagine they had already taken lawful possession; they sat in the bar most of the time, drinking little, but always affable and genial. Michael suffered them to stay, for he feared that any fractiousness on his part might upset the agreement, and that was a consummation to be avoided above all things. They had told him, with many tender smiles and much gesticulation, that they intended to live in the house when it became theirs; but Mr. Doyle was not interested—his fifty pounds was all he thought of.

Michael was in high spirits that morning; he beamed complacently on all and sundry, appointed the day as a time of family rejoicing, and in the excess of his emotion actually slew for dinner a prime young sucking pig, an extravagant luxury indulged in by the Doyles only on state occasions. On this particular Sunday the younger members of the Doyle household gathered round the festive board and waited impatiently for the lifting of the lid of the camp oven. There were nine children in all, ranging in years from fourteen downwards—"foine, shtrappin' childer, wid th' clear brain," said the prejudiced Michael. The round, juicy sucker was at last placed upon the table. Mrs. Doyle stood prepared to administer her department—serving the vegetables to her hungry brood—and, armed with a formidable knife and fork, Michael, enveloped in savory steam, hovered over the pig.

But there was one function yet to be performed—a function which came as regularly as Sunday's dinner itself. Never, for years, had the house-father failed to touch up a certain prodigious knife on one particular hard yellow brick in the wall by the door, preparatory to carving the Sunday's meat. Mickey examined the edge of his weapon critically, and found it unsatisfactory. The knife was nearly ground through to the backbone; another "touch-up" and it must surely

collapse, but, in view of his changed circumstances, Mr. Doyle felt that he might take the risk. The brick, too, was worn an inch deep. A few sharp strokes from Mickey's vigorous right arm were all that was required; but, alas! the knife snapped, whereupon Mr. Doyle swore at the brick, as if holding it immediately responsible for the mishap, and stabbed at it fiercely with the broken carver.

"Howly Moses! Fwhat's that?"

The brick fell to pieces, and there, embedded in the wall, gleaming in the sunbeam, was a nugget of yellow gold. With feverish haste Mickey tore the brick from its bedding, and smashed the gold-bearing fragment on the hearth. The nugget was a little beauty, smooth, round, and four ounces to a grain.

The sucking pig froze and stiffened in its fat, the "taters" and the cabbage stood neglected on the dishes. The truth had dawned upon Michael, and, whilst the sound of a spirited debate in musical Chinese echoed from the bar, his family were gathered around him, openmouthed, and Mickey was industriously, but quietly, pounding the sun-dried brick in a digger's mortar. Two bricks, one from either end of the Shamrock, were pulverised, and Michael panned off the dirt in a tub of water which stood in the kitchen. Result: seven grains of waterworn gold. Until now Michael had worked dumbly, in a fit of nervous excitement; now he started up, bristling like a hedgehog.

"Let loose th' dog, Mary Melinda Doyle!" he howled, and uttering a mighty whoop, he bounded into the bar to dust those Chinamen off his premises.

"Gerrout!" he screamed—"Gerrout av me primises, ye thavin' crawlers!" And he frolicked with the astounded Mongolians like a tornado in full blast, thumping at a shaven occiput whenever one showed out of the struggling crowd. The Chinamen left; they found the dog waiting for them outside, and he encouraged them to greater haste. Like startled fawns the heathens fled, and Mr. Doyle followed them howling:

"Buy the Shamrock, wud yez! Robbers! Thaves! Fitch back th' soide o' me house, or Oi'll have th' law onto yez all."

The damaged escapees communicated the intelligence of their overthrow to their brethren on the creek, and the news carried consternation and deep, dark woe to the pagans, who clustered together and ruefully discussed the situation.

Mr. Doyle was wildly jubilant. His joy was only tintured with a

spice of bitterness, the result of knowing that the "haythens" had got away with a few hundred of his precious bricks. He tried to figure out the amount of gold his hotel must contain, but again his ignorance of arithmetic tripped him up, and already in imagination Michael Doyle, licensed victualler, was a millionaire and a J.P.

The Shamrock was really a treasure house. The dirt of which the bricks were composed had been taken from the banks of the Yellow Creek, years before the outbreak of the rush, by an eccentric German who had settled on that sylvan spot. The German died, and his grotesque structure passed into other hands. Time went on, and then came the rush. The banks of the creek were found to be charged with gold for miles, but never for a moment did it occur to anybody that the clumsy old building by the track, now converted into an hotel, was composed of the same rich dirt; never till years after, when by accident one of the Mongolian fossickers discovered grains of gold in a few bats he had taken to use as hobs. The intelligence was conveyed to his fellows; they got more bricks and more gold—hence the robbery of Mr. Doyle's building material and the anxiety of the Mongolians to buy the Shamrock.

Before nightfall Michael summoned half a dozen men from "beyant," to help him in protecting his hotel from a possible Chinese invasion. Other bricks were crushed and yielded splendid prospects. The Shamrock's small stock of liquor was drunk, and everybody became hilarious. On the Sunday night, under cover of the darkness, the Chows made a sudden sally on the Shamrock, hoping to get away with plunder. They were violently received, however; they got no bricks, and returned to their camp broken and disconsolate.

Next day the work of demolition was begun. Drays were backed up against the Shamrock, and load by load the precious bricks were carted away to a neighbouring battery. The Chinamen slouched about, watching greedily, but their now half-hearted attempts at interference met with painful reprisal. Mr. Doyle sent his family and furniture to Ballarat, and in a week there was not a vestige left to mark the spot where once the Shamrock flourished. Every scrap of its walls went through the mill, and the sum of one thousand nine hundred and eighty-three pounds sterling was cleared out of the ruins of the hostelry. Mr. Doyle is now a man of some standing in Victoria, and is a highly respected J.P. has often been pleased to inform a Chinaman that it was "foive pound or a month."

## **The Loaded Dog**

By HENRY (HERTZBERG) LAWSON, 1867-1922. Lawson was the most popular of Australian writers in his lifetime. He was born in the gold fields, son of Peter Hertzberg Larsen, a Norwegian, and Louise Albury, of New South Wales. At the age of twenty he began to write verse, and was for many years a mainstay of the Sydney Bulletin, publishing stories and sketches that reflected the rough life of the "back blocks" which he often shared. At the turn of the century he spent several years in London in a vain attempt to make his living as a metropolitan writer. His chief work was published in some fifteen volumes. Many of Lawson's tales present incidents of the frontier which have the same boisterous humor that made the fame of Mark Twain and other writers of the American West. Of these tales, "The Loaded Dog" is among the best.

■

**DAVE** REGAN, Jim Bently, and Andy Page were sinking a shaft at Stony Creek in search of a rich gold quartz reef which was supposed to exist in the vicinity. There is always a rich reef supposed to exist in the vicinity; the only questions are whether it is ten feet or hundreds beneath the surface, and in which direction. They had struck some pretty solid rock, also water which kept them bailing. They used the old-fashioned blasting powder and time fuse. They'd make a sausage or cartridge of blasting powder in a skin of strong calico or canvas, the mouth sewn and bound round the end of the fuse; they'd dip the cartridge in melted tallow to make it watertight, get the drill hole as dry as possible, drop in the cartridge with some dry dust, and wad the ram with stiff clay and broken brick. Then they'd light the fuse and get out of the hole and wait. The result was usually an ugly pothole in the bottom of the shaft and half a barrow-load of broken rock.

There was plenty of fish in the creek, fresh-water bream, cod, catfish, and tailers. The party were fond of fish, and Andy and Dave of fishing. Andy would fish for three hours at a stretch if encouraged by a "nibble" or a "bite" now and then—say once in twenty minutes. The butcher was always willing to give meat in exchange for fish when they caught more than they could eat; but now it was winter, and these fish wouldn't bite. However, the creek was low, just a chain of muddy water holes, from the hole with a few bucketfuls in it to the sizable pool with an average depth of six or seven feet, and they could get fish by bailing out the smaller holes or muddying up the water in the larger ones till the fish rose to the surface. There was the catfish, with spikes growing out of the sides of its head, and if you got pricked you'd know it, as Dave said. Andy took off his boots, tucked up his trousers, and went into a hole one day to stir up the mud with his feet, and he knew it. Dave scooped one out with his hand and got pricked, and he knew it too; his arm

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Joe Wilson and His Mates* (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1902).

swelled, and the pain throbbed up into his shoulder, and down into his stomach too, he said, like a toothache he had once, and kept him awake for two nights—only the toothache pain had a “burred edge,” Dave said.

Dave got an idea.

“Why not blow the fish up in the big water hole with a cartridge?” he said. “I’ll try it.”

He thought the thing out and Andy Page worked it out. Andy usually put Dave’s theories into practice if they were practicable, or bore the blame for the failure and the chaffing of his mates if they weren’t.

He made a cartridge about three times the size of those they used in the rock. Jim Bently said it was big enough to blow the bottom out of the river. The inner skin was of stout calico; Andy stuck the end of a six-foot piece of fuse well down in the powder and bound the mouth of the bag firmly to it with whipcord. The idea was to sink the cartridge in the water with the open end of the fuse attached to a float on the surface, ready for lighting. Andy dipped the cartridge in melted beeswax to make it watertight. “We’ll have to leave it some time before we light it,” said Dave, “to give the fish time to get over their scare when we put it in, and come nosing round again; so we’ll want it well watertight.”

Round the cartridge Andy, at Dave’s suggestion, bound a strip of sail canvas—that they used for making water bags—to increase the force of the explosion, and round that he pasted layers of stiff brown paper—on the plan of the sort of fireworks we called “gun-crackers.” He let the paper dry in the sun, then he sewed a covering of two thicknesses of canvas over it, and bound the thing from end to end with stout fishing line. Dave’s schemes were elaborate, and he often worked his inventions out to nothing. The cartridge was rigid and solid enough now—a formidable bomb; but Andy and Dave wanted to be sure. Andy sewed on another layer of canvas, dipped the cartridge in melted tallow, twisted a length of fencing wire round it as an afterthought, dipped it in tallow again, and stood it carefully against a tent peg, where he’d know where to find it, and wound the fuse loosely round it. Then he went to the campfire to try some potatoes which were boiling in their jackets in a billy, and to see about frying some chops for dinner. Dave and Jim were at work in the claim that morning.

They had a big black young retriever dog—or rather an overgrown



pup, a big, foolish, four-footed mate, who was always slobbering round them and lashing their legs with his heavy tail that swung round like a stock whip. Most of his head was usually a red, idiotic slobbering grin of appreciation of his own silliness. He seemed to take life, the world, his two-legged mates, and his own instinct as a huge joke. He'd retrieve anything; he carted back most of the camp rubbish that Andy threw away. They had a cat that died in hot weather, and Andy threw it a good distance away in the scrub; and early one morning the dog found the cat, after it had been dead a week or so, and carried it back to camp, and laid it just inside the tent flaps, where it could best make its presence known when the mates should rise and begin to sniff suspiciously in the sickly smothering atmosphere of the summer sunrise. He used to retrieve them when they went in swimming; he'd jump in after them, and take their hands in his mouth, and try to swim out with them, and scratch their naked bodies with his paws. They loved him for his good-heartedness and his foolishness, but when they wished to enjoy a swim they had to tie him up in camp.

He watched Andy with great interest all the morning making the cartridge, and hindered him considerably, trying to help; but about noon he went off to the claim to see how Dave and Jim were getting on, and to come home to dinner with them. Andy saw them coming, and put a panful of mutton chops on the fire. Andy was cook today; Dave and Jim stood with their backs to the fire, as bushmen do in all weathers, waiting till dinner should be ready. The retriever went nosing round after something he seemed to have missed.

Andy's brain still worked on the cartridge; his eye was caught by the glare of an empty kerosene tin lying in the bushes, and it struck him that it wouldn't be a bad idea to sink the cartridge packed with clay, sand, or stones in the tin, to increase the force of the explosion. He may have been all out, from a scientific point of view, but the notion looked all right to him. Jim Bently, by the way, wasn't interested in their "damned silliness." Andy noticed an empty treacle tin—the sort with the little tin neck or spout soldered on to the top for the convenience of pouring out the treacle—and it struck him that this would have made the best kind of cartridge case: he would only have had to pour in the powder, stick the fuse in through the neck, and cork and seal it with beeswax. He was turning to suggest this to Dave, when Dave glanced over his shoulder to see how the chops were doing—and bolted. He explained afterwards that he thought he

heard the pan spluttering extra, and looked to see if the chops were burning. Jim Bently looked behind and bolted after Dave. Andy stood stock-still, staring after them.

"Run, Andy! run!" they shouted back at him. "Run!!! Look behind you, you fool!" Andy turned slowly and looked, and there, close behind him, was the retriever with the cartridge in his mouth—wedged into his broadest and silliest grin. And that wasn't all. The dog had come round the fire to Andy, and the loose end of the fuse had trailed and wagged over the burning sticks into the blaze; Andy had slit and nicked the firing end of the fuse well, and now it was hissing and spitting properly.

Andy's legs started with a jolt; his legs started before his brain did, and he made after Dave and Jim. And the dog followed Andy.

Dave and Jim were good runners—Jim the best—for a short distance; Andy was slow and heavy, but he had the strength and the wind and could last. The dog capered round him, delighted as a dog could be to find his mates, as he thought, on for a frolic. Dave and Jim kept shouting back, "Don't foller us! don't foller us, you colored fool!" but Andy kept on, no matter how they dodged. They could never explain, any more than the dog, why they followed each other, but so they ran: Dave keeping in Jim's track in all its turnings, Andy after Dave, and the dog circling round Andy—the live fuse swishing in all directions and hissing and spluttering and stinking; Jim yelling to Dave not to follow him, Dave shouting to Andy to go in another direction—to "spread out," and Andy roaring at the dog to go home. Then Andy's brain began to work, stimulated by the crisis: he tried to get a running kick at the dog, but the dog dodged; he snatched up sticks and stones and threw them at the dog and ran on again. The retriever saw that he'd made a mistake about Andy, and left him and bounded after Dave. Dave, who had the presence of mind to think that the fuse's time wasn't up yet, made a dive and grab for the dog, caught him by the tail, and as he swung round snatched the cartridge out of his mouth and flung it as far as he could; the dog immediately bounded after it and retrieved it. Dave roared and cursed at the dog, who, seeing that Dave was offended, left him and went after Jim, who was well ahead. Jim swung to a sapling and went up it like a native bear; it was a young sapling, and Jim couldn't safely get more than ten or twelve feet from the ground. The dog laid the cartridge, as carefully as if it were a kitten, at the foot of the sapling, and capered and leaped and whooped joyously round under Jim.

The big pup reckoned that this was part of the lark—he was all right now—it was Jim who was out for a spree. The fuse sounded as if it were going a mile a minute. Jim tried to climb higher, and the sapling bent and cracked. Jim fell on his feet and ran. The dog swooped on the cartridge and followed. It all took but a very few moments. Jim ran to a digger's hole, about ten feet deep, and dropped down into it—landing on soft mud—and was safe. The dog grinned sardonically down on him, over the edge, for a moment, as if he thought it would be a good lark to drop the cartridge down on Jim.

“Go away, Tommy,” said Jim feebly, “go away.”

The dog bounded off after Dave, who was the only one in sight now; Andy had dropped behind a log, where he lay flat on his face, having suddenly remembered a picture of the Russo-Turkish war with a circle of Turks lying flat on their faces (as if they were ashamed) round a newly arrived shell.

There was a small hotel or shanty on the creek, on the main road, not far from the claim. Dave was desperate, the time flew much faster in his stimulated imagination than it did in reality, so he made for the shanty. There were several casual bushmen on the veranda and in the bar; Dave rushed into the bar, banging the door to behind him. “My dog!” he gasped, in reply to the astonished stare of the publican, “the blanky retriever—he’s got a live cartridge in his mouth—”

The retriever, finding the front door shut against him, had bounded round and in by the back way, and now stood smiling in the doorway leading from the passage, the cartridge still in his mouth and the fuse spluttering. They burst out of that bar. Tommy bounded first after one and then after another, for, being a young dog, he tried to make friends with everybody.

The bushmen ran round corners, and some shut themselves in the stable. There was a new weatherboard and corrugated-iron kitchen and washhouse on piles in the back yard, with some women washing clothes inside. Dave and the publican bundled in there and shut the door—the publican cursing Dave and calling him a crimson fool, in hurried tones, and wanting to know what the hell he came here for.

The retriever went in under the kitchen, amongst the piles, but, luckily for those inside, there was a vicious yellow mongrel cattle dog sulking and nursing his nastiness under there—a sneaking, fighting, thieving canine, whom neighbors had tried for years to shoot

or poison. Tommy saw his danger—he'd had experience from this dog—and started out and across the yard, still sticking to the cartridge. Half-way across the yard the yellow dog caught him and nipped him. Tommy dropped the cartridge, gave one terrified yell, and took to the bush. The yellow dog followed him to the fence and then ran back to see what he had dropped. Nearly a dozen other dogs came from round all the corners and under the buildings—spidery, thievish, cold-blooded kangaroo dogs, mongrel sheep and cattle dogs, vicious black and yellow dogs—that slip after you in the dark, nip your heels, and vanish without explaining—and yapping, yelping small fry. They kept at a respectable distance round the nasty yellow dog, for it was dangerous to go near him when he thought he had found something which might be good for a dog to eat. He sniffed at the cartridge twice, and was just taking a third cautious sniff when—

It was very good blasting powder—a new brand that Dave had recently got up from Sydney; and the cartridge had been excellently well made. Andy was very patient and painstaking in all he did, and nearly as handy as the average sailor with needles, twine, canvas and rope.

Bushmen say that that kitchen jumped off its piles and on again. When the smoke and dust cleared away, the remains of the nasty yellow dog were lying against the paling fence of the yard looking as if he had been kicked into a fire by a horse and afterwards rolled in the dust under a barrow, and finally thrown against the fence from a distance. Several saddle horses, which had been "hanging-up" round the veranda, were galloping wildly down the road in clouds of dust, with broken bridle reins flying; and from a circle round the outskirts, from every point of the compass in the scrub, came the yelping of dogs. Two of them went home, to the place where they were born, thirty miles away, and reached it the same night and stayed there; it was not till towards evening that the rest came back cautiously to make inquiries. One was trying to walk on two legs, and most of 'em looked more or less singed; and a little, singed, stumpy-tailed dog, who had been in the habit of hopping the back half of him along on one leg, had reason to be glad that he'd saved the other leg all those years, for he needed it now. There was one old one-eyed cattle dog round that shanty for years afterwards who couldn't stand the smell of a gun being cleaned. He it was who had taken an interest, only second to that of the yellow dog, in the cartridge. Bushmen said that it was amusing to slip up on his blind side and stick

a dirty ramrod under his nose: he wouldn't wait to bring his solitary eye to bear—he'd take to the bush and stay out all night.

For half an hour or so after the explosion there were several bushmen round behind the stable who crouched, doubled up, against the wall, or rolled gently on the dust, trying to laugh without shrieking. There were two white women in hysterics at the house, and a half-caste rushing aimlessly round with a dipper of cold water. The publican was holding his wife tight and begging her between her squawks, to "hold up for my sake, Mary, or I'll lam the life out of ye."

Dave decided to apologise later on, "when things had settled a bit," and went back to camp. And the dog that had done it all, Tommy, the great, idiotic mongrel retriever, came slobbering round Dave and lashing his legs with his tail, and trotted home after him, smiling his broadest, longest, and reddest smile of amiability, and apparently satisfied for one afternoon with the fun he'd had.

Andy chained the dog up securely, and cooked some more chops, while Dave went to help Jim out of the hole.

And most of this is why, for years afterwards, lanky, easygoing bushmen, riding lazily past Dave's camp, would cry, in a lazy drawl and with just a hint of the nasal twang:

"'El-lo, Da-a-ve! How's the fishin' getting on, Da-a-ve?"

## The Maker of a Continent

By CHARLES EDWIN WOODROW BEAN, 1879-. Bean, essayist and historian, was born at Bathurst, N.S.W., son of the Rev. Edwin Bean, sometime headmaster of All Saints' College. The son was educated at this school and in England; with an Oxford degree and membership in the bar, he returned to Australia in 1904. Attracted to literature, however, he joined the literary staff of the Sydney Morning Herald in 1908. As a result of his service in France in World War I—his *Letters from France* (1917) is still read by those who seek to know the spirit of the Australian soldier—he was appointed official historian by the Commonwealth Government; he edited *The Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18* (1921-26) and wrote the first four of twelve volumes. His most widely appealing work, however, is found in *On the Wool Track* (1910) and *The Dreadnaught of the Darling* (1911). These sketches first appeared in the Herald; the first volume describes incidents in the important wool trade, and the second the old steamboat days of Central Australia. The following chapter from *On the Wool Track* first appeared in 1909 and was revised in 1925, and portrays the influence of sheep raising upon the pioneer development of the Australian back country. Bean remarks in his 1925 preface: "The region of which these books mainly tell is still as strange to most city Australians as to the Londoner and New Yorker. . . . Even now, whenever even moderate rain falls, the black soil of the river flats becomes practically impassable to anything with wheels, be it sulky or buggy, relics of the horse age, or the automobile of this. At such times, in that country, the old scale of times and distances holds, and will probably do so until helicopters are as common as Ford cars. But that day will come . . ."

**T**HERE was death in the paddock. For nine days the police had followed a man's footsteps. Once and again the foot-marks would turn back upon themselves. Now they would lead round and round a tree. Now they would shoot off at right angles. At long intervals the searchers had found towards evening clear signs that his feet had begun to drag. They could see clearly the long scrape of the toe before each heel-mark. They quickened pace, following the tracks with all the skill that was in them. Presently they came to his hat. There the dark closed in upon them. It was too black to follow, and they had to camp.

That night down came the rain. By the morning every trace of the tracks had been sponged away as from a slate. All day they searched—both the trooper and the black tracker—but found nothing. Months later, a boundary rider came upon his coat. There were letters in it from some man in Scotland; from that day to this no other trace of him has been discovered.

Long afterwards a letter came back from the man in Scotland, to whom the police had written. He was a doctor, and the dead man's brother. The dead man had been working his way through the far West from station to station on foot. He had suddenly announced that he meant to walk to Sydney. Probably he drank. Certainly he went mad.

Now, the paddock where the man was lost was not twenty miles out of Menindie. He never got out of the one paddock. It was no larger than most other enclosures in the west of New South Wales—ten miles by ten miles. Yet, either in that or in the one which we drove through next to it, the boundary riders have, at one time or another, ridden across the skeletons of three men, with their swags scattered near them, just as they lay down when they came to the end of their strength. The truth is that a great part of New South

Reprinted from *On the Wool Track* by C. E. W. Bean; copyright, 1947, by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers. Canadian rights from Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney.

Wales outback there, though it is marked off into little squares on the map and has well-known names written over it and even roads drawn through it—and therefore is not pictured by us city folk as different from other civilized lands—is not really, as yet, a country in which a man can be sure of keeping his life.

When the first white men pushed out from the fringe of the known districts into this “outside” region, each took his life in his hands, and knew that he did so. There was some danger from blacks—not a very great risk. The real danger was from the country itself. The white men—Burke and Wills and others—went provided against that danger, with stock and water bags and provisions, even with camels. And then, despite all their preparations, sometimes those men gave out and died.

One has seen the country where men have died; and if the place had not actually done them to death, one would not have dreamed that there could be any cruelty in the heart of it. There were no Alpine precipices, no avalanches or volcanoes or black jungles full of wild beasts, no earthquakes, not even a flood or a bush fire. The countryside looked like a beautiful open park with gentle slopes and soft grey tree-clumps. Nothing appalling or horrible rushed upon these men. Only there happened—nothing. There might have been a pool of cool water behind any one of those tree-clumps; only—there was not. It might have rained, any time; only—it did not. There might have been a fence or a house just over the next rise; only—there was not. They lay down, with the birds hopping from branch to branch above them and the bright sky peeping down at them. No one came. Nothing happened. That was all.

What even Australians do not realize—sometimes until it is past mattering whether they realize it or not—is that in the greater part of this “outside” region there has been wrought only one change since the explorers first came out upon it. It is the same beautiful, endless, pitiless country that it was when they found it—except for just one difference. Sheep have come there.

Men have transformed that region into one in which there exist—as a general rule—the living conditions for sheep. That is all.

Men cannot live there. It is when they imagine they can that they come to grief. They have made themselves homesteads—little redoubts fifty or a hundred miles apart, where they can defend themselves securely enough when they get there. But over the wide spaces between they have to stage from water to water, from tank to tank



On my first visit, some way out of Menindie we happened to drive through a paddock which had been unstocked for many years. It gave one a fleeting vision of what those white men did find. It was almost impossible to get out of one's head the notion that we were driving through a park. One could swear that a glimpse of the house, or the white pinafores of the children playing in the grass, or the ornamental water, or the pet Jersey cows must turn up round the next corner. As a matter of fact, there was not a house or a pinafore or even a cow within twenty miles. We saw that day the tracks of one boundary rider; of two buggies which had been through a fortnight before; and of a wild dog and his mate. We passed—miles away—the low sandy dam or parapet of a "tank." Its bottom, we happened to know, was at that time dry sand. We were following those buggy tracks over the horizon for three hundred miles, and at times they were the only thing to follow. One of us was a skilled bushman, or the chances are that the other would not have found the marks of the buggy wheels, and would have lain down under the trees and the blue sky; and—perhaps they might have found him later.

But one could not help believing it was a park, in spite of all. Pretty pine trees, blue clumps of applewood, needle-wood, belar, gray-blue mulga, with the exquisite black tracery of its delicate branches showing under the leaves, sailed by in groups on either side of us. Up a shallow glade between them the long white beards of spear grass, three seasons old, were standing, in parts knee-deep. The track—the one sign of man's existence—wound through the grass away out of sight. And along it, far ahead of us, startled by the trotting horses, bounced two kangaroos, mother and young one, furlong after furlong. Others we started and sent off into the scrub, a dozen or more of them, gray and brown. But these two stuck to the "road" as though it were made for them—disappearing sometimes where it wound behind the trees, but always turning up, still bumping along it, where it wound out again beyond. No wonder men once thought the land would carry any stock they liked to cram upon it.

Emu and kangaroo swarmed throughout that paddock. How they

had discovered it, Heaven knows. What we saw there impressed us with the notion that the first white men must have found the back country teeming with life. To our surprise one of them told us afterwards that they did not. Life teemed around the lakes—duck, teal, swans, kangaroo, emu, brolga, pelican, ibis, and all the rest. But on the waterless back country—he said—they came out into an almost ghastly stillness, long white grass, soft blue trees, no animals, few blacks.

“Why, there wasn’t enough water even for the blacks, at some times,” he said. “The Mulga blacks—those that lived in the mulga scrub, away from the river—had to come down to the Darling for water, so they told me, sneaking down by night and getting back again before daybreak for fear of the Darling blacks. There were great battles if they were caught, for their law was never to trespass on each other’s grounds.

“As for the animals, you would not see a beast or even a bird. The only ones we did see were those ‘twelve apostles,’ and I’m sure I don’t know what they did for water. That was before we dug the tanks in the paddocks. As soon as the tanks began to gather water, the game began to find it out—the animals became thick enough after that.”

Those tanks were put down for the sheep. So the sheep were actually responsible for making this country to some extent liveable not only for men or for tame beasts, but even for its own wild animals.

Some of its main features which even some of the inhabitants assume to be natural, had been brought into existence, apparently, by sheep. For example, we spent one night at the homestead of a man who was the first to take a homestead lease in the Central West. He was a grand fellow, the only one of all in that part—squatters and selectors—who had survived the great drought. It was a very isolated little home, the farthest-back selection in the district. That night, at first from far in the scrub, afterwards, of all places, from just outside my window, came the most dismal, alarming, long-drawn howl that one has ever listened to. It was a wild dog, which had killed a sheep the day before and had come back under cover of dark, howling after the station dogs. It was a lonely place and no mistake.

At the back of that house, stretching away acre beyond acre to the hills, and for miles along the road to the south, was a thick pine forest. But with a few exceptions here and there, where the roots happened to tap some hidden watercourse, every pine tree in the whole area

on to this red country, it was all beautifully grassed open land away to the hills—not a pine tree on it. And the soil was so loose that my horse sank up to his fetlocks at every step and the sheep drove their feet deep into it as they walked.

“As I’m telling you, it was open country then; but in a year or two the sheep had trodden in the whole face of it, and I think its hardening must have affected some seed that was hidden there all the time; for no sooner was the ground solid than up came this pine-scrub thick all over the surface. It grew and grew into this forest, as you see it. And then came the drought and killed every pine tree for miles.”

And there we saw the relics—acre after acre of bare gray poles. There was nowhere any trace of such destruction having previously occurred; which made it probable, though not certain, that there had not for centuries been any such drought. One cannot be certain, however, because during those previous centuries the sheep were not there; and they may have been responsible for some change—the hardening of the ground, for example—which may have helped this last drought to destroy a forest that would otherwise have survived.

Providence only knows what the sheep are not responsible for in the outside country—it is such a region to play with. In places they had trampled a drafting-yard to dust for twenty years; and after they had departed the first spring rain had brought up grasses not previously seen for a generation. In other places (during a dry spell, with the rabbits to help them) they had eaten out the roots of the grass and saltbush, and so trampled and trodden and powdered the face of the country, that it had blown clean away and piled itself up behind tree-clumps and over fences and old stock yards, where we saw it and could have driven our buggy over it, fences and all. And where the earth was once grass-covered we found great piebald patches of shiny bare clay, which, if the sheep went on with their work and trampled it to powder, might possibly bear grass and saltbush again some day—or might not. At least, that is perhaps the most general

of the utterly conflicting opinions expressed by those best qualified to prophesy.

Whatever the sheep might or might not have done, they had done this for the Western District of New South Wales. As far as the West was liveable for men, it was the sheep and they alone that had made it so. You could no longer wander away to nowhere in that country. There were at least fences across the plain—though the next one might be over the horizon. And there was at least water every thirty miles or so, if only you knew where to find it. The first thing the owners did was to find depressions, dam them, and run drains from them like the spokes of a wheel for as much as two miles in various directions to catch every precious drop that fell. Once caught, they did all they could to keep it—built high mounds round the tanks to give shelter from the dry winds; planted breaks of trees; even tried covering the tanks with water weeds to protect them from the sun. They say there are days on which in these parts as much as an inch of water evaporates: and seeing that, in an average year, the rainfall on the plain around the tank is only nine or ten inches, they had to husband every drop.

So the early white men made their preparations, and stocked this beautiful country with millions of sheep—with a sheep to three acres in some places. And then came three years in which seven inches, all told, of rain fell.

Well, what could they do in a region like that? Men can live and move in a country where there are tanks and fences for sheep. But when the tanks were dry, and the fences sandhills, and the sheep dead, a mere tour of a commercial traveller in his buggy became as dangerous, sometimes, as a dash for the Pole. We met one man who during that period had started out upon a drive across a dry stage of seventy miles from Eighteen-Mile Well, out of Bourke, to Wanaaring, to collect arrears on sewing machines. Two mornings later, they picked him up alone, two and a half miles out of Wanaaring, waving a handkerchief on a stick, and whispering, "Water—back there!" The finders carried water "back there" along the track for four miles and found his mate and the two horses collapsed. A chance twig had pierced their water bag. That was all.

It is wonderful what a time people have lasted—especially children—when lost like this. One policeman told us, if I remember the story aright, of three children who wandered from a Central Western

homestead out into the long grass. For nine days they hunted them, all hands at the station lining out and working up and down paddock after paddock. Then the searchers found them collapsed, but alive. The eldest, a girl, had kept the life in them by feeding them with yams or roots of some sort.

The superintendent of police at Bourke had an almost stranger story. "It was in the eighties," he said, "that two children were lost while going back after school to their homes on the outskirts of the town here—two little toddlers. The grass was long on the common then—I haven't seen a blade of it since '94. A search party looked for them, but couldn't find them. I had a tracker here then called Charlie—a black from a Diamantina run, and such a tracker that I had made the owner promise, if ever he dispensed with him, to let me have him. I took Charlie out. We made a circle twelve miles from the town. And we cut their track.

"Charlie followed the track at a canter, seeing it ahead of him by the turn of the grass blades, where you or I could not possibly have suspected it.

"Now look"—and the superintendent pointed in the direction of a solitary table-topped hill which you can see from Bourke far over the plain. Its name is Mount Oxley. It is twenty-eight miles away. "We followed the tracks to Mount Oxley, and there they turned. We turned after them, and four days from the day the search was started, thirty-eight miles out, within a mile of Bogan River, we found the toddlers. They were pretty poor. But we brought them in all right."

The superintendent bent over his desk and hunted for a paper. Finally he got it, and handed it across the table. "That'll give you an idea," he said. "Every month or two we get these reports."

It was an ordinary typewritten police-officer's report from a place seventy miles out. It said that in the previous week two boundary riders, while mustering in a paddock on Clifton Downs station near Yantabulla, had come on the body of a man, very much shrunken, in brown singlet and trousers—billy can by him—knife open at his side—swag, with tent fly, and apparel lying around—bicycle close at hand—all much damaged by weather. He was midway between the track to Willara and another track. Officer thought he had probably tried a short-cut, and had missed the tank.

"They're all right," said the superintendent, "until something happens. Then they're done."

That is to say, in that year of grace, 1909, in the far back country

of Sydney, by taking advantage of the provision made for sheep, a man might travel without danger of losing his life for just so long as he was a sane, healthy, whole man, or the provision could be found. If anything happened—if he broke a leg, sprained an ankle, got drunk, went mad, as he often has done—he had about as much chance as a polar explorer would have if the same thing happened to him near the South Pole. If he was a town man and took the wrong road, just because it happened to have bigger ruts—as a tailor did on the way to Louth some time before—and the ruts went thirty miles and petered out, the chances are he would be found, as the tailor was, just eleven days too late, with his bicycle hung in a tree and his clothes lying about.

Even as near to Sydney as the centre of New South Wales we came upon a "main road" of which a town man could barely see the traces. "There's been a lot of traffic along here," said the driver, when we cut it. You could see all the wheel marks of years past—there appeared (when, from curiosity, we afterwards counted them) to be exactly fourteen. Another road was traceable by the ruts which stood out of the ground—instead of being driven into it: some wagon had hardened the sand beneath its wheels, and the years had worn away the softer sand on either side of the wheel marks. Another road across some grassland was marked by a white line of wild oats, sprung from seed which had caught in the old ruts and grown there.

Those were the landmarks which human beings used to follow in these parts. The automobile improved things; the traffic increased in the days of petrol, and the roads therefore became clearer, though it is still necessary to keep your eyes open for such signs. By one who is not used to them they are apt to be overlooked—to his peril. But then the provision around him is not for men but for sheep—sheep which may go six weeks without water. Where the Australian country has actually turned the tables on the sheep, and driven him back, as it has from South Australian runs over the border, it has driven the white man too—a fortiori—and the land is desolate, fences down, homesteads ruined.

There, around Lake Eyre, and over some part of Central Australia, you may see them today—deserted homesteads standing out from the desert with the marks of old settlement around them. That is what sheep mean to Australia.



## Proem from *Australia Felix*

By "HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON" (Ethel Florence Lindesay Richardson), 1870-1946. The greatest novelist to come out of Australia was born in Melbourne, daughter of an Edinburgh M.D. who practiced at Ballarat and other Australian towns. After going through the Presbyterian Ladies' College in her birthplace, she travelled to Europe to study music. Although she lived in England for most of her life (her husband was Professor John G. Robertson of London University), she considered her work as belonging to Australian literature. Her master work is a trilogy, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*, covering the life of a family from the 1850's to the 1880's, and published originally in three separate volumes: *Australia Felix* (1917), *The Way Home* (1925), and *Ultima Thule* (1929). Several of her other books have Australian scenes, notably *The Getting of Wisdom* (1910), dealing with growing girls in a suburban school, and *The End of a Childhood and Other Stories* (1934). *Maurice Guest* (1908) is a novel about musical people in Leipzig in the nineties; *The Young Cosima* (1938) tells of the Wagnerian circle. Her unfinished autobiography, *Myself When Young*, appeared in 1948. The following selection, constituting a sort of prologue to her trilogy, realistically describes the hard lot of the unskilled miner during the gold rush to the Ballarat fields.



IN A shaft on the Gravel Pits, a man had been buried alive. At work in a deep wet hole, he had recklessly omitted to slab the walls of a drive; uprights and tailors yielded under the lateral pressure, and the rotten earth collapsed, bringing down the roof in its train. The digger fell forward on his face, his ribs jammed across his pick, his arms pinned to his sides, nose and mouth pressed into the sticky mud as into a mask; and over his defenceless body, with a roar that burst his eardrums, broke stupendous masses of earth.

His mates at the windlass went staggering back from the belch of violently discharged air: it tore the wind-sail to strips, sent stones and gravel flying, loosened planks and props. Their shouts drawing no response, the younger and nimbler of the two—he was a mere boy, for all his amazing growth of beard—put his foot in the bucket and went down on the rope, kicking off the sides of the shaft with his free foot. A group of diggers, gathering round the pit-head, waited for the tug at the rope. It was quick in coming; and the lad was hauled to the surface. No hope: both drives had fallen in; the bottom of the shaft was blocked. The crowd melted with a “Poor Bill—God rest his soul!” or with a silent shrug. Such accidents were not infrequent; each man might thank his stars it was not he who lay cooling down below. And so, since no more wash dirt would be raised from this hole, the party that worked it made off for the nearest grogshop, to wet their throats to the memory of the dead, and to discuss future plans.

All but one: a lean and haggard-looking man of some five and forty, who was known to his comrades as Long Jim. On hearing his mate’s report he had sunk heavily down on a log, and there he sat, a pannikin of raw spirit in his hand, the tears coursing ruts down cheeks scabby with yellow mud, his eyes glassy as marbles with those that had still to fall.

He wept, not for the dead man, but for himself. This accident was

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*, by Henry Handel Richardson, published by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. Canadian rights by permission of British publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd.

the last link in a chain of ill luck that had been forging ever since he first followed the diggings. He only needed to put his hand to a thing, and luck deserted it. In all the sinkings he had been connected with, he had not once caught his pick in a nugget or got the run of the gutter; the "bottoms" had always proved barren, drives been exhausted without his raising the color. At the present claim he and his mates had toiled for months, overcoming one difficulty after another. The slabbing, for instance, had cost them infinite trouble; it was roughly done, too, and, even after the pins were in, great flakes of earth would come tumbling down from between the joints, on one occasion nearly knocking silly the man who was below. Then, before they had slabbed a depth of three times nine, they had got into water, and in this they worked for the next sixty feet. They were barely rid of it, when the two adjoining claims were abandoned, and in came the flood again—this time they had to fly for their lives before it, so rapid was its rise. Not the strongest man could stand in this ice-cold water for more than three days on end—the bark slabs stank in it, too, like the skins in a tanner's yard—and they had been forced to quit work till it subsided. He and another man had gone to the hills, to hew trees for more slabs; the rest to the grogshop. From there, when it was feasible to make a fresh start, they had to be dragged, some blind drunk, the rest blind stupid from their booze. That had been the hardest job of any: keeping the party together. They had only been eight in all—a hand-to-mouth number for a deep wet hole. Then, one had died of dysentery, contracted from working constantly in water up to his middle; another had been nabbed in a man hunt and clapped into the "logs." And finally, but a day or two back, the three men who completed the night-shift had deserted for a new "rush" to the Avoca. Now, his pal had gone, too. There was nothing left for him, Long Jim, to do, but to take his dish and turn fossicker; or even to aim no higher than washing over the tailings rejected by the fossicker.

At the thought his tears flowed anew. He cursed the day on which he had first set foot on Ballarat.

"It's 'ell for white men—'ell, that's what it is!"

"'Ere, 'ave another drink, matey, and fergit yer bloody troubles."

His refilled pannikin drained, he grew warmer round the heart; and sang the praises of his former life. He had been a lamplighter in the old country, and for many years had known no more arduous task than that of tramping round certain streets three times daily, ladder

from the ground. Might the rogues who had spread these lies be damned to all eternity! Then, he had swallowed them only too willingly; and, leaving the old woman wringing her hands, had taken every farthing of his savings and set sail for Australia. That was close on three years ago. For all he knew, his wife might be dead and buried by this time; or sitting in the almshouse. She could not write, and only in the early days had an occasional newspaper reached him, on which, alongside the Queen's head, she had put the mark they had agreed on, to show that she was still alive. He would probably never see her again, but would end his days where he was. Well, they wouldn't be many; this was not a place that made old bones. And, as he sat, worked on by grief and liquor, he was seized by a desperate homesickness for the old country. Why had he ever been fool enough to leave it? He shut his eyes, and all the well-known sights and sounds of the familiar streets came back to him. He saw himself on his rounds of a winter's afternoon, when each lamp had a halo in the foggy air; heard the pit-pat of his four-footer behind him, the bump of the ladder against the prong of the lamppost. His friend the policeman's glazed stovepipe shone out at the corner; from the distance came the tinkle of the muffin man's bell, the cries of the buy-a-brooms. He remembered the glowing charcoal in the stoves of the chestnut and potato sellers; the appetising smell of the cooked-fish shops; the fragrant steam of the hot, dark coffee at the twopenny stall, when he had turned shivering out of bed; he sighed for the lights and jollity of the "Hare and Hounds" on a Saturday night. He would never see anything of the kind again. No; here, under bare blue skies, out of which the sun frizzled you alive; here, where it couldn't rain without at once being a flood; where the very winds blew contrarily, hot from the north and bitter-chill from the south; where, no matter how great the heat by day, the night would as likely as not be nipping cold: here he was doomed to end his life, and to end it, for all the yellow sunshine, more hopelessly knotted and gnarled with rheumatism than if, dawn after dawn, he had gone out in a cutting northeaster, or groped his way through the gray fog-mists sent up by gray Thames.

Thus he sat and brooded, all the hatred of the unwilling exile for the land that gives him houseroom burning in his breast.

Who the man was, who now lay deep in a grave that fitted him as a glove fits the hand, careless of the pass to which he had brought his mate; who this really was, Long Jim knew no more than the rest. Young Bill had never spoken out. They had chummed together on the seventy-odd-mile tramp from Melbourne; had boiled a common billy and slept side by side in rain-soaked blankets, under the scanty hair of a she-oak. That was in the days of the first great stampede to the gold fields, when the embryo seaports were as empty as though they were plague-ridden, and every man who had the use of his legs was on the wide bush-track, bound for the north. It was better to be two than one in this medley of bullock teams, lorries, carts and pack horses, of dog teams, wheelbarrows and swagmen, where the air rang with oaths, shouts and hammering hoofs, with whipcracking and bullock-prodding; in this hurly-burly of thieves, bushrangers and foreigners, of drunken convicts and deserting sailors, of slit-eyed Chinese and apt-handed Lascars, of expirees and ticket-of-leave men, of Jews, Turks and other infidels. Long Jim, himself stunned by it all: by the pothor of landing and of finding a roof to cover him; by the ruinous price of bare necessities; by the length of this unheard-of walk that lay before his town-bred feet: Long Jim had gladly accepted the young man's company on the road. Originally, for no more than this; at heart he distrusted Young Bill, because of his fine-gentleman airs, and intended shaking the lad off as soon as they reached the diggings. There, a man must, for safety's sake, be alone, when he stooped to pick up his fortune. But at first sight of the strange, wild scene that met his eyes he hastily changed his mind. And so the two of them had stuck together; and he had never had cause to regret it. For all his lily-white hands and finical speech Young Bill had worked like a nigger, standing by his mate through the latter's disasters; had worked till the ladyish hands were horny with warts and corns, and this, though he was doubled up with dysentery in the hot season, and racked by winter cramps. But the life had proved too hard for him, all the same. During the previous summer he had begun to drink—steadily, with the dogged persistence that was in him—and since then his work had gone downhill. His sudden death had only been a hastening-on of the inevitable. Staggering home to the tent after nightfall he would have been sure, sooner or later, to fall into a dry shicer and break his neck, or into a wet one and be drowned.

On the surface of the Gravel Pits his fate was already forgotten. The rude activity of a gold diggings in full swing had closed over the incident, swallowed it up.

Under a sky so pure and luminous that it seemed like a thinly drawn veil of blueness, which ought to have been transparent, stretched what, from a short way off, resembled a desert of pale clay. No patch of green offered rest to the eye; not a tree, hardly a stunted bush had been left standing, either on the bottom of the vast shallow basin itself, or on the several hillocks that dotted it and formed its sides. Even the most prominent of these, the Black Hill, which jutted out on the Flat like a gigantic tumulus, had been stripped of its dense timber, feverishly disembowelled, and was now become a bald protuberance strewn with gravel and clay. The whole scene had that strange, repellent ugliness that goes with breaking up and throwing into disorder what has been sanctified as final, and belongs, in particular, to the wanton disturbing of earth's gracious, green-spread crust. In the pre-golden era this wide valley, lying open to sun and wind, had been a lovely grassland, ringed by a circlet of wooded hills; beyond these, by a belt of virgin forest. A limpid river and more than one creek had meandered across its face; water was to be found there even in the driest summer. She-oaks and peppermints had given shade to the flocks of the early settlers; wattles had bloomed their brief delirious yellow passion against the gray-green foliage of the gums. Now, all that was left of the original "pleasant resting place" and its pristine beauty were the ancient volcanic cones of Warrenheip and Buninyong. These, too far off to supply wood for firing or slabbing, still stood green and timbered, and looked down upon the havoc that had been made of the fair, pastoral lands.

Seen nearer at hand, the dun-colored desert resolved itself into unaccountable pimpling clay and mud-heaps, of divers shades and varying sizes: some consisted of but a few bucketfuls of mullock, others were taller than the tallest man. There were also hundreds of rain-soaked, mud-bespattered tents, sheds and awnings; wind-sails, which fell, funnel-like, from a kind of gallows into the shafts they ventilated; flags fluttering on high posts in front of stores. The many human figures that went to and fro were hardly to be distinguished from the ground they trod. They were coated with earth, clay-clad in ochre and gamboge. Their faces were daubed with clauber; it matted great beards, and entangled the coarse hairs on chests and brawny arms. Where, here and there, a blue jumper had kept a

tinge of blueness, it was so besmeared with yellow that it might have been expected to turn green. The gauze neck-veils that hung from the brims of wide-awakes or cabbage-trees were become stiff little lattices of caked clay.

There was water everywhere. From the spurs and gullies round about, the autumn rains had poured freely down on the Flat; river and creeks had been over their banks; and such narrow ground-space as remained between the thick-sown tents, the myriads of holes that abutted one on another, jealous of every inch of space, had become a trough of mud. Water meandered over this mud, or carved its soft way in channels; it lay about in puddles, thick and dark as coffee grounds; it filled abandoned shallow holes to the brim.

From this scene rose a blurred hum of sound; rose and as it were remained stationary above it—like a smoke-cloud, which no wind comes to drive away. Gradually, though, the ear made out, in the conglomerate of noise, a host of separate noises infinitely multiplied: the sharp tick-tick of the surface picks, the dull thud of shovels, their muffled echoes from the depths below. There was also the continuous squeak and groan of windlasses; the bump of the mullock emptied from the bucket; the trundle of wheelbarrows, pushed along a plank from the shaft's mouth to the nearest pool; the dump of the dirt on the heap for washing. Along the banks of a creek, hundreds of cradles rattled and grated; the noise of the spades, chopping the gravel in the puddling tubs or the Long Toms, was like the scrunch of shingle under waves. The fierce yelping of the dogs chained to the flagposts of stores, mongrels which yapped at friend and foe alike, supplied a note of earsplitting discord.

But except for this it was a wholly mechanical din. Human brains directed operations, human hands carried them out, but the sound of the human voice was, for the most part, lacking. The diggers were a somber, preoccupied race, little given to lip-work. Even the "shepherds," who, in waiting to see if their neighbors struck the lead, beguiled the time with euchre and "lambskinnet," played moodily, their mouths glued to their pipe stems; they were tail-on-end to fling down the cards for pick and shovel. The great majority, ant-like in their indefatigable busyness, neither turned a head nor looked up: backs were bent, eyes fixed, in a hard scrutiny of cradle or tin dish: it was the earth that held them, the familiar, homely earth, whose common fate it is to be trodden heedlessly underfoot. Here, it was the loadstone that drew all men's thoughts. And it took toll of their

bodies in odd, exhausting forms of labor, which were swift to weed out the unfit.

The men at the windlasses spat into their horny palms and bent to the crank: they paused only to pass the back of a hand over a sweaty forehead, or to drain a nose between two fingers. The barrow drivers shoved their loads, the bones of their forearms standing out like ribs. Beside the pools, the puddlers chopped with their shovels; some even stood in the tubs, and worked the earth with their feet, as wine-pressers trample grapes. The cradlers, eternally rocking with one hand, held a long stick in the other with which to break up any clods a careless puddler might have deposited in the hopper. Behind these came the great army of fossickers, washers of surface dirt, equipped with knives and tin dishes, and content if they could wash out half-a-pennyweight to the dish. At their heels still others, who treated the tailings they threw away. And among these last was a sprinkling of women, more than one with an infant sucking at her breast. Withdrawn into a group for themselves worked a body of Chinese, in loose blue blouses, flappy blue leg-bags and huge conical straw hats. They, too, fossicked and rewashed, using extravagant quantities of water.

Thus the pale-eyed multitude worried the surface, and, at the risk and cost of their lives, probed the depths. Now that deep sinking was in vogue, gold digging no longer served as a play-game for the gentleman and the amateur; the greater number of those who toiled at it were work-tried, seasoned men. And yet, although it had now sunk to the level of any other arduous and uncertain occupation, and the magic prizes of the early days were seldom found, something of the old, romantic glamor still clung to this most famous gold field, dazzling the eyes and confounding the judgment. Elsewhere, the horse was in use at the puddling trough, and machines for crushing quartz were under discussion. But the Ballarat digger resisted the introduction of machinery, fearing the capitalist machinery would bring in its train. He remained the dreamer, the jealous individualist; he hovered for ever on the brink of a stupendous discovery.

This dream it was, of vast wealth got without exertion, which had decoyed the strange, motley crowd, in which peers and churchmen rubbed shoulders with the scum of Norfolk Island, to exile in this outlandish region. And the intention of all alike had been: to snatch a golden fortune from the earth and then, hey, presto! for the old world again. But they were reckoning without their host; only too

many of those who entered the country went out no more. They became prisoners to the soil. The fabulous riches of which they had heard tell amounted, at best, to a few thousands of pounds: what folly to depart with so little, when mother earth still teemed! Those who drew blanks nursed an unquenchable hope, and labored all their days like navvies, for a navvy's wage. Others again, broken in health or disheartened, could only turn to an easier handiwork. There were also men who, as soon as fortune smiled on them, dropped their tools and ran to squander the work of months in a wild debauch; and they invariably returned, tail down, to prove their luck anew. And, yet again, there were those who, having once seen the metal in the raw: in dust, fine as that brushed from a butterfly's wing; in heavy, chubby nuggets; or, more exquisite still, as the daffodil-yellow veining of bluish-white quartz: these were gripped in the subtlest way of all. A passion for the gold itself awoke in them, an almost sensual craving to touch and possess; and the glitter of a few specks at the bottom of pan or cradle came, in time, to mean more to them than "home," or wife, or child.

Such were the fates of those who succumbed to the "unholy hunger." It was like a form of revenge taken on them, for their loveless schemes of robbing and fleeing; a revenge contrived by the ancient, barbaric country they had so lightly invaded. Now, she held them captive—without chains; ensorcelled—without witchcraft; and, lying stretched like some primeval monster in the sun, her breasts freely bared, she watched, with a malignant eye, the efforts made by these puny mortals to tear their lips away.

■





## Out There

By ELLIOTT LOVEGOOD GRANT WATSON, 1885–  
Grant Watson, a graduate in natural science from Trinity College, Cambridge, made a scientific expedition to northwestern Australia in 1910–1911. Many of his twenty-two volumes of novels, short stories, and essays in natural history reflect his observations of life in the fringes of the Pacific. The following novels have an Australian setting: *The Mainland* (1917), *Where Bonds Are Loosed* (1918), *The Contracting Circle* (1925), *Lost Man!* (1934), and *The Nun and the Bandit* (1941). Two other novels deal with Pacific islands of the tropics: *The Other Magic* (1921) and *Priest Island* (1941). “*Out There*” is a powerful treatment of the fate of a cultured white woman who tries to survive in a primitive environment.

■

**T**HERE was only one white man on the Karramatta cattle station—a young Englishman who had come out from the old country in the hope of a job, had worked four years under direction, and now thought himself lucky to get sole control of a big going concern in the wild Kimberley district of North-West Australia. The company who owned Karamatta paid him four hundred a year and asked no questions so long as the returns were satisfactory. When Jefferies, at the age of eight-and-twenty, first took control of the twelve thousand head of cattle and the twenty or thirty natives who had been employed by his predecessor, it was with the resolve that he would stay for as short a time as necessary in so lonely and remote a district, and that when his salary had accumulated for a few years, he would start a place on his own. Of course, he imagined that he would enjoy the work, knew in fact that he would—there was opening out to be done and room for improvements. Still, he was accustomed to the pleasures of town and the society of his fellow men, and this was no job for a white man to stay at for any length of time. He fancied that in a few years he would return again to his friends and the life he had been accustomed to lead, enjoy the theaters and music halls, put money on the races, and fall neatly and easily into the place he was now so lightly leaving. He did not realize that a life solitary and unshielded in the silent wilderness of the untamed expanses of the North-West would change the blood and brain of his existence, alter his heart, and uncover doubts, lusts and unsatisfied emotions.

The company for which Jefferies worked provided a house for the white overseer—a house similar to many others possessed and lived in by white men who grapple arduously with the indifference of a vast and foreign land, demanding of it livelihood and wealth. It was built of corrugated iron and had a corrugated-iron roof, painted white. There were two rooms in it. One room had a table and fireplace, two chairs, and one cane easy chair with cushions. The other room

Reprinted by permission of the author from *Innocent Desires*, printed in England for Boni & Liveright, 1924. Originally appeared in *The English Review*.

contained a bed and some kerosene boxes that served as a washing stand. There were nails driven into the uprights and supports, on which clothes could be hung. There was a wooden floor, common to both rooms, and a thin wooden partition to separate them. In front of the house was a veranda. In the evenings Jefferies would pull out the cane chair on to the veranda and sit smoking his pipe and looking across the country. Overhead he would see cloudless tropical sky, a few bats hawking for flies, and occasionally the larger wings of a flying fox. On every side in the dim light stretched the arid bush, flat and sun-baked. Scattered over its surface were gum trees and mulga bushes, that repeated themselves far into the distance, and for distance beyond distance. For many evenings the white man would sit, listening to the stillness of that untroubled land. Kangaroos and wallabies would come out of the scrub and hop fearlessly within a few yards of him; he would hear the rhythmical rise and fall of the native songs, see the smoke of their campfires, and hear the whirring, humming sound of the 'bull-roarers. At such times the natives, together with all his surroundings, beasts, and trees, seemed to be in league. They were part of the land, and understood its mystery. He alone was foreign and out of place. It was as if some great menacing hand were stretched out, weighing him down, pressing him to the earth, leaving him terrified and weak. To save himself he would go indoors and light the lamp, and read back numbers of the English magazines and newspapers. During the first few months he would take off days whenever he could manage it, and ride over to Turkey Creek, thirty miles off. This was the nearest township; here he would stay the night at the hotel, talk with the storekeeper and have a glass of whisky with anyone who dropped in and then ride back the next day, fortified against another spell of loneliness.

As the days passed, bringing no change, he began to take an interest in the natives. At first he had looked upon them as a lot of niggers, all very much the same. Gradually he began to see them as individuals, human beings who were interesting and in some respects attractive. He liked their light cheerfulness, their good horsemanship, and the quality that made them so easily pleased with small things. He was less lonely when working among them, and felt subconsciously that they were a possible means of interpretation to the mystery of the land, that seemed at one time to threaten and overpower with immense forebodings and at another to caress with a soft and hovering quiet. There were two families that camped near the house and did

any little odd jobs that he wanted doing. In return for their services he would give them scraps and things he did not want. Their women cooked for him, and there were always two or three girls hanging about the compound. He decided to learn their language, and in the evenings had them on to the veranda, where they would sit late into the night talking and smoking. For a long time he found the women ugly and repulsive, their faces were so unlike any human face that he had ever conceived of as being sexually attractive; but as time went on he found himself noticing them, looking at the slim, well-made bodies of the girls, watching their quick, graceful movements. It was not till he had been several months on the station that he admitted to himself that he was attracted, liked their close proximity, and looked forward to seeing the women on his return from work. He then discovered in them a quick consciousness of the same fact. There was one girl of fourteen whom he had particularly noticed. She had looked at him quickly out of the corners of her eyes as women will. Her face, with its smiling cheerfulness, could not be called ugly; it was enigmatic and bestial perhaps, but attractive. Her body was desirable and beautiful. He sat long into the night thinking of her. He must possess her, demand of her all her secrets. She might help him to penetrate that baffling mystery of the land; with her help he might lose the sense of loneliness and injury from which he suffered. Things were different here from what they were in Europe, why pretend that they were the same? Besides, he wanted her, and that was all-important. Anyone who knew the circumstances would not blame him—and then no one need know. He walked down towards the native camp. There were two old men sitting by the fire. The women were asleep huddled together under a break-wind. Dogs rushed out barking, he beat them back, and the natives all woke up to shout and curse at the dogs. When all was quiet again, Jefferies sat down by the fire and filled his pipe; then he turned to old Manyá, the girl's father.

"Manyá," he said, "I want that girl of yours, the one I call Mary. You let her come back with me be my woman?"

The old man put a stick into the fire, waited till it blazed, and handed it to Jefferies to light his pipe; he then picked up a red-hot piece of charcoal and placed it in his own clay. The other natives became interested and there was a stir among the women. All was silent when he spoke:

"How much you give?"

"What you want?"

"You take my girl, you give something."

"A bottle of whisky?" said the white man.

The old savage sat still for a few moments, looking into the fire, then nodded, "All right."

At once the whole party broke into excited talk and laughter. Jefferies felt ashamed and annoyed and wanted to get away as soon as possible. Manya called out to the girl, who came forward shy and frowning.

"You go along with boss," he said.

"You come along with me, little girl, you be my woman?" The girl said nothing, but he felt her hand tighten on his. They stepped out together into the darkness. "Good night, Manya!" he shouted back. At some little distance he paused, put an arm round the girl's shoulders and looked back. Behind him were the noises of the camp, the red light of the fire, and black figures moving to and fro before it; in front was the dark outline of his house, on all sides the dim expanses of the wild land, whose mystery, identical with his own soul, he now strove to solve.

Mary was much envied by the other girls of the camp. She was very proud to live in the house and to be the possession of the white man; and yet the house didn't quite suit her; she wanted alterations. The bed was too small to sleep in, and so they pulled the mattress to pieces and spread out the ticking on the floor and added dry leaves; this they covered with rugs and blankets. Then she wanted always to see the fire, so he pulled down the partition and they slept near the hearth. On the whole, Mary was an easily satisfied little person; she asked for nothing, and was always happy to do what the white man wanted. She was frankly sensual, natural, and childish. Her habits were indeed primitive and rather ugly, but he took a sort of pride in her shamelessness and in her showing so frankly herself. Jefferies got genuinely fond of her. Sometimes as they sat by the fire in the evening he would look at her half-affectionately, half-quizzingly, as she sat solemnly smoking one of his old pipes; then he would run a finger down her spine till she laughed and wriggled. "You're a damned funny little baggage for a fellow to live with," he would say. She understood the drift of what he said, but not the words, and would answer inconsequently about some object that caught her notice.

After the advent of Mary, Jefferies went less frequently to Turkey

Creek, and, when he did, made no mention of her. He came to talk more and more with the natives; some of the men he got to like and admire as good trackers and keen hunters. They on their part extended to him their natural friendliness. They respected him, too, as boss, as a wondrously powerful being, the owner of guns and other magical instruments. They told him of their totems and their class organization, and he, to please them, became a member of the Black Snake totem and took on a class name. Sometimes he would sit the night long, watching them prepare for corroborees, that were celebrated in the early dawn. These sacred dances were held every two or three months, and neighboring tribes would gather together for the occasions. Then would take place the chief religious ceremonies of the year and many rites of dancing and song. Jefferies would go apart with the men, for no women are allowed to be present at the preparation, nor are women allowed to witness the dance itself. He learned to join in the long-drawn nasal chants, and would sit among the slender spears. The spears were perpendicularly planted in the ground, among which the dark figures moved while they oiled and painted their bodies in long red and black streaks, with here and there white blobs and patches. Then when all was ready, they would file off to the place where the women were waiting, sitting propped about the fires. Those who were not about to take part in the dance would join their womenkind, and let their voices rise and fall in a monotonous chant. At a sign, all the women would hide their heads under skins and moan, a big pile of sticks would be kindled and the dancers would emerge, each with tufts of emu feathers on hips and shoulders, their red and white headdresses swaying to and fro in the glare of the forked flame. To Jefferies their jerky mechanical movements suggested some spirits of the earth, sprung from it and worked on wires, thus clumsily trying to express some of its savage significance. Sometimes, as he thus sat a silent spectator, a feeling would come over him that all this had happened before, that this was the most real experience that ever had happened, that he had lived many lives, and in each life at such supreme moments had lost all individual desires and fears and had reached towards some supreme God who lived in the bush and in the heart of these friendly savages.

At the end of three years he was admitted as a member of the tribe with full rights; he spoke their language, and no longer used pidgin English. Several of the most important men offered him their daughters in exchange for knives, drinks, tobacco, and such desirable ob-

jects. He had seven women living with him in the little house with the iron roof. By this time the wooden floor had been eaten up by white ants, and those remnants that had not been eaten had been burnt, so that he and his women now sat on the bare earth, worn smooth and hard by their feet. Little scraps of bone and a great many old rags lay about here and there. The building was full of flies and the peculiar, strong odor of a native camp. He had learnt to sit native fashion and to eat with his fingers. As far as possible he would avoid all other white men. This was from a mixed feeling, partly of shame, but chiefly because he knew they could not understand the consolation he found in the native songs and dances and in the wild bush itself. They would not understand the innocent sensuality of savage life. They would leer at the sensuality, but never see the innocence. They could not see the truth of the religion he had found.

When there was business to be done on the farm with buyers and dealers, he was curt and never offered any hospitality. At certain intervals he had to go over to Turkey Creek, when there were reports to be posted to the company and affairs to be settled at the bank.

On these occasions he was shy and reticent and returned home as soon as possible. For ten years the company paid his salary into his account at the Union Bank. Each year they received satisfactory reports. The farm was doing twenty times as well as formerly, and the returns were proportional. At a general meeting the directors decided to give Jefferies a six months' holiday, and to pay his expenses, first-class return to Perth. They wrote to Linton, their agent at Wyndham, to this effect, and requested that he would visit Jefferies and tell him of their intention. At Turkey Creek Linton heard rumors that Jefferies had "gone black" and would not be an easy customer to tackle. When he reached the homestead he found three black women sitting on the floor of the house, and the smell disgusted him. So he dragged a chair out under the trees and waited for Jefferies to return. Towards dusk he appeared, rode straight up to the house, dismounted without a word of greeting and flung the reins over his horse's head.

"Well—what do you want here?" he said in a gruff voice.

"I've come with a note from the company," said Linton, "and a message."

"Ain't they satisfied?"

"Oh, well enough."

"So they offer me a six months' holiday," he mused. "Tell them I



don't want it, that I'm here to work the farm, and as long as I do that to their satisfaction, they had better leave me alone. Now you'd better be going back, I reckon."

"A holiday would do you good," ventured Linton. "Think about it, man. They may take it badly, when they have acted so handsomely by you."

"I know what will do me good, thank you. You better be going."

Then a little shamefacedly, "There's no place to sleep here. You're not above sleeping in the bush, are you?"

After Linton had left, Jefferies flung himself down in a corner of the house and lay moodily looking out at nothing through the open door. Jenny, a tall black girl of eighteen, came and sat down beside him.

"What is it?" she said.

He spoke without expression: "The people who sent me up here want me to go back and see them."

"But you won't go?" she said anxiously.

"No."

She stretched out a hand towards him. He turned to her and put his elbow on a piece of half-cooked meat. Suddenly, vividly, he saw himself with his own eyes of ten years ago. He understood the pitying, scornful look on Linton's face.

"Damnation!" he cried, springing up.

"What is it?" said the woman. "Tell me what is your trouble. What did that man say?"

"It's all right, old girl, nothing to do with you. It's not your fault. I shall go out by myself a bit." And he walked past her into the night.

He was excited and upset. Why would they not leave him in peace? He was happy, no doubt he was happy, so long as they left him alone. Curse that man! He hated him for that look. Damn him for his contempt! Then, as if the thought had been thrown and stuck in his heart, he knew that he must go and see what it was all like, prove to himself that it was inferior, damned inferior, even the best civilization. He would go to measure it, to sneer at it, as that beast had sneered; go for a month or two at most, and then he would come back. He strode quickly towards the house, and called out, "Jenny! Jenny!"

A dark figure came towards him. "Yes," she said.

"I am going away tomorrow. I shall be away for some time."

"Why are you going? You are going to your own people. Do you still love them?"

"No, I hate them."

"Then why do you go?"

He started to speak, then stopped. He could not find words to tell her why he was going, so he put his hand out and stroked her hair.

"I shall come back quite soon, and then never go away again."

"You will live with white women," said the girl suspiciously.

"No."

"Yes, you will live with white women."

"Damn white women!"

The next morning he rode away towards Turkey Creek.

On the steamer from Wyndham to Freemantle, Jefferies spent most of his time leaning over the rail looking at the waves. He was shy of the white men and still more so of the women. He felt they were all noticing the way he ate and drank, and were whispering to each other that he was from the back country. The presence of the women disturbed him, and their light, superficial talk left him dismayed to know what to say. As the voyage went on, this shyness wore off to a certain extent; he was less boorish and rude when spoken to, and the last days of the voyage would sit in a gloomy silence in the smoking room, watching the other men play cards and listening to their conversation in scornful silence.

At Perth he was met by the manager of the company and several of his old pals; they had heard from Lynton that he might be difficult, and was suffering from too long a spell of the bush. They were tactful, and finding that he was not anxious to talk about his life, they talked about theirs, and he became interested against his will. At first their small enthusiasms were welcome. They were fuel to the smoldering heat of his contempt, but later, gradually and subconsciously, some forgotten part of himself came to appreciate the intrinsic quality of their lives. Commerce and trade and civilization were fine big things, overpoweringly big; and he respected against his will the men who were the slaves and the lords of so much power. The power they gave to their women and the pride they took in dressing their wives especially impressed him. It seemed that they measured their own strength by the beauty and appearance of their womenfolk. The bush and the little house he had left, the memory of the strong black women and the fat little half-caste babies fell into the background and became submerged beneath the superficiality of this other world and the excitement of reentering civilization.

The manager of the company was anxious to do all he could for

Jefferies, and so kept his time full of entertainments and insisted on his meeting a great many people. Amongst these was a Miss Muriel Thornton, a nurse at the Perth Hospital. Miss Thornton was thirty years of age, she moved among a set of other young women with ideals and aspirations similar to her own. Her religion was to have a good time and to be thought respectable. She justified her existence by nursing the sick at Perth Hospital and keeping her eye open for the possible man who might do.

Jefferies was to her a good-looking, strong man with a good salary that was about to be raised, and money in the bank. Certainly he might do. She decided to marry him.

At first he was frightened of her; then attracted, then disgusted at her pruderies, then enchanted by her contradictions, and finally in love. His past life now seemed very remote. Civilization, with all its nervous, compelling strength, had reclaimed its prodigal child; and now Muriel, its daughter, a significant and menacing symbol of its greatness, covered the entire surface of his life.

She was a wonder to him. It was her lack of simplicity that seemed most wonderful. He felt she was hiding something; and in a way he felt it was a compliment to his manhood that she should appear this changeful, contradictory, complex creature. She had a scale of values, those concerned with sex especially, that differed entirely from anything he had come in contact with. She seemed to value herself on an altogether arbitrary and yet strangely varying scale. Once or twice he found himself comparing her with the black women he had lived with. This was an almost blasphemous act; he wanted her to move in a world apart from all that old life. When he came to ask her to marry him, it was in all humbleness of spirit and a feeling of unworthiness. When she accepted him, he felt himself the happiest of men, and felt a sudden but quickly passing impulse to tell her of his life on Karramatta station.

He could not say to himself that he was ashamed of his past life, he felt it far away—natural in its way—but different from this reality. Now he was having a really fine time, giving dinners, making up parties, going upon expeditions with Muriel and her sister, flirting with her on the beach at Cottisloe, and taking her for picnics in the Darling Ranges.

When four months of his holiday were up, they were married, and he was faced seriously with the fact of having in two months' time to go back.

Yes, he had decided to go back, though he had been tempted to start on his own, but the company had urged him, and the rise in salary was larger than he had anticipated. He agreed, to oblige them, to go back for two years. Then they promised a better job a few miles out of Geraldton, where there would be plenty of society for him and his wife. His friends told him he was a changed man, and so he felt himself to be. He was a white man once again, and a white man he was going to remain; he would make a proper homestead when he got back, and get fellows to come over from Turkey Creek to make things bright for his wife. And if things got too dull they could afford a holiday.

The next two months he and his wife spent in honeymooning on the south coast. In this time he learnt much about a woman's life, and was surprised at the number of pomades, scents, and appliances that she used. It pleased him that she should take such care of her figure and the texture of her skin. He told her how rough things would be in the bush. She laughed, and said that she was prepared for hardships, but that she would keep herself like a lady as long as she could.

At length the six months came to an end, and they started up north. Jefferies had anticipated that there might be some little trouble with the women, and had arranged that his wife should stay at Wyndham, while he went on in advance and put things in order, and saw to the building of the new house.

The first thing was to have the old house pulled down and to send the women all back to camp.

They were at first clamorously indignant, but later sullen and, as he thought, submissive. Four men came over from Turkey Creek with two wagons and a great many pieces of corrugated iron. They went and returned several times, and finally a large four-roomed house was erected. It had a deep veranda, and when painted white looked bright and cheerful in the clearing. Jefferies furnished it after the pattern of the boardinghouses in West Perth. He was pleased with it and looked forward to showing it to his wife. When she finally did see it, she was tired and stiff after a long coach journey. She was horrified at the extreme loneliness of the situation and querulous as to the future.

The day after her arrival a horrible incident occurred. Jefferies was out on the veranda, nailing up a piece of Chinese matting to keep the sun out, when he heard a series of sharp screams. He dropped

his work, rushed through the living room to the kitchen; there in the middle of the room Jenny, a black and terrible figure, had got his wife by the hair, and was dragging her to and fro, up and down.

"What for you steal my man, you damn white woman?" she panted.

"God damn you, you black bitch!" yelled Jefferies, and struck her with all his strength on the ear. Jenny let go her hold and reeled back. She clutched the edge of the door to save herself from falling. A stream of blood ran down her neck and over her breast and dripped on to the clean boards of the floor.

"Get out of here, damn you! If ever you come back, I swear I'll do for you."

Without speaking, she turned and, clinging to the door, stumbled out down the steps.

Jefferies turned to his wife. She had sunk into a chair and was holding her head in her hands. The noise she emitted could not be described as a sob or a scream. It was a mixture of the two, rising and falling in desperate conflict with one another. He stood looking at her, at a loss what to do or say. He muttered to himself, cursing, then knelt down beside the distraught woman and tried to take her hand. Her sobs redoubled and she blubbered out: "Oh, you men, you are all brutes, I think!" Jefferies felt somehow that he was to blame, but he didn't know quite where or at what stage the fault had begun. He felt not so much sorry for her as intensely irritated, and wanted to be away out of sound of those choking sobs. Suddenly she sat up straight and looked at him. It was a different being and a different soul speaking to him from that puffy, tear-stained face.

"You lived with that woman? You're her property. You beast!"

"Yes," he said, "so would you, if you had been in my place."

They were both dead to any grotesqueness in the remark. She flung herself forward again with redoubled sobs. In a while these ceased and she let herself fall back and lie in the chair with eyes closed.

Fortunately for both of them there were plenty of things that had to be done, and so the painful claims of the situation had to find their place among the necessities of everyday life. Muriel was frightened, shocked and outraged, and she insisted on being taken away; she made him feel that he had behaved badly, shamefully by her, and he was glad enough to make any concession. They agreed that he was to give up the position and that then they should start on their

own in a more civilized and accessible part.

In the meanwhile Muriel was in terror of the natives. He assured her that no harm should come to her, and walked over to the camp to say that no natives should come near the house. His old friends looked and listened silently and without comment. He returned to find Muriel nervous and on the verge of hysterics. He gave her his revolver to assure her. For a week he worked near the homestead, and all went with its accustomed smoothness. During this time he saw nothing of Jenny.

Then about two days later happened what he had not contemplated as possible. On returning home from work in the evening he saw an odd-shaped bundle of clothes on the veranda. He hurried towards it. As he mounted the steps he saw his wife's foot sticking out stiffly towards him; beyond and partly soaked up by the skirt and petticoat was a pool of congealed blood. His wife's head was beaten almost out of recognition. Her breastbone was broken in by the blow of a heavy digging stick such as the native women use.

He stood white and trembling, dumb with rage and horror. He felt suddenly sick, and grasped the rail behind him. Then rage swept over him again. He stepped over the body into the house, snatched up a rifle, crammed cartridges into the magazine, and set off at a run towards the native camp. He would shoot every one he saw. He'd teach them.

There was not a native in the camp; a smoldering fire and one mangy puppy was all that was left. The mulga bushes stirred gently in the breeze, and from the distance came the mocking yaffle of a kookaburra. Silence, and the long blue shadows of distance, fore-runners of the coming night, that lengthen and imperceptibly cover the land. Here was no answer for a man mad with rage and discord. He rushed on into the bush, wild to find something to be avenged on. Then, suddenly realizing the futility of trying to find a native who did not wish to be found, he trudged slowly back to the house.

That night he sat by his wife's body. Behind him was the empty house, symbol of civilization, of his hopes and intentions, the material concrete sign of his marriage; and there at his feet lay the other. All around was the intense stillness of the bush. His thoughts drifted out into it.

He heard far off the hum of the distant bull-roarers. The savages were speaking with their God: the God of the land. A religious mood crept over him and a feeling of harmony with all that outside, wild

world, a feeling of comprehension for what was mysterious and silent.

He started from this mood; reproaching himself for letting his thoughts wander from his dead wife. He dozed to sleep. Then woke to find himself bitten over face and hands by mosquitoes and the sun rising. He got up stiffly, looked at the corpse in front of him and shuddered. Things happen quickly in a hot country and it was not a pleasant sight. It seemed incredible that he should ever have loved, or thought he loved, that mass of decomposing flesh and tawdry clothes. Once more he stepped over it, and went and fetched a spade and began digging a hole. When he had the hole sufficiently deep, he picked up the body that lay on the veranda and carried it to the place, dropped it in, then quickly shovelled back the earth. He felt like a murderer; he had brought her up to be killed and mutilated, and was all alone with that thought. And now he had buried her quickly, unceremoniously, and without reverence. He wanted in some way to make up. In her room he found clothes, one of her hats and some of the little feminine things she used. These he wept over sentimentally. He looked up, to see his tear-stained face in a mirror they had bought together in Perth. Anger came over him; it was a shadow, a grotesque reflection of all his dreams. He struck at it and it broke. All the things in the house mocked at him, and he hated them.

That night and the next he spent in the bush; he lay on the ground and listened to all the familiar sounds. They came and seemed to carry him away from all the tragedy of the last days, all the feverish haste and bustle of the months in Perth. The stars shone so steadfastly down and the trees swayed gently and rustled their leaves, the wallabies and the boody-rats came and played close to him, and he watched with pleasure. Then he stretched himself face downwards and wept. He thought he was crying for his wife, but in reality he was crying like a child who, after some rash, disastrous adventure, had come back to its mother to be kissed and consoled.

Ten days passed, and he remained alone by the empty house and newly filled grave. Once he thought of riding into town to get a clergyman to come and read a service over the grave, but his heart failed him, and he stayed on. One day a white man rode up to the house. Jefferies saw him in the distance and recognized him as one of the prospectors from the plains. His instinct was to escape notice, but instead he walked out to meet the visitor. He hailed him and asked him to come in and have a drink.

The man admired the house and asked Jefferies what his wife thought of the locality. Jefferies' thought moved instinctively. His tongue was parched in his mouth. He felt a murderer. "She is dead," he gulped.

"Good Lord! I am very sorry. How very sad!" said the man. Jefferies was silent.

"I am very sorry for you. How very sad!" The stranger was embarrassed. "What did she die of?" he blurted out.

Why the words rose to his lips or where they came from Jefferies did not know, but he answered without a pause, "She died of fever."

"This is no country for white women," said the man. "Too far to ride and fetch a doctor, I suppose."

"Yes, she was frightened and wouldn't let me leave her, and then she died. You understand, I had to bury the body at once."

"When did this happen?"

"Ten days ago."

"And you've been here ever since?"

"Yes."

"You mustn't stay here any longer. Go into the town. If I hadn't to go across country myself, I'd go back with you. You mustn't stay here, it's bad for you; enough to send any man cracked."

The prospector was quite anxious about Jefferies. He stayed and talked for some time. Jefferies constrained himself to be civil, anything to get rid of the fellow without suspicion; besides, it was a relief to have some one to talk to. He promised to go back to town and bring back a clergyman to read a service over the grave. In an unreasoning, blind way he felt that this would somehow put him straight.

The next day he saddled his horse and started off towards Turkey Creek. Five miles he rode through the bush, then he stopped and muttered to himself, turned his horse's head and rode back. The homestead was empty and still. He was lonely and bitter and longed to see a human being, yet was cut off from them. Unable to face the men at Turkey Creek, he would have given all he had to talk truthfully with a human being. He walked miles into the solitary bush, then flung himself down exhausted and lay still, thinking: it was monstrously unfair that he should be cut off from all human life, afraid and ashamed to meet his own people; the natives he had sworn to kill if ever he saw them. And if he did kill them, what then? He thought of their feasts and dances, of their simple, confident beliefs. The



past ten years of native life came crowding back. The time at Perth and at the south coast seemed irrelevant, trivial and silly. He turned from it as from a sickness. Perhaps in the open spaces and glades between the slender, flesh-tinted eucalyptus stems he might find health again. He thought of his wife, the superficial vulgarity of their relation, the silly jokes they had laughed at. What false creatures they had appeared to one another! There was nothing he loved in her; even her sensuality was decked out in the vulgarity of ladylike behavior. Then uncontrolled rage rose in him. Why couldn't they leave him alone? He had been happy alone and in touch with the things that bring peace and satisfaction. The women he lived with were simple and understood him, and he understood them; they knew how to take a blow unflinchingly and bore their pain in silence or else expressed it in direct, effective action. He cursed civilization. Why had it not left him in peace? He had found God in the wild bush, and then forsaken Him. Now he was alone. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them! The fit of passion spent itself. . . . He had to go back to the house for food. Here he lounged in dejection for some days, muttering to himself and sometimes shouting out loud.

One morning, as he came out into the paddock, he saw Jenny standing some fifty yards from him. His heart beat violently as he walked towards her. When about five paces distant, he stopped with a confused rush of thoughts streaming through his brain. He looked wonderingly at this mysterious creature that had stepped out of wild, unreckoned time and space to claim him. She was his slave. The white man in him spoke.

"Well, what have you come back for, you black devil?" He strode towards her. "What have you come back for, damn you?"

"I came back cook for master, look after master."

He grasped and shook her by the shoulders. "So you've come back, you black slut, have you?"

She looked up at him fearlessly, their eyes met, and she wriggled herself nearer. Then suddenly he clasped her to him, forced her head back roughly and pressed his mouth to hers.

■

## **The Natives Arrive**

By JACK McLAREN, 1887- . Born in Melbourne, son of a Presbyterian minister, McLaren attended Scotch College in that city to train himself as a medical missionary. The call of adventure drew him to the sea, however, and he wandered about the Pacific until in 1911 he started a coconut plantation on Cape York Peninsula, as related in "The Natives Arrive." He remained here until 1919, and during leisure hours began writing pieces for the Sydney Bulletin which eventually drew him into a literary life. He has published fifteen novels set in places where he has lived, particularly Western Papua, the Solomons, Torres Straits, and northern Australia; his theme is often the problem of mixed blood, and he shows a strong sympathy for the ideas of natives and half-castes. He has published a volume of verse in pidgin English, *Songs of a Fuzzy-Top* (1926). But he is best known for his travel reminiscences: *My Odyssey* (1923), *My Crowded Solitude* (1926), and *My South Seas Adventures* (1936). His sardonic reflections on the human comedy in the South Pacific are well illustrated in the following account of his settlement of the Cape York Peninsula wilderness.

**T**HE Peninsula's western shore seemed as unsuited to my purpose as the eastern shore. I landed on many beaches, examined many hundreds of acres; I entered river mouths and narrow winding creeks; and always it was the same old story of arable land and shelter for shipping being never in conjunction. It began to be borne in on me that it was not to be my lot to bring this great land into its own.

And then one morning we sailed into a harbor created by the vicinity of two large islands and several small ones, so placed as to give shelter from every direction—and all along the shore was a jungle, a thick, tall jungle, purple in the early light, and subtly tingeing the breeze with the scent of flowers. I looked at it delightedly. Jungle land was agriculturally the best land. Ground which would grow a jungle so tall and thick as this would grow anything. I could not have wished for a better place. Nevertheless as I went ashore I was prepared for disillusionment. I had been disappointed so often before. This place seemed just a little too satisfactory to be true. I suspected a catch in it somewhere. But there was no catch. The jungle land was even better than it looked from the sea; and the amount of it was more than enough for my purpose, and the soil had a richness such as nowhere I had seen in this land, and there was abundance of fresh water—along the beach were several springs of it, and traversing the jungle was a tiny gurgling creek. I examined the place thoroughly, taking two days over it, becoming familiar with all its details, taking rough measurements of the area of the arable land, and sounding the anchoring-depths of the harbor. There was no doubt whatever that I had come at last to the place I sought. The only thing wrong with it was its name—which, according to the more or less inadequate chart of the region, was Simpson's Bay. Simpson's Bay seemed so utterly commonplace and inappropriate. After that long search of mine it should have been called something with a note of triumph in it. Even Eureka would have been better than Simpson's

From *My Crowded Solitude* (London, George Newnes, Ltd., 1926). Reprinted by permission of the author.

Bay, though I don't like Eureka as a name. As the vessel raced back before the wind to Thursday Island, I determined to discover the native name of the place and let it be known henceforth by that.

At Thursday Island I made the necessary negotiations with the Land authorities and became possessed of a large document importantly sealed and stamped and a plan inscribed to the effect that I was part owner of the section shaded in red; then a supply of stores and tools was obtained; and in a few days I boarded an outward-bound vessel which in due course landed me at the ill-named Simpson's Bay and then went on her way. My task was begun.

I was entirely alone. I had not even a dog. From the presence of numerous bark huts along the beach I knew the place as an habitual native camping spot. But the ashes of the cooking fires were cold and there were no fresh foot tracks. I knew, however, the natives would sometime return. Meanwhile I made myself as comfortable as I could, and between two of the great trees about the high-water mark slung a hammock, placed beneath it most of my stores and tools and personal belongings, and soon after dark, with rifle and revolver beside me, turned in and began a night in which the outstanding features were the wailing of curlews along the beach, the guttural barking of crocodiles in an adjacent creek, the howling of distant wild dogs, and the imagined voices of stealthily approaching natives. I have been in many strange and dangerous situations; but I don't think I was ever so fearful for my personal safety as I was that night.

But with the coming of daylight my fears all vanished. I looked at my domain with the eye of a conqueror-to-be; and in so looking I saw the black-and-purple tangle of the jungle replaced by symmetrical lines of waving, fruiting palms, and myself on the veranda of a magnificent bungalow, saying proudly to myself: "I did it! I—who was once a wanderer of neither means nor purpose! I am a creator! From a black man's jungle have I made a white man's garden!"

Indeed, so strong upon me was this envisioning that it was with the eager delight of a child that I selected a site for my residence. And it was exultingly that on a mighty blaze on a mighty tree I cut the initials and the date:

J. M.  
7/10/'11.

I began the clearing of the site and the building of the house alone, for as the days went by no natives appeared, though far along

the beaches smoke from their fires continually trickled up, and from among the inland hills a favoring night wind brought always sounds as of drums. Often was I tempted to take rifle and revolver and go in search of them. But that would have meant leaving my outfit entirely unguarded—a risk I could not possibly take. So it was that I was compelled to await their spontaneous coming and meanwhile do what I could myself.

I don't think I ever have been so much thrown upon my own resources as I was in the days immediately following. In my vagabonding among the islands there were always natives to do things. There I merely managed and supervised. I performed no heavy manual labor. It was mine only to order the doing of a task and to see that it was done. For, I was a White Man among a multitude of black men, and therefore a Master and a Superior Person.

Here it was very different. Here I was master and laborer too. I not only made the plan, but I executed the plan. And in the executing of the plan I found my resources extremely poor. I found that my status as a Superior Person had been based on dependence on others. My muscles, long out of training, so revolted at the unaccustomed work that a single hour of felling the heavy jungle trees left me aching all over and made my body crave rest as never it had craved anything before; and all the while I gushed with perspiration; and the smooth handle of the ax lifted the skin from my soft palms; and so inefficient was I that I took twice as long over a task as any laborer would have taken, and made absurd mistakes and used cumbersome methods and no methods whatever. All of which surprised me very considerably and led me to taking stock of myself and my capabilities, to consequent humiliation and chastening of spirit, for I had so long been regarded as a Superior Person that I had come to believe I really was one, whereas it was now revealed to me that I was far less competent than even the humblest of coolies.

But despite these things the work went forward; and in due course I began on the framework of the house—a framework of exceedingly simple design, yet quite unlike that of an ordinary house, the unlikeness lying in the fact that instead of resting on the ground in the usual manner it had to stand on stout, hard piles a yard in height at least, with between the top of each pile and the supports of the floor a cap of thick flat iron. For white ants were everywhere, and their favorite diet was wood—dead wood for preference, but green if dead was not available, as was evinced by their occasional attack-

ing of growing jungle trees—and stout hard piles capped with iron was the only device I knew to protect the building against them.

I hated those ants, and saw nothing absurd in the fact that a full-grown man should hate a thing so insignificant as an ant. I feared that despite my protective device they would get at my building and destroy it; and more than once the dreadful thought came to me that when my palms were grown maybe they would attack and devour them as at times they attacked and devoured living trees in the jungle. I derived but little comfort from the knowledge that palm wood, being shreddy and teeth-entangling, was not at all to their liking, or from the recollection that in the whole of my considerable experience I had never heard of a plantation being destroyed by them.

For it was as though they resented my coming to this place of theirs and were determined to drive me away. If I left a box on the ground for even an hour or two they would be at it, riddling it through. They did their best to ruin various timbers I had cut and dressed ready for erection. They attacked the handles of my tools whenever they found them within reach, and as though destruction of the handles were not enough deposited a corroding acid which ate deeply into the metal. They made onslaughts on the stout supporting piles and despite their hardness injured them—a circumstance which caused me to protect them further by charring their outsides thickly. They even ravaged my clothes where I hung them overnight, and, as though to bring me tumbling down, gnawed at the trees to which my hammock was slung, and also devoured the sacks containing my food supplies, so that tea and rice and flour became irretrievably mixed. Indeed, so persistent was their onslaught that at times I came nigh to believing that were I to stand for long in one place they would surely attack my person. And all this despite the fact that they were tiny squashy things, slow-moving and sightless; despite the fact also that because of a peculiar aversion from light they travelled only in tubes built along the surface of the ground.

These tubes were about the thickness of a man's finger and were divided into two compartments, one for going and one for coming; and some of them had such directness of line that they surmounted obstacles rather than went around them; and some had a length of a full five hundred yards or more; and such was the persistence of their builders that when I retributively destroyed a portion of one there was neither abandonment of purpose nor even change of direction, but merely a halt in the processional comings and goings

while repairs were effected with neatness and despatch. In the matter of definiteness of purpose these ants had nothing whatever in common with those species of ants which appear to spend most of their time running aimlessly and stupidly around; while in the matter of engineering skill they were the craftsmen of the insect world.

So, fighting against ants and bodily unfitness, the while feeling most tremendously alone, I worked at the building of my home. Then one mid-afternoon I straightened myself from a task—to look straight into the eyes of a man.

He was tall and muscular, smoky black of skin and entirely naked, and he had a lithe erectness of carriage which sometimes I think belongs only to primitive man. My first ordered thought was to spring for my rifle, which lay some yards away. But somehow I could not take my gaze from his face. For his eyes were curiously expressionless, the eyes of a man who looked but cared not whether he looked at all, the eyes of a man absolutely sure of himself and not at all afraid of what I might attempt—an expressionlessness so menacing that it came to me that though his hands were empty he might be dragging between his toes a spear which, by a quick raising of his foot, he could place in his hand, a trick, I had heard, that these people were wont to play. For a full half minute we stood there, the white and the black; then the native grunted and uttered a word of English he had somewhere picked up, a word which, I learned later, he thought was a greeting: "Tomorrow!" and at sound of it the spell of his eyes was broken and I looked at his feet and saw that a spear was truly there.

I produced a piece of "trade" tobacco, and at the same time got my rifle. He took the tobacco, smelt it, broke it into two pieces and placed one behind each ear. Then he made an almost imperceptible sign, and another native, nude and smoky black as the first, stepped from out of the jungle so silently that there was not even the crackling of leaves beneath his feet. I gave him a piece of tobacco also, and he returned to the jungle and a moment later reappeared with a number of spears and throwing clubs, which he laid in a heap on the ground before me; whereupon the first man came right up to me and held out his hand in the European manner of greeting, save only that it was the left hand instead of the right, and in an English the most mutilated and full of antiphrasis I had ever heard said that he was my friend and that his companion was my friend, and then with engaging frankness asked had I any more tobacco.

When I told them that I had, they produced some tree bark thin as paper and made cigarettes and lit them with a coal from my cooking fire and squatting on their haunches smoked them. And as they smoked they told me that this was their main camping ground, that the name of the spot was Utingu, which meant the Place of Many Big Trees, and that they had been down-coast on a fishing expedition, this being the time of the year when certain fish were numerous in a certain river mouth. Then they asked the reason of my building a house here, and whether it was to be a trepang station or a place wherein to store pearl shell, but asking it as though they were only slightly curious about these things, and were more interested in the fact that I possessed a considerable quantity of tobacco.

In an English carefully chosen so as to be as bad as theirs, I told them of my object, adding that I needed laborers for the work and was depending on the natives to supply that need. They shook their heads; they were hunters, they said in effect, not workers—a statement which caused me to deliver a homily on the advantages of working, and having a regular supply of food, over the uncertainties of the chase, which they considered to the extent of agreeing with me and declaring that while they themselves were disinclined for work, no doubt there were some in the tribe who would like it. There were a lot of people in the tribe, said one. More than he had fingers and toes. More than his friend had fingers and toes. Some of them would surely want work, said the other, adding that the whole of the tribe would be along soon. Meanwhile, they would like some more tobacco. . . .

A little before sundown the first of the tribe appeared along the beach, then the others, mostly one behind the other, each with a head-burden of personal effects and the men their weapons besides, accompanying them an extraordinary number of dejected and part-starved dogs. They seemed at first glance exceedingly ill-kempt and uncared for. The women, thin-legged and narrow-chested, wore dresses contrived from scraps of cloth that had come their way, and while some of the men were nude, others were dressed to the extent of a pair of trousers and still others to the extent of a shirt—cast-off oddments of pearl and trepang fishers and others who traveled the coast. On the dress of one woman was stencilled: "Lily White"—indicating that her garment had been once a flour bag; and the coat of one man had on it a brass button whose inscription showed that its original wearer had been a member of the Japanese Navy.



And, besides their unkemptness, the expressions of their faces seemed remarkably ferocious. Indeed, they were the savagest-looking savages I had seen. Later, I became so accustomed to this appearance of ferocity as to take no heed of it at all; but this first sight of it disturbed me considerably; and that night and for several following nights I lay much awake watching the flickering of their campfires and listening to the murmur of their voices and the half-hearted quarrelling of their dogs, the while disconcertingly recalling the stories I had heard of the barbarity of these selfsame people.

I rose earlier than usual next morning. I expected a day of great busyness, a day of engaging laborers, informing them of the wages and rations they would receive, appointing and explaining tasks, and so forth. But the hours went by without a native appearing. In the camp along the beach was no hint of life. There was nothing to indicate that I was no longer alone in this place of mine. I wondered at this quiet. It was so unlike the behavior of natives to whom I was accustomed; had this been a beach in, say, New Guinea, I would have been surrounded long since by a chattering, excited crowd pouring out questions with an impatience which allowed no pausing for replies. I feared there was something wrong; and about ten o'clock I went to the camp to discover what it was.

There was nothing wrong. It was merely that the tribe had not yet risen; they were asleep, the whole of them—asleep with such thoroughness that the sprawling of them about the feet of the trees and under various crude bark shelters they had built was as the sprawling of a community of mostly naked dead. But the dogs were awake; and at my coming they set up such a snarling and barking that presently a girl stirred and sat up, and a youth near her opened his eyes and stared at me dully, and an elderly man muttered what was patently a petulant rebuking of the dogs, and others moved uneasily and gradually and reluctantly awoke, and a child or two wailed loudly; and soon the whole tribe were more or less stretching wide their arms and yawning extravagantly, their manner the while indicating that they thought it most inconsiderate of me that I should disturb them so early.

I approached a man who appeared to be a chief or leader of some kind, he being easily the tallest and broadest of them all, besides much the savagest of expression, and by gestures and by words I hoped he would understand, but feared greatly that he wouldn't, explained my purpose and intentions, saying that I would make of this

place of jungles a beautiful and extensive garden so filled with foods that there would be abundance for everyone, and that I needed men to help with the work and would give them all manner of things from my stores in payment—tobacco and cloth and sheath knives and tomahawks and many other things, all of which I had in plenty, as anyone could see for himself if he liked to come to my tent.

He made no answer, neither did the one or two others who had casually approached, and, thinking maybe I had not been understood, I repeated the whole medley of words and gestures, changing their order here and there and adding a few new ones, thinking all the time that the employing of these people was not to be the easy matter I had thought in Thursday Island, and fearing acutely for the success of the venture; without the assistance of these savages the making of the plantation was impossible.

But the interview turned out quite satisfactorily, for presently, when I had given him a piece of tobacco—which in the most casual fashion he placed behind his ear—my listener gave me to understand that the thing did not rest with him, but with the individual members of the tribe: that they could please themselves in the matter; whereupon the others, who had stood listening in silence, informed me that they would be willing to accept the things I spoke of in return for a little work; and with that they wandered away and returned with a number of others, who addressed me in similar terms, though quite without eagerness or delight, but almost as though they were merely obliging me, as though they didn't like to see me stranded, so to speak. This appearance of indifference, however, was but expression of the philosophy of the nomad. As befitted members of the most casual race of people in the world, casualness was one of their outstanding characteristics.

I was soon to discover that they were perfectly willing to work, anxious even, for when I selected a dozen or so of the strongest and seemingly most intelligent and took them to my tent for a ration of flour preparatory to beginning their laborings, they were followed by a long procession of old men and young men, grandmothers and girls, children of all sizes, each of whom held out to me a broad piece of bark, or an old jam tin or other receptacle they had found washed up on the beach, and asked for flour, and intimated that he, or she, was going to work for me too. I wanted people to work—well, here they were, the whole tribe, said one. They would all like some of the tomahawks and knives I had spoken about, said another; and a

woman put out a finger and touched one of my bales of red cloth to discover whether the color would come off, and smiled when she found it wouldn't.

They took for granted I would employ them, and regarded me suspiciously when I gave flour only to the men I had engaged. One man made remarks and gestures to the effect that he couldn't understand why this was so. Why had I given flour to the others and not to him? he asked. Had I not said I would give flour to those who worked for me? He pushed a jam tin insistently at me and towards the opened bag of flour. Another—the large and savage-looking gentleman whom I had first addressed on the subject of obtaining laborers—pointed out in a mildly complaining fashion that a man could not work without food, as he spoke shaking his head with the satisfied air of one uttering a new truth of great wisdom and profundity.

I explained as best I could that I had not meant to employ them all—that I couldn't employ them all, pointing to the flour bags in illustration of the fact that I had not sufficient to feed a number such as this for more than a few days. I said also I hadn't work for so many, and added that perhaps later I would be able to engage them. I don't think these arguments impressed them at all. They had no idea whatever of how many rations there were in a bag of flour, while as for my statement that I hadn't work for so many they clearly thought that the more people there were to do it the easier would be the work. But they made no really serious complaint; and when I gave them each a piece of tobacco and to one or two a ration of flour, they lapsed into their old casualness and straggled back to the camp perfectly content.

And now I encountered my first real difficulty, a difficulty indeed which in all the years I was there I never wholly succeeded in overcoming. It was that of teaching the natives the use of European tools. As people accustomed to the implements of the Stone Age in which they lived, implements such as a saw, chisel, hammer, and auger were completely beyond them. Though they were quick to grasp the purposes of these tools, they were exceedingly slow to learn to use them effectively and without damage. Even the most intelligent was liable to buckle a saw within two minutes, the repairing of which would cost me, maybe, a full two hours' work. In fact, half my time was occupied in repairing damage caused by my well-intentioned Palaeolithic carpenters.

And after the house was completed and the felling of the jungle in the making of the plantation was begun it was the same. Ax handles were broken with exasperating frequency and the edges chipped. Sometimes half the laborers would be idle while I put in new handles—a task I had always to undertake myself, for to delegate it to one of the natives meant damage to the repairing tools. It was a heart-breaking business, and as a means of remedying it I tried the infliction of penalties—reducing a man's tobacco ration, making him work longer hours, and so forth—but all to no purpose, and I had at last to remove the penalties, for the natives began to murmur at being punished for accidents, and it was highly desirable that I avoid letting them think I was a harsh and unjust man, for primitive though they were they were profoundly aware that blame should be attached to intention rather than to effect.

Another difficulty was inducing them to rise early in the morning. Each night it was the custom of the whole tribe to sit round the campfires, chatting desultorily and now and then droning fragments of dance tunes, till midnight or later, with the result that in the morning they were exceedingly loth to rise. Further, they were accustomed to huge quantities of sleep. In their wild roaming of the bush they slept whenever inclined. A man successful in the chase more or less cooked his capture, ate it and then went to sleep. If when he awoke he was hungry, he went out on the chase once more; if not, he turned over and went to sleep again.

Also, they slept with such soundness that to awaken a man was quite an achievement. The native way of doing it was to squat beside the sleeper and in a low monotone continually repeat his name. Once when I remarked that this seemed a slow process and made to shake the sleeper awake, I was told in an alarmed tone that that would not do at all.

The awaking of a sleeper, it was explained, was a serious matter. When a man slept, his spirit left his body and went roaming; a spirit after being enclosed in a body for several hours, I was told, became restless and liable to do its owner a mischief; and the awaking was done slowly in order to give the spirit time to return, a body without a spirit being a most dreadful phenomenon.

Instances were related to me of sleepers being awakened before their spirits returned; and while most were of the mythical, out-of-place and out-of-time order and devoid of significant details, there was one with detail in plenty, and was besides a tale of Love and Tragedy.

It was told to me by one of the Old Men of the tribe as he sat on the veranda of the house one evening, with before us the darkling spread of the sea and on either hand the tall black wall which was the face of the jungle. The Old Man was very old, with a body so thin that the bones of his shoulders showed pale through the dull blackness of his skin; and he told the story with a sincerity and impressiveness I have seldom seen excelled, despite the fact that his exceedingly limited knowledge of English caused him to halt frequently in search of a word, which more often than not he would so utterly fail to find that he would resort to gestures and fragments of native speech, some of which I by this time knew.

The chief actor in the affair, it appeared, was the Old Man's brother, at the time a tall and strapping youth much skilled with the spear and a warrior of such renown that in all the camps along the beaches songs were made of him and his prowess. The Old Man remembered some of these songs, though it was all so long ago; and in a quavering, guttural voice he sang a little of one, the while swaying his thin body to the simple rhythm of the tune. It was a great song, that one, he said at the end, and had it been made about himself he would have been a proud man indeed. But he had not been a great spearman and warrior like his brother. . . .

Then his brother took to wife a girl of a neighbouring tribe—a handsome girl, straight of body and long of leg, with breasts firm and round—a girl who had never had a man before, though many had sought her, among them another warrior, a youth, who on the day of the marriage fought her lover for her, only to be badly beaten. As this happened in the presence of the whole tribe, the warrior youth's humiliation was great, and he resolved to be avenged; and that night, spear in hand, he crept to where lay the newly married pair. The bridegroom was asleep, but not so the girl; and she saw the other's black form loom up clear against the sky, saw him stop a pace from the sleeping man and raise his arm, the spear quivering like a living thing. For a moment she lay there nerveless with fright; then with a great cry she sprang up and over her husband, and diverted the point of the descending spear.

And with that, said the Old Man tremulously, his brother awakened and others of the tribe came running; and then commenced a great wailing and beating of hands on foreheads, for though the bridegroom was awake his eyes had no brightness in them, and his tongue hung out as though it had no strength, and when he spoke there was no

meaning in his words. And from then on his wife went with him always, tending his every want; and because of the great grief that was hers the straightness of her body soon left her and her breasts lost their firmness and roundness and drooped like those of an old, old woman; and once at the full of the moon and once at the new she would cover her body with ashes and with clay and go to the place of her bridal night and moan of her foolishness in so suddenly awakening her man, though the touch of her foot on his body as she sprang, and her great cry, had been engendered only by desire to protect him. And in the pathetic hope that the roaming and homeless spirit might chance upon its owner, she took her husband to sleep in a different place each night.

But the spirit never returned, said the Old Man sadly, adding that no doubt it still wandered homeless through the jungle, moaning perhaps as that young bride had moaned. After which he for a time sat silent, staring at the tall black wall of the trees, with his thin head a little sidewise, as though listening. Then he rose stiffly and after begging a piece of tobacco went down the steps and towards the camp, the while singing gutturally to himself the song the tribe had made of his brother's remarkable prowess.

As time went on, the difficulties of my task increased. It was, for instance, no easy matter to persuade the natives to work on succeeding days. We worked yesterday and are tired and would rest, they would say, adding pointedly that in their habitual mode of life they worked not at all, and hunted only when need for food was on them. Whereupon I would point out that in their wild life they had no tobacco, or flour, or colored cloth, or tinned meats or tinned fish, or any other of the luxuries they coveted, and that the only way to obtain them was by working all day and every day; and it would be only after further and more elaborate argument of the kind that they would take up again the hated tools of labor.

Then, they took an exceedingly long time over their meals. Even when they rose early in the morning, they so dawdled over breakfast as to be late for work. They ate with remarkable slowness, consuming the food in small pieces, and masticating it most thoroughly—this application of the principles of Fletcherism being due, no doubt, to the need in their wanderings in parts where food was scarce to make the most of whatever edibles they found. The midday meal was an even lengthier affair, it being the principal meal of the day, and after it, it was their wont immediately to go to sleep—and sleep away the

whole afternoon had I not gone to the camp and awakened them. A lunchtime visit to the camp was one of my daily duties—and a most irksome one, there being few things I disliked more than the lengthy and provoking business of awaking sleeping natives. It was such a dreadfully thankless task.

Again, their labors were often interrupted by the fact that it was their age-old habit never to pass by food. Should a man in the course of his cutting away the undergrowth come across the thin trailing vine of a wild yam, he would at once abandon his attack on the undergrowth in favor of digging the tuber, a matter which might occupy an hour or more. Should a tree when it was felled prove to have in it a wild bees' nest, the men who found it would do no more felling till the nest was cut out. Should they disturb a wallaby or other animal, all hands would immediately set off in pursuit, abandoning their axes for the spears they kept always by them, streaming off through the timber, calling directions one to another regarding flanking the quarry and heading it off, and returning not for an hour, or several hours maybe. To my remonstrances concerning these interruptions they paid but little heed, save to remark that the wasting of food was not their fashion, and that because they worked for me was no reason why they should no longer dig yams, dig out bees, or hunt wallabies.

Further, those of the laborers who were married were in the habit of going off to the camp every now and then to see that all was well with their wives. These people had a most absolute distrust of their women. They believed no woman should be out of her husband's sight for long. There was always some other man who desired her, I was told, and as often as not the woman desired the man. It was quite an easy matter to lose a woman, and the only thing for a husband to do was to keep alert. There was one laborer who was missing several times a day for this reason; but why he should have worried I do not know, for his wife was by far the most unattractive woman in the camp and somewhat elderly besides; in fact, I suspected his anxiety was merely a ruse to gain respite from his laborings—till one afternoon I came across him spying the camp from behind a conveniently concealing tree. I don't know, however, whether he was afraid or merely hopeful.

Then, too, the heat distressed them—a circumstance which surprised me. Cape York being so close to the Equator, the heat was, of course, considerable; but I did not expect that the natives would

suffer from it. The trouble was that in their ordinary way of life they stayed always in the shade when the sun was hottest, doing their hunting and travelling only in the cool of the morning and evening, while their duties at the plantation involved their being in the sun all day, and, further, working in it—and till now they had never performed work so hard as this. They gushed perspiration even more freely than I had gushed it what time I worked at the building of the house alone. They became quickly exhausted and had frequently to seek rest and time for the gaining of breath. In ordinary circumstances sustained effort of any kind was much to their distaste; but sustained effort with an ax in the full blaze of midday was beyond their powers. After a week or two I lengthened the midday interval from one hour to three hours—an arrangement which shortened the working day accordingly, for it was quite useless to attempt getting them to rise earlier in the morning and therefore start work earlier, and the briefness of the tropical twilight made it impossible that labors should be continued after sunset.

There was also need for constant supervision while they worked, for if I left them at any time they would immediately sit down and smoke or go to sleep—if they didn't chase wallabies or go spying on their wives. They had an astounding facility for going to sleep at an instant's notice at any time or in any place. Often in those early days did I return from a brief absence to find the whole of the laborers stretched like black shadows on the ground. I tried upbraiding them. It was of no use. I tried ridiculing them—saying scornfully that they worked like women or children, that they had neither strength nor endurance. That was of no use either; they had none of that acute sense of shame I had noted among the Papuans and Solomon Islanders and others. There were, in fact, no means by which I could persuade them into sudden acceptance of a daily routine of toil; and at last I saw that my only chance lay in gradually accustoming them to it.

For a time the task appalled me. Never, I thought, would I succeed in teaching regular habits to these nomadic creatures of impulse. I was attempting the impossible. I was attempting to alter and fashion to my liking the characters and habits of a people whose characters and habits were as different from mine as the many thousand years between our periods could possibly make them. The thing seemed ridiculous—so much so that, despairing, I concluded there was much wisdom in the warning of the wife of the trepang vessel's captain and in the sandalwood cutter's adjectival declaration that I



was a fool; at these times I considered abandoning the whole venture as it stood, that phrase of business advice, "Let the first loss be the last," repeating itself to me with an insistence which would not be denied.

But matters began to improve, and I took heart again and felt I could not go. The place was growing on me. It was a most beautiful spot. Straight in front, across two miles of smooth blue sea, was an island, a large island with a backbone of gentle-sloped hills which to each rising and setting of the sun were tipped with gold with fire in it, and a white beach which at this distance was as a thread of cotton tying the land to the sea. Beside it was another island, a smaller one, but higher, with a row of brown serrated peaks, and its nearest side a towering cliff which cast wide shadows on the blueness of the sea. And in between and all about were various other islands, some of them treeless dots of sand and coral, and sandbanks that showed only at lowest tides, and reefs that showed not at all save in a thin amorphous greening of the sea.

Then there was the beach, three miles or more of it, a broad and sloping beach most generously curved and for the whole of its length a pure french-grey, with at one end a rocky point, which gleamed whitely with shells, and at the other the mangrove-fringed mouth of a stream, which made across the greyiness of the sand a thread of silver. And back from the beach in one place were hills that invited one to drink from cool streams about their feet and then ascend their easy slopes and rest on the softness of their grass; and in another place was a serpentine lagoon, five or more acres in extent, edged wholly by thickly foliated vines with scarlet berries bunched about the greenness of their leaves, and all of it covered by water lilies like great blue plates, with upright in the center of each a small white flower shaped perfectly in the manner of an egg-cup and as delicately translucent as finest china.

And added to all this there was the thought that while it would be a fine thing indeed if I succeeded in making of this black man's jungle a white man's garden, it would be a finer thing still if I succeeded in turning a whole people from wandering idleness to habits of industry. With my taking of heart, it seemed to me that it might possibly be done after all. It did not occur to me that the natives were happier as they were. It did not occur to me that the creating in them of needs and desires hitherto utterly foreign would also create in them the necessity for satisfying those needs and desires, to the

consequent destruction of the more or less complacent ease of their existence.

Nor did it occur to me there was anything incongruous in the fact that I who had for so long been a wandering idler should set such a store on industriousness.



## Australian Spring

By *HUGH McCRAE*, 1876- . McCrae was born in Melbourne, the son of the pioneer poet of Victoria, George Gordon McCrae. The first of a number of volumes of poems came out in 1909; *Satyrs and Sunlight*, his collected verse, appeared in 1928. He edited the works of others, wrote literary essays, and had a play produced in Sydney. His verse, sensuous but masculine, seeks to avoid provincialism; for a time he was leader of a young group who believed that poetry should be based on clear images and that subject-matter should not be local, but should be drawn from the elvish realms of imagination.

### *Australian Spring*

The bleak-faced Winter, with his braggart winds  
    (Coiled to his scrawny throat in tattered black),  
Posts down the highway of his late domain,  
    His spurs like leeches in his bleeding hack.

He rides to reach the huge embattled hills  
    Where all the brooding summer he may lie  
Engulfed in Kosciusko's silent snow,  
    His shadow waving o'er the lofty sky.

And jolly Spring, with love and laughter gay  
    Full fountaining, lets loose her tide of bees  
Upon the waking ember-flame of bloom  
    New kindled in the honey-scented trees.

The old, old man forsakes the chimney-hole,  
    Where erst he warmed his bones and lazy blood,  
And, clasping Molly to his wheezing breast,  
    Triumphant floats, cock-whoop, upon the flood.

## **The Champion Bullock Driver**

*By LANCE SKUTHORPE. This tall tale from the corral is the only published story of the author, who was born in Queensland in the 1860's and now lives in Sydney. The writer is, however, celebrated in his own region as a teller of anecdotes that draw upon his life as a champion horseman and "buckjump" rider. The driver of the phantom team in this yarn is worthy in every way to take a place alongside Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, and other heroic experts of camp-fire history.*

WE WERE sitting outside old Tallwood cattle station, in our white moleskin trousers, elastic-side boots, and cabbage-tree hats, watching two stockmen shoe a very wild brumby mare. We were all slaves to the saddle and bridle, and there was nothing too heavy or hard. The boss squatted on a new four-rail fence. There were twenty panels of this fence, strong ironbark post-and-rails. The first rails were mortised into a big ironbark tree, and there were four No. 8 wires twisted around the butt, passed through the posts, and strained very tightly to the big strainer at the other end.

As though he had dropped out of the sky there appeared on the scene a very smart-looking man carrying a red-blanket swag, a water bag, tucker bag, and billy can. He put them down and said, "Is the boss about?"

We all pointed to the man on the fence. The new chap took his pipe out of his mouth and walked up, a bit shy-like, and said:

"Is there any chance of a job, boss?"

"What can you do?" asked the boss.

"Well, anything amongst stock. You can't put me wrong."

"Can you ride a buckjumper?"

"Pretty good," said the young man.

"Can you scrub-dash—I mean, can you catch cattle in timber on a good horse before they're knocked up?"

"Hold my own," said the young man.

"Have you got a good flow of language?"

The young man hesitated a while before answering this question. So the boss said:

"I mean, can you drive a rowdy team of bullocks?"

"Just into my hand," said the young man.

The boss jumped down off the fence.

"Look here," he said, "it's no good you telling me you can drive a team of bullocks if you can't."

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *An Australian Story-Book*, selected by Nettie Palmer (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1928).

And pointing to a little graveyard he added:

"Do you see that little cemetery over there?"

The young man pulled his hat down over his eye, looked across, and said: "Yes."

"Well," continued the boss, "there are sixteen bullock drivers lying there. They came here to drive this team of mine."

I watched the young man's face when the boss said that to see if he would flinch: but a little smile broke away from the corner of his mouth, curled around his cheek and disappeared in his earhole, and as the effect died away he said:

"They won't put me there."

"I don't know so much about that," said the boss.

"I'll give you a trial," the young man suggested.

"It would take too long to muster the bullocks," said the boss. "But take that bullock whip there"—it was standing near the big ironbark—"and, say, for instance, eight panels of that fence are sixteen bullocks, show me how you would start up the team."

"Right," said the young man.

Walking over he picked up the big bullock whip and very carefully examined it to see how it was fastened to the handle. Then he ran his hand down along the whip, examining it as though he were searching for a broken link in a chain. Then he looked closely to see how the fall was fastened to the whip. After that he stood back and swung it around and gave a cheer.

First he threw the whip up to the leaders, and then threw it back to the polers. He stepped in as though to dig the near-side pin-bullock under the arm with the handle of the whip, then stepped back and swung the big bullock around. He kept on talking, and the whip kept on cracking, until a little flame ran right along the top of the fence. And he kept on talking and the whip kept on cracking until the phantom forms of sixteen bullocks appeared along the fence—blues, blacks and brindles. And he kept on talking and the whip kept on cracking till the phantom forms of sixteen bullock drivers appeared on the scene. And they kept on talking and their whips kept on cracking till the fence started to walk on, and pulled the big ironbark tree down.

"That will do," said the boss.

"Not a bit of it," said the young man. "Where's your wood heap?"

We all pointed to the wood heap near the old bark kitchen.

And they kept on talking and their whips kept on cracking till they



made the fence pull the tree right up to the wood heap.

We were all sitting round on the limbs of the tree, and the young man was talking to the boss, and we felt sure he would get the job, when the boss called out:

"Get the fencing gear, lads, and put that fence up again."

"Excuse me for interrupting, boss," said the young man, "but would you like to see how I back a team of bullocks?"

"Yes, I would," said the boss.

So the young man walked over and picked up the big bullock whip again. He swung it around and called out:

"Now then, boys, all together!"

And the phantom forms of the sixteen bullock drivers appeared on the scene again; and they kept on talking and their whips kept on cracking, till every post and rail burst out into flame, and when the flame cleared away each post and rail backed into its place, and the phantom forms of the sixteen bullock drivers saluted the young man, then bowed and backed, and bowed and backed right into their graves, recognising him as the champion bullock driver.

■

## **The Confusion of Tongues**

Translated by WILLIAM RAMSAY SMITH, 1859–1937. Dr. Smith, born at King Edward, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, received his medical degree at the University of Edinburgh. During his life he combined his scientific training with an interest in public service. He was physician to Adelaide Hospital from 1896 to 1903, served as a medical officer in the British Army during the South African War, was permanent head of the health department of South Australia from 1899 to 1929, was officer commanding First Australian General Hospital at Heliopolis in 1914 and 1915, served on various commissions concerned with public health and tropical diseases, and for many years was medico-legal expert for the Crown in almost all the important criminal trials in South Australia. A volume of reminiscences, *In Southern Seas: Wanderings of a Naturalist*, appeared in 1934. His exploration of the mythology of the Australian blacks—a subject on which little of importance has yet been published—is embodied in *Myths and Legends of the Australian Aborigines* (1930), from which the following “just-so” story is taken.

■

**I**N THE long ago, the time of the many dawns and many sunrises, the sun shone on sea and land, giving life and energy to animal, bird, reptile, and insect. The sun made its journey across the sky to the mysterious West. There was never a cloud of disappointment or sorrow; only eternal sunshine. Creation smiled, and animal, bird, reptile, and insect were bound together by one common language. The kangaroo and goanna were able to converse and to exchange ideas; so were the eagle-hawk and the platypus, and the wombat and the dragonfly. Each endeavored to please and to entertain and instruct the other while following his own individual inclinations.

The food of the animals, birds, and reptiles consisted of vegetables and fish. Once every year they would all congregate and have great feastings and corroborees, and there would be great marriage celebrations. But a time came when they proposed to do something that would change the condition of the whole of the affairs of the race. Some proposed that they should join in marriage the kangaroo with the emu, the dingo with the goanna, the koala with the lyrebird. While some were in favor of such an arrangement, others were strongly opposed to it. Those in favor were represented by the kangaroos, emus, dingoes, goannas, carpet snakes, koalas, pelicans, cockatoos, and lyrebirds. Against these were the tortoises, frogs, and crows.

The three last were opposed to the whole of the tribes. The majority felt that they had a powerful antagonist in the crow, for they knew that his wit and cunning would be sufficient to overcome their brute force. The advocates of the proposal set to work to consider what tactics they should adopt. The dingo inquired of the tortoise, but he would not tell when or how the crow would begin his campaign. The frog was next approached, but he too refused to give any information.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Myths and Legends of the Australian Aborigines* (London, George G. Harrap & Company, 1930).

While one party was preparing boomerangs, waddies, reed-spears, and other weapons the three confederates, the crow, the tortoise, and the frog, whose one weapon was their intelligence, used to meet on the top of a mountain, or in the open country on a great plain where there were no trees or shrubs; and they would sit and discuss a method of attack. The three were of one mind, that if their opponents could be made to suffer severe hunger and to become angry with one another they would soon be rid of all their silly ideas.

Now there were three things that the whole of the tribes admired; and in these things their opponents were highly skilled. Firstly, the crow was a great composer of native songs, and a clever dancer and impersonator. Secondly, the frog was one of the greatest dancers, surpassing even the crow. He was also an artist, and painted designs on his body that were unique in color and were much sought after. He possessed a wonderful bass voice which could be heard for miles; and, what was most remarkable, he was a ventriloquist. Thirdly, the tortoise possessed neither voice nor ability. The three decided to make use of their accomplishments, so they invited the animals, the birds, the reptiles, and the insects to a great performance.

The first act was a dance by the tortoise in imitation of the kangaroo. This aroused intense curiosity and wonder. Every animal, bird, reptile, and insect in the place turned out to see the tortoise dance. They were asked to sit in a semicircle, and no one was allowed to cross over, because the crow required the remainder of the circle for his performance. The tortoise and frog retired, and the crow began to sing the song of the kangaroo. Presently a figure approached the front. There was great shouting as the tortoise came creeping slowly toward the audience and, at a sign from the crow, commenced leaping and bounding here and there just like a kangaroo. They whispered among themselves how wonderful it was to see the slow-moving tortoise acting the kangaroo dance. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted. The dancer was really the frog, who was wearing a kooliman on his back and a shield on his chest.

The second dance, the swan dance, was announced, and it was stated that the tortoise would sing the swan song. The tortoise took his stand in front of the audience and apparently commenced to sing, and the crow danced to the song. The animals, birds, and reptiles could not understand how the tortoise could be singing. It was really the cunning frog ventriloquist who was singing. The audience was carried away with enthusiasm by the marvellous per-

formance of the slow-moving, voiceless tortoise. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted.

For three days and three nights the performance lasted. On the fourth morning every one began to feel hungry, and the kangaroo called out to the pelican, "Get the net; bring the net and go fishing. The people are famishing with hunger." The pelican set out and caught a number of fish, and the crow was unanimously appointed by the various tribes to take charge of the distribution of them. "Come, let us go to yonder point and cook the fish," he said. "You know it is against the rules of the tribe to cook fish where they are caught. But there is not sufficient to go round; try to get some more in yonder bay."

The pelicans dragged their nets and caught some more fish.

"Come to yonder point. It is unlawful to make a fire and cook here," the crow kept repeating, until the whole assembly became impatient.

They began to abuse the crow, and the cunning frog supported the crow, but made it appear that the voice came from the kangaroo. Presently it seemed that the kangaroo was insulting the emu; then that the goanna had commenced to insult the laughing jack, and the wombat the dingo. They all grew angry with one another. The frog saw his opportunity, and called, "To battle! To battle!"

The tribes were all so angry that they commenced shouting and calling each other ugly names. Each challenged the other to battle, and there was hurling of the spear and the boomerang. There was quite a pandemonium of sound. Only the lyrebirds stood aloof and took no part in using insulting words, but strove to bring about a reconciliation; but no one would listen.

Since the time of this great battle the animals, the birds, the reptiles, and the insects have each adopted a language of its own, but because he took no part in the fight, but tried to maintain peace, the lyrebird is able to imitate them all.

## **Kaijek the Songman**

By (ALFRED) XAVIER HERBERT, 1901- . Herbert was born at Port Headland, West Australia, and educated at Melbourne University. He has served at many trades, among them pearl fishing, sailing, stockriding, prospecting for gold, and anthropology. He was superintendent of aborigines at Darwin in 1935-1936, and during the Pacific War did special reconnaissance work as a sergeant, A.I.F., in operation zones of the southwest Pacific. His knowledge of present-day native life is embodied in *Capricornia* (1938), a diffuse yet powerful novel which won the Commonwealth 150th Anniversary Prize of that year. He is also author of *Soldiers' Women* (1943) and of many short stories, of which "Kaijek the Songman" is representative.

**KAIJEK THE SONGMAN** and his lubra Ninyul came up the river, picking their way through wind-stricken cane grass and palm leaves and splintered limbs and boughs that littered the pad they were following. It was a still and misty morning, after a night of one of those violent southeast blows which clean up the wet monsoon. Mist hid the tops of the tall river-timber and completely hid the swirling yellow stream. The day had dawned clear and cool; but now it was warming up again.

Sweat was trickling down Kaijek's broad gaunt face and through his curly raven beard, and down his long thin naked body from his armpits. He wore nothing but a loincloth, a strip of dirty calico torn from a flour bag and rigged on a waist belt of woven hair. On his right shoulder he carried three spears and a wommera; and from his left hung a long bag of banyan cord containing his big painted *dijeridoo* and music sticks. Fat little Ninyul, puffing at his heels, bore the bulk of their belongings—swag balanced on her curly head, big grass dilly-bag hanging from a brow-strap down her back, tommy-ax and yam sticks in a sugar bag slung on her left shoulder, and fire stick and billy in her right hand. She wore a sarong made from an ancient blue silk dress.

Ninyul sniffed at the strong effluvium of her man. Not that she objected to it. Indeed, she was as proud of it as of his talent, of which she considered it an expression. As her wide fleshy nostrils dilated, she thought of how lesser songmen always came to him during corroborees to have him rub them with his sweat. And she glowed in recollection of the great success he had made at the last gathering they had attended—amongst the Marrawudda people on the coast—with his latest song, "The Pine Creek Races." Apart from the classics, corroboree crowds liked nothing better than a good skit in song on the ways of the white man. But this pleasant recollection lasted only for

From *Coast to Coast: Australian Stories, 1943*, selected by Frank Dalby Davison (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, Ltd., 1945).

a moment. Ninyul became aware again of her man's drooped shoulders and his frenzied gait; and her anxiety for him in his struggle with his muse returned. At full moon they were due to attend a great initiation gathering amongst the Marraheil of the Paperbarks. The moon was nearly full already; and they were getting further from the Paperbarks every day; and still Kaijek had not composed the song that would be expected of him.

Kaijek was the most famous songman in the land. His songs were known from the red mountains of the Kimberley to the salt arms of the Gulf. Wherever they went, Kaijek, and Ninyul who was always with him, were warmly welcomed; for, though Kaijek's songs always traveled ahead of him, he never failed to come to a gathering with a new one. Not that Kaijek found composing easy. Far from it! Often his muse would elude him for moons. And so wretched would he become in his impotence, and so ashamed, that—pursued by Ninyul—he would fly from the faces of his fellows, to range the wilderness like one of those solitary ramping devil-doctors called the Moombas.

He was in the throes of that impotence now, while he went crashing up the river through the tangle of wrecked grass and trees. So he and Ninyul went on and on, traveling at great speed, but heading nowhere. Wallabies heard them coming and fled crashing and thudding from them. White cockatoos in the river timber dropped down to pry at them, and wheeled back shrieking into the mist. And on and on—till suddenly they were stopped in their tracks by a burst of uproarious dog-barking in the mist ahead.

Kaijek, staring ahead, heard the click of Ninyul's tongue, and turned to her. She gave the sign "white man," then pointed with her lips to the left. Kaijek looked and saw the stumps of a couple of saplings of size such as no blackfellow ever would fell to make a camp. Ninyul was already aware of the likelihood of a white man's presence in the neighborhood, because some little distance back she had observed fresh prints of shod horses, and just before the dog barked had fancied she heard a horse bell. Kaijek had seen and heard nothing consciously for miles. He turned and looked ahead again.

Then the dog appeared, a little red kelpie. When he saw them he yelped, turned tail and disappeared, yapping shrilly. They heard a white man yell at him. Still he yapped. They judged the distance. For a moment they stood. Ninyul glanced into the mist to the left, thinking of wheeling round that way to avoid what lay ahead. Then



Kaijek turned to her again and hissed, "Into jah—tobacca!"

She nodded. They had been without tobacco for a long while. Kaijek had often moaned in his despair that if he had only a finger of tobacco he might find his song.

They went ahead cautiously. A score of paces brought them into dim view of a camp. There was a tent, a bark-roofed skillion, a bark-covered fireplace, a spring cart, and pieces of mining gear. Kaijek and Ninyul knew what the gear was for, because they had often worked for prospectors. There was only one white man, and no sign of blacks. The white man was sitting on a box in the skillion, kneading a damper in a prospecting dish between his feet, and looking into the mist in their direction. His dog was crouched before him, silent now, but tense.

Kaijek gave his spears and bag to Ninyul, but retained the wommera. Ninyul slipped behind a tree. Kaijek went on slowly. The white man soon saw him, stared hard at him with bulging blue eyes that bade him anything but welcome. Kaijek stopped at the fireplace. He knew the man slightly. He had seen him working a tin show in the Kingarri country, and had heard blacks describe him as a moody and often violent fellow. He was Andy Gant, a man of fifty or so, stout and stocky, with a big red bristly face and sandy graying hair and a long gingery unkempt moustache.

Andy Gant was in a particularly bad mood just then. The heavy humidity had upset his liver and brought out his prickly heat; which was why he was doing camp chores at that time of day, instead of digging gravel from the bench behind the camp and lumping it down to the sluice box. To slave at digging that hard-packed gravel and washing out the lousy bit of gold it yielded was heartbreaking at any time, and too much to bear with a lumpy liver and a fiery itch. He had slaved at that mean bench-placer throughout the wet, and had not won enough gold from it to pay for tucker, although the indications were that there was rich gold thereabouts. And most of the time he had been alone, deserted by the couple of blacks he had brought with him. He was just about ready now to shoot any nigger on sight.

Kaijek spat in the fire to show his friendliness, then grinned and said, "Goottay, boss!" And he stroked his beard and lifted his right foot and placed it against his left thigh just above the knee, and propped himself up with the wommera.

For answer Andy raised a broken lip and showed big yellow teeth.

Then he gave attention to his damper.

Kaijek coughed, spat again, then said, "He, boss—me wuk longa you, eh?"

Andy's face darkened. He kneaded vigorously.

A pause, during which Kaijek coveted the pipe and plug of tobacco on the sapling-legged table at Andy's back. Then Kaijek said, "Me prop'ly goot wukker, boss. Get up be-fore deelight, wuk like pluttell—"

Andy could contain himself no longer. With eyes ablaze he leapt to his feet and roared, "Git to jiggery out of it, you stinkin' rottin' black sumpen, before I put a bullet through you."

And his dog joined in with him, yapping furiously and dancing about.

"Wha' nim?" cried Kaijek, dropping his leg.

Andy grabbed a pick handle with a doughy hand, and shouted, "I'll show you what name, you beggin' son of a sheeter—I'll show you what name—the ghost I will!" And he rushed.

"Eh, look out!" yelled Kaijek, and turned and fled back to Ninyul with the dog snapping at his heels. Ninyul bowled the dog over with a stick. Then together they snatched up their belongings and bolted back along the track.

They stopped at the sapling stumps. "*Marjidi naijil*!" grunted Kaijek, and spat over his shoulder to show his contempt. Then he pointed with his lips to the left, and set off in that direction. But though they were not seen as they skirted the camp, and though they went warily, their going was followed every step of the way in imagination by Andy's dog yapping at his master's side.

They had gone no more than fifty paces past the camp, and were still at the foot of the flood bench, when they came upon a river gum that had been uprooted in the night. Kaijek paused to look among the broken roots for bardies, and saw gold gleaming in a lump of quartz gravel. He knew gold well, but had no more idea of its value than any average bush blackfellow. He gave his spear to Ninyul, and fished out the lump of gravel and freed the gold. It was a nugget of about two ounces on a piece of quartz. Kaijek picked it clean, spat on it, rubbed it on his thigh, weighed it, then looked at Ninyul and said with a grin, "*Kudjing-gah—tobacca*!"

They turned back, heading straight for the camp. The dog knew they were coming, and barked blue murder. Andy, now at the fire-place setting his damper in the camp oven, rose up and peered into

the mist again; and when Kaijek appeared he let out a stream of invective and grabbed up the pick handle and rushed.

"No more—no more!" yelled Kaijek, and held out the nugget in his palm.

Andy had the handle raised to hurl it at him. He saw the gold. But his dog was flying at Kaijek.

"Goold—goold!" yelled Kaijek, and flung it at Andy's feet, and made a swing at the dog with his wommera.

Andy snatched up the nugget, goggled at it, then looked up at Kaijek fighting with the dog, and rushed in with the handle to put the dog to flight. "Where—where'd you find it?" he gasped.

Kaijek pointed with his lips and replied, "Close-up behind."

"Then show me," gasped Andy. "Show me!" And his voice rose shrill. "Quick—where is it? Show me!"

Kaijek knew the symptoms of the fever. He turned and led the way with a rush.

Andy fairly flung himself at the roots. In a moment he had another nugget of an ounce or more, and then found one as big as a goose egg. He turned his jerking face to Kaijek and cried, "Go longa camp. Gettim pick an' shovel. An' the ax. Quick, quick!"

Kaijek moved to obey, then turned and said, "Me hungry longa tobacco, boss."

"Tobacca there longa camp."

"No-more gottim pipe, boss."

"Pipe there, too," yelled Andy. "Take it. Take anything you like. But be quick!"

Kaijek flew. Ninyul, in the background, set down the belongings and followed him. It was she who took the things to Andy. Kaijek stopped in camp to chop up tobacco and fill Andy's pipe; and when he went to the fireplace to light the pipe he swigged a quart of cold stewed tea he found there. Then he strolled back to the tree, puffing luxuriously.

Andy now had a good dozen ounces of gold on a rock beside him, and was chopping off roots with the energy of a raving madman. And 't was the eyes of a madman he turned on Kaijek when at length he xoused for breath. He lowered the ax, and stepped up to Kaijek, and aid a great wet hairy hand on his slim black shoulder, and gurgled ovingly in his face, "Thank you, brother, thank you! It's what I've xeen lookin' for all me flamin' life. An' I owe it all to you. Yes, to ou who I nearly druv away." He shook Kaijek till he rocked. "I

won't forget it," he went on; and now he was near to tears. "My oath I won't! I'll look after you, brother, don't you worry. I'll pay you the biggest wages a nigger ever got. I'll pay you bigger'n white man's wages. Oh, ghost, I love you! I'll buy you everything you ever want. Gawd bless you!" And with that he flung himself back at the roots.

For a while Kaijek watched him. Then he said, "Eh, boss, me two-fella lubra hungry longa tucker."

Andy stopped chopping and gasped at him, "Plenty tucker longa camp. Take the lot. Take the rintin' jiggerin' lot! And when you're comin' back bring another pick an' shovel, an' a dish. There's damper in the oven. Eat it! Eat anything you flamin' well want to, brother. Everything I got is yours!"

Kaijek turned away, and signed to Ninyul, who picked up the belongings and followed him to the camp.

They sat by the fireplace, gorging bully beef and hot damper and treacle, and swilling syrupy tea, while the racket of Andy's joyous laboring went on in the distance. Then they sat taking turn about with the pipe. Twice Andy yelled to them to come see fresh treasures he had unearthed. The first call Kaijek answered. Ninyul answered the second, because Kaijek, the artist, staring fixedly at the fire and humming to himself, did not hear it. Then suddenly Kaijek leapt up and smacked his rump and danced a few steps and began to sing:

*O munnijurra karjin jai, ce minni kinni goold,  
Wah narra akinyinya koori, mingawaddi yu—*

He swung on Ninyul, whose eyes were shining and lips aquiver. For a moment he stared at her. Then he began to clap his hands and stamp a foot.

Kaijek stopped, turning panting to Ninyul. She leapt up and cried joyously, "Yakkari!"

Then Andy's voice rang out through the thinning mist, "Eh, brother—come here! Come quick! Come quick an' see what the angels 've planted for you an' me. O Gawd!" He ended with a sob.

Kaijek looked towards him for a while. Then he turned back to Ninyul and made a sign. She went to their belongings. He followed her, and gathered up his stuff and shouldered it, then led the way down the river again, heading full speed for the gathering in the Paperbarks.



## Two Poems

By JOHN MANIFOLD, 1915- . The following poems were written in wartime by a captain in the Intelligence Corps, Middle East Forces, British Army (Australian). Manifold, born in Melbourne and educated at Geelong Grammar School and Jesus College, Cambridge, worked as schoolmaster and journalist in England, and later as translator with a publishing firm in Germany. He escaped from that country in 1939 to join the army and serve in West Africa. At the present time he lives in France; he has published two books of verse and a third, *Sonnets, Chiefly Satirical*, is in preparation. The first of the two poems here printed is an exile's wartime memory of the sights and sounds of Australia; the second is a cautionary tale about a tripper who met a bunyip (a bunyip is an imaginary aboriginal monster, thought to be amphibious).

“Heureux Qui Comme Ulysse . . .”

Lucky like Cook to travel and return  
Or like MacArthur of the golden fleece  
Is he who drops his bluey and in peace  
Lives out among his mates the rest of his time.

For me, I can't remember what we burn  
In open hearths at home that smells so sweet—  
Only recall the scent; and incomplete  
I fight in foreign lands for what I earn.

No, not the Rhine, the Niger or the Thames  
Sluggish with history and reflected flames  
Is worth a drop of Yarra. Till time ends

Nothing of Europe holds a hope for me,  
Nor is the mistral worth the wind that blends  
Blue gum and cordite with the southern sea.

### *The Bunyip and the Whistling Kettle*

I knew a most superior camper  
Whose methods were absurdly wrong,  
He did not live on tea and damper  
But took a little stove along.

And every place he came to settle  
He spread with gadgets saving toil,

Reprinted from *The War Poets*, edited by Oscar Williams, by permission of the John Day Company, New York. Copyright, 1945, by Oscar Williams.

He even had a whistling kettle  
To warn him it was on the boil.

Beneath the waratahs and wattles,  
Boronia and coolibah,  
He scattered paper, cans and bottles,  
And parked his nasty little car.

He camped, this sacrilegious stranger  
(The moon was at the full that week),  
Once in a spot that teemed with danger  
Beside a bunyip-haunted reek.

He spread his junk but did not plunder,  
Hoping to stay the weekend long;  
He watched the bloodshot sun go under  
Across the silent billabong.

He ate canned food without demurring,  
He put the kettle on for tea.  
He did not see the water stirring  
Far out beside a sunken tree.

Then, for the day had made him swelter  
And night was hot and tense to spring,  
He donned a bathing suit in shelter  
And left the firelight's friendly ring.

He felt the water kiss and tingle.  
He heard the silence—none too soon!  
A ripple broke against the shingle,  
And dark with blood it met the moon.

Abandoned in the hush, the kettle  
Screamed as it guessed its master's plight,  
And loud it screamed, the lifeless metal,  
Far into the malicious night.





## **VI: MELANESIA**



**APPROXIMATE SCALE OF MILES**



## **The Massacre at Fiji**

By PETER DILLON, 1785–1847. A gigantic, daring Irishman, Captain Dillon spent nineteen years from 1809 to 1828 trading in the Pacific Islands and the Orient. In the course of one of his voyages, he was shown a sword guard that he believed had belonged to the great French navigator La Pérouse, whose two vessels had disappeared in the Pacific many years before. On the basis of this evidence, the East India Company gave Captain Dillon command of the *Research* and sent him from Calcutta in 1827 to discover the fate of the lost expedition. On the reefs of Vanikoro, an island in the Santa Cruz Group, he found what was undoubtedly wreckage of La Pérouse's ships. With a comfortable pension, granted by the French government as a reward for his discovery, he served for a time as French consul in the South Seas and then retired to his native Ireland. Captain Dillon wrote one book—*Narrative and Successful Result of a Voyage in the South Seas . . . to Ascertain the Actual Fate of La Pérouse's Expedition* (1829). In the first chapter he relates the following episode from his precarious early life as a sandalwood trader in the Fiji Islands. Sir Basil Thomson, who drew upon it for one of the stories in his *South Sea Yarns* (1894), called it "the most dramatic passage in Polynesian literature."

■ IN 1812 and 1813 I sailed as an officer in the Calcutta ship *Hunter*, Captain Robson, on a voyage from Bengal to New South Wales, the Beetee Islands (commonly called the Fejee Islands), and Canton. I had before visited these islands in 1809, and remained among them for four months, during which time, being in the habit of associating very much with the natives, I made a considerable progress in learning their language. On joining the *Hunter* I found Captain Robson had been at these islands twice before, and had obtained considerable influence over the natives of a part of the Sandalwood Coast, by joining them in their wars and assisting them to destroy their enemies, who were cut up, baked, and eaten in his presence. The chief with whom he was most intimate was Bonasar, of the town of Vilear and its dependencies in the interior.

On the afternoon of the 19th February, 1813, the ship *Hunter* anchored in Vilear Bay, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the entrance of a small river that led to the town. The town of Vilear is about a mile, or perhaps one and a half, from the anchorage, situated on the verdant banks of a beautiful stream. The sides of the river are covered with thick forests of mangrove bushes to within a short distance of the town, where the land is somewhat elevated and clear of wood.

Before the anchor was let go, the chief's brother came on board to congratulate the captain on his return; and shortly after, the chief, with several other chiefs and priests, with a lascar or East Indian sailor, who had deserted from the *Hunter* at this place about twenty months before. The chief informed the captain that shortly after his departure for Canton last voyage, the towns which he had conquered on the coast and interior by the captain's assistance revolted, and being joined by the powerful tribes who reside on the banks of a large river, called Nanpacab, they had waged a furious war against him.

*From Narrative and Successful Result of a Voyage in the South Seas, Performed by Order of the Government of British India to Ascertain the Actual Fate of La Pérouse's Expedition (London, Hurst, Chance and Co., 1829).*

The chief then hinted at the impossibility there was of obtaining sandalwood until this powerful alliance was put down by force of musketry, and requested the commander to join him in a new campaign. To this request he did not then accede. The chief urged the danger to which his subjects would be exposed while they were in straggling parties cutting the sandalwood for us, as the enemy would lay wait for them and cut them off when they least expected it. I went on shore with the captain and chief to the town, where we were exceedingly well received, and got presents of a hog, yams, and coconuts. We were visited next day by Terrence Dun and John Riley, British subjects: the former was discharged from the *Hunter* last voyage, and the latter from an American brig at the same time.

They informed me that they had resided during their time on shore at various parts of the islands, and were exceedingly well treated by the inhabitants; but that their countrymen who resided on the neighboring island of Bow had become very troublesome to the islanders. Such was their bad and overbearing conduct that the natives rose on them one day and killed three of them before the king of Bow had time to suppress the wrath of his people, who wished to destroy all the Europeans on the island. Dun was therefore of opinion that the surviving Europeans would be prevented from visiting the ship.

It is here necessary to explain how so many sailors of different countries got on shore to reside at these islands. In 1808 an American brig from the River Plate was lost on one of the islands with forty thousand Spanish dollars on board. The crew were saved in the vessel's boats, and part of them joined an American ship then lying at Myanboor Bay, on the Sandalwood Coast; others escaped to the neighboring island of Bow, with as many of the dollars as they could conveniently carry off. Shortly after the above shipwreck several vessels, English, Indian, American, and New South Wales men, came to the coast for the purpose of procuring sandalwood. The seamen on board these vessels became allured by the report of so many dollars being on shore at the neighboring islands. With a view of enriching themselves, some deserted and others were regularly discharged by their commanders and proceeded to the field of wealth. Some of those men, with the few dollars then procured, bought firearms and gunpowder, with which they rendered important assistance to the king of the neighboring island of Bow, and were on that account thought highly of by the islanders, from among whom they procured wives and lived very comfortably, until their insolence and cruelty induced

the natives to destroy a part of them; and it will shortly be seen what a dreadful fate awaited the others in consequence of Captain Robson's proceedings.

From the time of our arrival up to the end of March following, the sandalwood came in but very slowly. The natives in our neighborhood begged several times of the captain to assist them in their wars and promised, as a reward for such service, to load the ship with the desired article in two months after their enemy was conquered. Captain Robson consented; and we accordingly set out for the island of Nanpacab, situated about six miles up the river of the same name, and distant from the ship forty or fifty miles. The armament consisted of three armed boats carrying twenty musketeers, and in one of the boats there was a two-pound cannon mounted. We were accompanied by forty-six large canoes, carrying I suppose near a thousand armed savages, besides three thousand more that marched by land to the scene of action. The weather being wet and stormy, we were obliged to rendezvous at an island near the entrance of the Nanpacab until the morning of the 4th, at which time we entered the river, and were saluted by showers of arrows and stones from slings by the enemy who were standing on its banks.

On getting near the island of Nanpacab we found it fortified. After a few discharges of the two-pounder, the defenders abandoned the fortress and escaped to the mainland, from whence they were soon driven by the fire of the musketry. There were eleven of the Nanpacab people killed on this occasion, whose bodies were placed in the canoes of our party, excepting one, which was immediately despatched in a fast-sailing canoe to Vilear, to be there devoured.

After this short skirmish we proceeded fifteen miles up the river, and destroyed the towns and plantations on its banks. In the evening we returned to a landing place, where the islanders began to cook their yams in a kind of oven which will be hereafter described. The dead bodies were placed on the grass and dissected by one of the priests. The feet were cut off at the ankles, and the legs from the knees; afterwards the private parts; then the thighs at the hip joints; the hands at the wrists, the arms at the elbows, the shoulders at the sockets; and lastly, the head and neck were separated from the body. Each of these divisions of the human frame formed one joint, which was carefully tied up in green plantain leaves, and placed in the ovens to be baked with the taro root.

On the morning of the 5th we proceeded along the coast to the

eastward, but found the towns, forts, and plantations abandoned. On the night of the 8th we returned to the ship.

Early in May we were joined by our tender, the *Elizabeth* cutter, Mr. Ballard master, which had sailed from Port Jackson before us for the Sandwich Islands, and in a few days after we were visited by the Europeans who resided at Bow. The captain employed them to work in the ship's boats, for which they were to be paid at the rate of four pounds per month, in cutlery, glass beads, ironmongery, etc. at a fixed price, and to return to Bow when the ship was prepared to proceed on her voyage.

May, June, July, and August passed over, and we had only procured one hundred and fifty tons of sandalwood from the islanders, which was not more than one third of a cargo. They then declared their inability to procure more wood, as the forests were exhausted by the great number of ships which had frequented the coast for some years past.

The chiefs and men of consequence kept away from the ship, being apprehensive they might be detained as hostages until their engagements of loading the vessel were fulfilled. Captain Robson was very much displeased at this trick played on him by a savage and cunning people, and vowed vengeance against his old and faithful allies, whose stomachs he had so often helped to glut with the flesh of their enemies.

Early in September two large canoes from Bow, carrying about two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty men, visited the ship for the purpose of taking home the Europeans and their wives that joined us in May. Captain Robson, about that time being sixty miles distant from the ship in the tender, attacked a fleet of Vilear canoes, and took fourteen of them; on which occasion a native of the latter place was shot dead by a small cannon shot. On the ship and cutter rejoining company, the captain proposed to heave the cutter down, to repair some damage she had sustained in her bottom. However, he deemed it prudent, before doing so, to endeavor to possess himself of the remainder of the Vilear canoes, to prevent, as he said, their attacking the people while employed about the cutter, as it would be necessary to haul her on shore at high water.

On the morning of the 6th of September the Europeans belonging to the ship were all armed with muskets, also those Europeans from Bow, and placed under the direction of Mr. Norman, the first officer. We landed at a place called the Black Rock, a little way to the east-



ward of the river: the two canoes shortly after landed at the same place. We were joined by the Bow chiefs and a hundred of their men. The canoes and boats then put off into deep water, which precaution was used to prevent their getting aground by the tide ebbing.

On landing, the Europeans began to disperse into straggling parties of two, three, and four in a group. I begged of Mr. Norman, our commander, to cause them to keep close together in case of a sudden attack from the islanders; but no attention was paid to my remonstrance. We proceeded by a narrow path over a small level plain without interruption until we arrived at the foot of a hill, which we ascended, and soon gained the level or tableland on its top. There a few natives showed themselves, and by shouts and gestures tried to irritate us.

Mr. Norman turned to the right along a narrow path, which led through a thicket to some native houses: I followed him with seven other Europeans and the two Bow chiefs, with one of their men. Here a few natives tried to dispute our passage: they were fired at, one shot dead, and the others retreated. Mr. Norman then directed the chief's house with some others to be set on fire. The order was immediately complied with, and all were in flames in a few seconds. A few minutes after we heard dreadful yells and shoutings of the savages proceeding from the road by which we had ascended to the tableland. The Bow chiefs understood from the yells that some of their men as well as Europeans were killed by the Vilear people, who lay concealed in ambush until they got us on the tableland, where they attacked our straggling parties, who having discharged their muskets, were killed before they had time to reload. Others, I afterwards understood, on seeing themselves nearly surrounded by the savages, threw down their muskets and ran towards the boat: only two of whom escaped. In Mr. Norman's party there were ten musketmen, with the two Bow chiefs and one of their followers. We determined to keep close together and fight our way to the boats.

We immediately got out of the thicket on to the tableland, where there were not more than three of the islanders, who shouted and called out to us that several of our men were killed, as also a number of the Bow men, and that we should immediately share a similar fate. On reaching the brink of the path by which we were to descend to the plain, we found Terrence Dun lying dead with his brains beaten out by a native club, and the whole plain between us and the boats covered with thousands of infuriated savages, all armed, Before

descending to the plain, a young man named John Graham separated from us, and ran into a thicket of bushes on the left-hand side of the road, where he was quickly pursued by the three savages above mentioned, who despatched him. This young man was the son of a publican at Port Jackson, and had served his time to the sea; he had joined an American brig about two years before, as interpreter for these islands, and after procuring a cargo for her, was paid off and discharged at his own request. The remainder of us proceeded down the precipice. On getting to the bottom the savages prepared to receive us; they stood in thousands on each side of the path, brandishing their weapons, with their faces and bodies besmeared over with the blood of our slaughtered companions.

At this moment a native who came down the precipice after us threw a lance at Mr. Norman, which entered his back and passed out of his breast: he ran a few yards and fell down apparently dead. I fired at this native and reloaded my musket as soon as possible, when on turning round I found my companions had all run off by different routes. Taking advantage of the absence of the natives, who had all quitted the path and pursued our unfortunate flying men, I dashed along with all the speed that was possible, but had not proceeded more than a few yards when I came on the dead body of William Parker, who was prostrated across the path with his musket by him, which I took up and retreated with.

About this time the natives observed me and gave chase. One of them came up so close to me that I was obliged to throw Parker's musket away, as also a pistol which I had in my belt. In a moment after this I reached the foot of a small steep rock that stood on the plain. Finding it impossible to get to the boat through the crowds of natives that intercepted the pathway, I called out to my companions (some of whom were on my right), "Take the hill! Take the hill!" We then got to the top of it, where I joined the following persons: Charles Savage, Luis a Chinaman, and Martin Bushart, with Thomas Dafny and William Wilson. The three former men resided at Bow, and joined us at this island for the purpose before mentioned; the two latter were seamen belonging to the ship. Mic Macabe, with Joseph Atkinson and the two Bow chiefs, were killed: those men had joined us also here. Dafny fired his musket on the plain and then broke it off at the butt in defending himself. He was wounded in several parts of the body, and he had four arrows stuck in his back: the point of a spear had pierced his shoulder, having entered from

behind and came out in the fore part under the collar bone.

It fortunately happened that the rock or hill to which we escaped was so steep that few persons could ascend it at a time; and it was too much elevated for the natives to annoy us much with their spears or slings. They however shot several arrows at us, which were impeded by a strong gale of wind that blew them off their intended course. Our chief officer having fallen, I now, as next in rank, took command of the party, and stationed them in the best way I could to defend our post. I did not allow more than one or two muskets to be fired at a time, and kept the wounded man loading for us. Several of the natives ascended the hill to within a few yards, and were shot by us in self-defense as fast as they approached. After some of them had been killed in this manner the rest kept off. Having but little ammunition left, we were as sparing of it as possible; besides which we did not wish to irritate the natives more than they already were by firing, except when driven to it by necessity. From our elevated situation we had a clear view of the landing place, the boats at anchor waiting our return, the two Bow canoes, and the ship. This we had but little prospect of ever again rejoining, though I had some hopes that Captain Robson would make an effort to rescue us, by arming himself, six Indian soldiers that were on board, two or three Europeans, and the Bow people in the canoes. These hopes soon vanished, when I saw the Bow canoes set sail and steer towards their island without passing alongside the ship.

The plain which surrounded the rock was covered with the armed savages assembled from all parts of the coast, amounting to several thousands, who had been in ambush waiting for us to land. This assemblage now exhibited a scene revolting to human nature. Fires were prepared and ovens heated for the reception of the bodies of our ill-fated companions, who, as well as the Bow chiefs and their slaughtered men, were brought to the fires in the following manner.

Two of the Vilear party placed a stick or limb of a tree on to their shoulders, over which were thrown the bodies of their victims, with their legs hanging downwards on one side, and their heads at the other. They were thus carried in triumph to the ovens prepared to receive them. Here they were placed in a sitting posture, while the savages sung and danced with joy over their prizes, and fired several musket balls through each of the corpses, all the muskets of the slain having fallen into their hands. No sooner was this ceremony over than the priests began to cut up and dissect these unfortunate men

in our presence. Their flesh was immediately placed in the ovens to be baked and prepared as a repast for the victors, after the manner already described; meanwhile we were closely guarded on all sides but one, which fronted the thick mangrove forest on the banks of the river.

Savage proposed to Martin Bushart to run for that, and endeavor to escape to the water's side and swim for the ship. This I opposed, threatening to shoot the first man dead that left the hill, and my threat for the present had the desired effect.

By this time the fury of the savages was somewhat abated, and they began to listen attentively to our harangues and offers of reconciliation. I reminded them that on the day the fourteen canoes were seized and taken, eight of their men had been made prisoners on board the ship, where they were now confined. One of them was the nam-betey (or high priest) of Vilear's brother. I represented to the multitude that if we were killed, the eight prisoners would be put to death on board; but that if I with my five companions were not sacrificed, we would cause the eight prisoners to be released immediately. The head priest, who is regarded as a deity by these savages, immediately asked if I was speaking truth, and if his brother and the other seven men were alive? I assured him they were, and that I would send a man on board to the captain to order them to be released, if he would convey the man safe down to the boat from among the multitude. This the priest promised to do immediately.

As Thomas Dafny was wounded and had no arms to defend himself, I prevailed on him to venture down the rock with the priest, and thence to the boat. He was then to inform Captain Robson of our horrid situation, which may be more easily imagined than described. I also directed him to tell the captain that it was my particular request that he should release one half of the prisoners, and show them a large chest of ironmongery, whales' teeth, etc. which he might promise to deliver to the remaining four prisoners with their liberty, the moment we returned to the ship.

This man proceeded as directed, and I did not lose sight of him from the time he left us until he got on the ship's deck. A cessation of arms took place in the meantime, which might have continued unbroken had it not been for the imprudence of Charles Savage, who put a greater temptation in the way of the natives than they could withstand. During this interval several native chiefs ascended the hill, and came within a few paces of us, with protestations of friend-

ship, and proffered us security if we would go down among them. To these promises I would not accede, nor allow any of my men to do so—till Charles Savage, who had resided on the islands for more than five years, and spoke the native dialect fluently, begged of me to permit him to go down among the natives with the chiefs to whom we were speaking, as he had no doubt their promises would be kept, and that if I allowed him to go he would certainly procure a peace, and enable us all to return safe to the ship.

Overcome by his importunities, I at last gave my consent, but reminded him that I did not wish him to do so, and that he must leave his musket and ammunition with me. This he did, and proceeded about two hundred yards from the foot of the rock to where Bonasar was seated, surrounded by chiefs, who were happy to receive him, their secret determination being to kill and eat him. They conversed with him, however, for some time, and then called out to me in the native dialect, "Come down, Peter, we will not hurt you: you see we do not hurt Charley!"

I replied that I would not go down until the prisoners landed. During this discussion the Chinaman, Luis, stole down the opposite side of the hill unknown to me, with his arms, for the purpose of placing himself under the protection of a chief with whom he was intimately acquainted, and to whom he had rendered important service in former wars. The islanders, finding they could not prevail on me to place myself in their power, set up a screech that rent the air. At that moment Charles Savage was seized by the legs, and held in that state by six men, with his head placed in a well of fresh water until he was suffocated; whilst at the same instant a powerful savage got behind the Chinaman, and with his huge club knocked the upper part of his skull to pieces. These wretched men were scarcely lifeless when they were cut up and put into ovens ready prepared for the purpose.

We, the three defenders of the hill, were then furiously attacked on all sides by the cannibals, whom our muskets however kept in great dread, though the chiefs stimulated their men to ascend and bring us down, promising to confer the greatest honors on the man who should kill me, and frequently inquired of their people if they were afraid of three white men, when they had killed several that day. Thus encouraged, they pressed close on us. Having four muskets between three of us, two always remained loaded: for Wilson being a bad shot, we kept him loading the muskets, while Martin Bushart and I

fired them off. Bushart had been a rifleman in his own country and was an excellent marksman. He shot twenty-seven of the cannibals with twenty-eight discharges, only missing once: I also killed and wounded a few of them in self-defense. Finding they could not conquer us without a great sacrifice on their part, they kept off and vowed vengeance.

The human bodies being now prepared, they were withdrawn from the ovens and shared out to the different tribes, who devoured them greedily. They frequently invited me to come down and be killed before it was dark, that they might have no trouble in dissecting and baking me in the night. I was bespoken joint by joint by the different chiefs, who exultingly brandished their weapons in the air, and boasted of the number of white men each had killed that day.

In reply to all this I informed them that if I was killed their countrymen confined on board our vessel would be killed also, but that if I was saved they would be saved. The ruthless savages, "Captain Robson may kill and eat our countrymen if he please; we will kill and eat you. When it is dark you cannot see to shoot at us, and you have no more powder."

Myself and companions, seeing no hope of mercy on earth, turned our eyes towards heaven and implored the Almighty Ruler of all things to have compassion on our wretched souls. We had now not the most distant hope of ever escaping from the savages, and expected to be devoured as our companions were but a few minutes before. The only thing which prevented our surrendering quietly was the dread of being taken alive and put to the torture.

These people sometimes, but not very often, torture their prisoners in the following manner. They skin the soles of the feet and then torment their victims with firebrands, so as to make them jump about in that wretched state. At other times they cut off the prisoner's eyelids and turn his face to the sun, at which he is obliged to look with his bare eyes: this is said to be a dreadful punishment. From the fingers of others they pull off the nails. By all accounts, however, these punishments are very rare, and only inflicted on persons who have given the greatest provocation—such as we had done this day, by shooting so many men in our own defense.

Having no more than sixteen or seventeen cartridges left, we determined, as soon as it was dark, to place the muzzles of our muskets to our hearts with the butts on the ground and discharge them into our breasts, thus to avoid the danger of falling alive into

the hands of these cannibal monsters.

At this moment the boat put off from the ship and soon got close to the landing place, where we counted the eight prisoners landing from her. I could not imagine how the captain could have acted in this strange way, as the only hope presented of our lives being spared was by allowing a part of the prisoners to land, who would, of course, intercede with their friends on shore to save us, that we might in return protect their countrymen when we returned to the ship. But this precaution not having been attended to, all hope seemed now fled, and the only means of relief left consisted in the dreadful determination of destroying our own lives in the mode already mentioned.

Shortly after the eight prisoners landed, they were conveyed unarmed up the rock to me, preceded by the priest, who informed me that Captain Robson had released the eight men, and sent a chest of cutlery, ironmongery, etc. on shore for the chiefs, with orders that we were to deliver our muskets to them, and that he would see us safe to the boat. I replied that as long as I lived I would not part with my musket, which was my own property, as I was certain they would slaughter me and my companions, as they had done Charles Savage and Luis.

The priest then turned to Martin Bushart and harangued him on the policy of our complying. At this moment the thought entered my head of making the priest a prisoner, and either to destroy him or regain my liberty. I tied Charles Savage's musket with my neck-handkerchief to the belt of my cartridge box, and presenting my own musket to the priest's head, told him that I would shoot him dead if he attempted to run away, or if any of his countrymen offered to molest me or my companions. I then directed him to proceed before me to the boat, threatening him with instant death in case of non-compliance. The priest proceeded as directed, and as we passed along through the multitude, he exhorted them to sit down, and upon no account to molest Peter or his countrymen, because if they attempted to hurt us he would be shot, and they of course must be aware they would consequently incur the wrath of the gods in the clouds, who would be angry at their disobedience of the divine orders, and cause the sea to rise and swallow up the island with all its inhabitants.

The multitude treated their priest's injunctions with profound respect and sat down on the grass. The nambety (which is the term for priest) proceeded as directed towards the boats, with the muzzles of Martin Bushart's and Wilson's muskets at each of his ears, while

the muzzle of mine was placed between his shoulders. Finding that night was approaching, and anxious to prolong life, I had recourse to this dreadful expedient, being aware of the influence and sway which the priests in all barbarous nations have over their votaries.

On getting to the boats, the nambety made a sudden stop. I ordered him to proceed. This he refused doing in the most positive manner, declaring that he would go no further and that I might shoot him if I liked. I threatened to do so, and asked him why he would not go to the water's edge? He replied, "You want to take me on board alive and put me to the torture." There being no time to spare, I told him to stand still, and turned my face to him with my musket presented, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to move until I got into the boat. We then walked backwards to the waterside, and up to our breasts in water, where we joined the boat, and had no sooner got into her than the islanders came down and saluted us with a shower of arrows and stones from slings.

Being thus once more out of danger, we returned thanks to Divine Providence for our escape, and proceeded towards the ship, which we reached just as the sun was setting. I expostulated with Captain Robson on his extraordinary conduct in causing so many human beings to be unnecessarily sacrificed. He made use of some absurd apologies, and inquired if we were the only persons who had escaped. I replied, yes; but that if the natives could have made proper use of the muskets which fell into their hands on that occasion, we must all have been killed.

■





## **The Rescue of Mrs. Thompson**

By THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, 1825–1895. Huxley, one of the greatest English biologists, as a young man spent almost five years (1846–1850) as assistant surgeon and naturalist on the exploring vessel H.M.S. Rattlesnake in the South Pacific. His interest in the flora and fauna of this region led him to become a biologist rather than a medical practitioner. In the Pacific he found not only a future career but a wife, Henrietta Heathorne, a young lady of Sydney. Huxley Island in the Louisiade Archipelago was given his name. The following brief extract from Huxley's journal, edited by his grandson Julian Huxley, shows some of the literary skill that was to make "Darwin's bulldog" the most readable biologist of his time. The heroine, who had been cast away on Possession Island and who lived for years among the cannibal natives of the Prince of Wales Islands near the tip of Cape York, furnished much information about the manners and superstitions of these aboriginal islanders.

[Oct. 16, 1849] The most remarkable occurrence that has yet befallen us happened yesterday. A large party of natives came on from the islands and shortly after their arrival Scott (the captain's coxswain) and several seamen wandering about fell in with a party of them—gins—among whom was a white woman disfigured by dirt and the effect of the sun on her almost uncovered body; her face was nevertheless clean enough, and before the men had time to recover from their astonishment she advanced towards them and in hesitating broken language cried "I am a Christian—I am ashamed." The men immediately escorted her down to Heath's party, ashore watering, who of course immediately took her under their protection, and the cutter arriving very shortly to take the party on board, she found herself once more safe among her own people. Three natives accompanied her off in the canoe whom she called her brothers and who appeared much interested in her.

This is her story, told in half Scotch, half native dialect, for she has been so long among these people as nearly to forget her mother tongue.

Her name is Thompson and her maiden name was Crawford. She was born in Aberdeen and her father was a tinsmith who emigrated when she was about eight years old to Australia. From her account he appears to have been at first in very good business in Sydney but latterly became unsteady and consequently descending lower in the scale, was, when she left him, only a journeyman.

When between fifteen and sixteen she left her father's house without his knowledge or consent and making her way up to Moreton Bay with a lover of hers was there married to him. She wrote to her father to tell him that she was happy and doing well but has never since heard anything of him. The husband was a sailor and appears to have been a very handy sort of man; according to her account he

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from *T. H. Huxley's Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. "Rattlesnake,"* edited by Julian Huxley (Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1936); Canadian rights from Chatto & Windus, London.

could make everything for himself from the shoes on his feet to the hat on his head and furthermore fitted up very well a small cutter rather larger than our *Asp*.

She tells me he was a great favorite with Captain Wickham and might have done very well at Moreton Bay. However, the tempter came, in the shape of an old sailor who had been wrecked in a large ship, well laden, on an island in Torres Straits, and he gave Thompson such brilliant ideas of the profit to be obtained by any one who should take the trouble to visit the wreck and walk off with "jetsam and flotsam" that the latter resolved to go in his cutter and either return to Moreton Bay or go on to Port Essington (at which place he seems to have had some idea of settling). About this time Dr. Leichhardt was starting on his overland expedition and it appears that he wished Thompson to join him, but the latter, the worse for him, preferred his own exploration, only promising on his arrival at Port Essington to inform the people of the coming expedition and induce them to send a party to meet it.

After living, then, about eighteen months at Brisbane, Thompson with his wife and three men started in the cutter on their ill-omened journey. They had nearly reached the desired island when a heavy squall came on, and their little vessel was utterly wrecked upon a reef running out from the island.

Two native canoes which were out turtle fishing were similarly distressed by the squall but the natives easily reached the shore. Not so with the unfortunate tenants of the cutter: the three men were drowned, and Mrs. Thompson was drowning when one of the blackfellows (Aliki who came on board with her) swam out, and seizing her arm brought her safely to land.

They treated her very kindly, fed her and protected her from insult. One of the old chiefs, who had lately lost a daughter, persisted, according to their common belief that white people are the ghosts of black, that she was this very daughter "jump alive again" and she seems to have been regularly adopted among them, so that she talks of her brothers, nephews, etc. Years rolled on, and by degrees she approximated towards her friends, adopting their language so that she speaks it fluently and at present evidently thinks in it, having in talking to you to translate her native thoughts into plain English, sometimes a matter of considerable difficulty, and at the same time adopting their ways so that her manners present a most ludicrous graft of the gin upon the white woman.

For the first twelvemonth she kept some account of time but afterwards lost it, so that she has no idea of dates at present, and indeed, as she says herself, she would have forgotten her own language had she not been accustomed to sing to herself at night all the old fragments of songs and ballads she could remember.

The natives appear to have treated her quite as a pet; she never shared in the labors of the women but stayed in the camp to look after the children while they went out on "hospitable cares intent." Of the kindness and good disposition of the men she speaks in the highest terms, and of the women too she speaks well but says that some of them were not so kind.

Year after year she saw the English ships sail by on their way to China but never had any opportunity of communicating with them, and sometimes she says she was very sorrowful and despairing.

Last year she knew of our being here but the natives would not let her come, and when the canoes were setting out from the islands to visit us for the purpose of getting tobacco, etc., the women were very unwilling to let her come, and it was only partly by promises to return, partly by the influence of "Toma-gogi," one of her brothers, a gentleman about six feet two and doubtless proportionately respected, that she got away.

So far as we can judge she has been five years among these people, and is therefore even now a very young woman; and indeed notwithstanding the hard life she must have led, she looks young, and I have no doubt when she is appropriately dressed, and gets rid of her inflamed eyes, she will be not bad-looking.

Poor creature! we have all great compassion for her and I am sure there is no one who would not do anything to make her comfortable. Captain Stanley gives her his workshop for a cabin, and as soon as she recovers herself sufficiently to understand the use of a needle, she can have as much calico and flannel as she wants, to make mysterious feminine toggery.

She must be content to take a long cruise with us, but it will be at any rate, I should think, preferable to her late circumstances.

## **How the Fijians Learned to Build Their Canoes**

By LORIMER FISON, 1832-1907. Fison, Wesleyan missionary and anthropologist, born at Barningham, Suffolk, left Cambridge University after his second term to seek gold in Australia. In Melbourne in 1863 he was ordained as a minister and was sent to Fiji, where he spent eight years as a missionary. He became interested in native relationships and met Alfred William Howitt, who had been making similar studies in Australia. From 1871 to 1875 Fison worked in New South Wales and Victoria, returning to Fiji from then until 1884 as head of an institution for training natives as teachers. He began publishing anthropological papers, sometimes in collaboration with Howitt. In 1884 he returned to Australia, where he edited church publications and carried on studies in anthropology until his death. *Tales from Old Fiji* (1904) is his only volume of popular interest. The story here chosen was told by the collector's Fijian informant, the old King of Lakemba.

THEY tell me," said old Tui Nayau, "that you have been to the hill of Kau-vandra, where stands the temple of Dengei, the Great Serpent. In the old times our fathers feared that spot, and revered it greatly, for there dwelt the Great Serpent whom they worshipped.

"In those days Bau was not the greatest kingdom in Fiji, as it is now. There were then no boatbuilders among us, and our fathers made no canoes, for they knew not how to fashion them. They were living in a wretched way, each tribe dwelling apart in its own land; for there were no canoes wherewith to sail from one island to another. So the Great Serpent took pity upon them, and chose a tribe whom he called 'The Boatbuilders,' and them he taught the art of canoe building, giving them also the entire rule over Great Fiji, so that in those days they were a great and powerful people, and Bau was of little account.

"And indeed it was easy for them to become great, for they alone of all the dwellers in Fiji knew how to build canoes; so that men came from afar, begging to be taken as their servants, that they too might learn how to make the wonderful vessels which would carry men over the waters in safety. Thus, in the course of time, they grew proud and haughty, and were often disobedient to the Great Serpent; but he bore with them, for he loved them well.

"Now the Great Serpent dwelt on the hill of Kau-vandra, in Great Fiji; but all the country round about he gave to the tribe that he had chosen; and they built their town on the top of a high hill, where they dwelt in safety, for no enemy could get at them; and often did the god come among them, and talk with them, teaching them many things, so that they were wiser than all other men. These days were good days, for they dwelt in great peace and plenty.

"When it was evening, the Great Serpent used to go to a cave in the hill of Kau-vandra, and there laid him down to sleep. When he closed his eyes then it was dark, and men said, 'Night is come over

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Tales from Old Fiji* (London, Alexander Moring, Ltd., 1904).

the land'; when he turned himself over in his sleep, the earth shook, and men said, 'It is an earthquake'; and at dawn of day, when he opened his eyes, then darkness fled away, and men said, 'It is morning.'

"Now there was a beautiful black dove, whose duty it was to awake him when it was morning. It slept always on a *baka* (or banyan) tree, which grew hard by the mouth of the Great Serpent's cave, when its voice, 'Kru, kru, kru, kru,' always roused him when it was time for the night to depart, and for the day to come over the land. Then he would get up, and call across the valley to the Boatbuilders, saying, 'Rise up, my children, and work; for the morning has come.'

"Therefore Rokola, chief of the Boatbuilders, and Kausam-baria, his brother, hated the dove; for they had grown proud and idle, and they said, 'Why should we thus work, work, work for ever? Work is for slaves, but we are chiefs, great and mighty. Let our slaves work, for they are many; as for us, we will rest. Come, let us kill the dove; and if the Great Serpent be angry, let him be angry. We will fight with him; for we are many and strong, and he is but one, though he be a god.'

"So they took their bows and arrows, and crept beneath the banyan tree, where the dove was sleeping. Then said Rokola to his brother, 'I will shoot first. If I miss, then do you shoot'; and his brother replied, 'It is well. Shoot. I am ready.' So Rokola shot, and his arrow pierced the breast of the dove, so that it fell dead to the ground, and the two brothers fled away to their town.

"When the Great Serpent awoke from his sleep, he wondered that he did not hear the voice of his dove; so he came forth from his cave, and looked up into the banyan tree, saying, 'Ah, lazy one, must it be my business to wake you nowadays? But where are you?' for he saw that she was not in the tree, on the branch where she always sat.

"Then, looking on the ground, he spied the dove, with the arrow sticking in her breast. Great was his grief for the dove, and great also was his rage; for he knew the arrow of Rokola, and, shouting across the valley with a terrible voice, he cried, 'Woe to you, Rokola, and unto you all, O Boatbuilders, ungrateful ones, because you have killed my dove! Now is your kingdom taken away, and given to the children of Bau. And I will scatter you among all the peoples of Fiji, making you their servants.'

"But the Boatbuilders shouted back across the valley: 'We fear you not, Great Serpent. We are many, and you are but one, though you be a god. Come, let us fight together. As we have served your dove,



so also will we serve you; for we fear you not, Great Serpent, though you be a god.' And they built a war-fence, strong, and wide, and high; while the Great Serpent sat on the hill of Kau-vandra, mocking them, and crying aloud, 'Build your fences strong. Carry them up to the sky; for a god is your enemy.' They also defied him, for they trusted in their war-fence, and in their numbers.

"When they had finished, Rokola shouted across the valley, 'It is done. Come, let us fight, that our children may say in the days hereafter, "Our fathers ate the Great Serpent, the god who lived on the hill of Kau-vandra."'

"Then the god arose in his wrath, and threw his club up into the sky; and the clouds were broken in pieces, and fell down to the earth in a deluge of rain. Many days did the rain continue—it was not like the rain which now falls upon the earth, but a great and terrible pouring out of waters—and the sea rose, flowing in over the land, a dreadful sight. Higher and ever higher rose the wave, till it swept away the war-fence of the Boatbuilders, and their town with all its people. Rokola and many more were drowned; but many also (some two thousand, perhaps) floated away on trees and rafts and canoes, drifting along hither and thither over the waters, till they landed, some here and some there, on the mountain tops which were still above the waves, and begged their lives of the dwellers in the lands, who had fled thither before the rising waters. So that, when the sea went back again to its own place, they were taken down into the valleys in every kingdom, and became the servants of the chiefs, building their canoes, as at this day.

"As for the banyan tree, on which the dove used to sit, it was carried away by the great flood to Vatu-lele. Now Vatu-lele, in those days, was nothing but a reef, like Navatu, with no land upon it; but so much earth was still clinging to the roots of the banyan tree that it became a land, and men came and dwelt thereon.

"And this is how we, the men of Fiji, learned to build our canoes."

## **Bêche de Mer English**

*By JACK LONDON. Visiting the Solomon Islands in 1908, Jack London made two cruises throughout the group in labor-recruiting schooners. "Bêche de Mer English" describes the picturesque language used in communicating with the natives of these islands.*

GIVEN a number of white traders, a wide area of land, and scores of savage languages and dialects, the result will be that the traders will manufacture a totally new, unscientific, but perfectly adequate, language. This the traders did when they invented the Chinook lingo for use over British Columbia, Alaska, and the Northwest Territory. So with the lingo of the Krooboyes of Africa, the pidgin English of the Far East, and the *bêche de mer* of the westerly portion of the South Seas. This latter is often called pidgin English, but pidgin English it certainly is not. To show how totally different it is, mention need be made only of the fact that the classic piece of China has no place in it.

There was once a sea captain who needed a dusky potentate down in his cabin. The potentate was on deck. The captain's command to the Chinese steward was: "Hey, boy, you go topside catchee one piecee king." Had the steward been a New Hebridean or a Solomon islander, the command would have been: "Hey, you fella boy, go look 'm eye belong you along deck, bring 'm me fella one big fella marster belong black man."

It was the first white men who ventured through Melanesia after the early explorers, who developed *bêche de mer* English—men such as the *bêche de mer* fishermen, the sandalwood traders, the pearl hunters, and the labor recruiters. In the Solomons, for instance, scores of languages and dialects are spoken. Unhappy the trader who tried to learn them all; for in the next group to which he might wander he would find scores of additional tongues. A common language was necessary—a language so simple that a child could learn it, with a vocabulary as limited as the intelligence of the savages upon whom it was to be used. The traders did not reason this out. *Bêche de mer* English was the product of conditions and circumstances. Function precedes organ; and the need for a universal Melanesian lingo preceded *bêche de mer* English. *Bêche de mer*

Reprinted by permission of Charmian London and the publishers from *The Cruise of the Snark* (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1911).

was purely fortuitous, but it was fortuitous in the deterministic way. Also, from the fact that out of the need the lingo arose, *bêche de mer* English is a splendid argument for the Esperanto enthusiasts.

A limited vocabulary means that each word shall be overworked. Thus, "fella," in *bêche de mer*, means all that "piecee" does and quite a bit more, and is used continually in every possible connection. Another overworked word is "belong." Nothing stands alone. Everything is related. The thing desired is indicated by its relationship with other things. A primitive vocabulary means primitive expression; thus, the continuance of rain is expressed as "rain he stop." "Sun he come up," cannot possibly be misunderstood, while the phrase structure itself can be used without mental exertion in ten thousand different ways, as, for instance, a native who desires to tell you that there are fish in the water and who says "fish he stop." It was while trading on Ysabel Island that I learned the excellence of this usage. I wanted two or three pairs of the large clamshells (measuring three feet across), but I did not want the meat inside. Also, I wanted the meat of some of the smaller clams to make a chowder. My instruction to the natives finally ripened into the following: "You fella bring me fella big fella clam—kai-kai he no stop, he walk about. You fella bring me fella small fella clam—kai-kai he stop."

"Kai-kai" is the Polynesian for "food," "meat," "eating," and "to eat"; but it would be hard to say whether it was introduced into Melanesia by the sandalwood traders or by the Polynesian westward drift. "Walk about" is a quaint phrase. Thus, if one orders a Solomon sailor to put a tackle on a boom, he will suggest, "That fella boom he walk about too much." And if the said sailor asks for shore liberty, he will state that it is his desire to walk about. Or if said sailor be seasick, he will explain his condition by stating, "Belly belong me walk about too much."

"Too much," by the way, does not indicate anything excessive. It is merely the simple superlative. Thus, if a native is asked the distance to a certain village, his answer will be one of these four: "Close up"; "long way little bit"; "long way big bit"; or "long way too much." "Long way too much" does not mean that one cannot walk to the village; it means that he will have to walk farther than if the village were a long way big bit.

"Gammon" is to lie, to exaggerate, to joke. "Mary" is a woman. Any woman is a Mary. All women are Marys. Doubtlessly the first dim white adventurer whimsically called a native woman Mary,

and of similar birth must have been many other words in *bêche de mer*. The white men were all seamen, and so "capsize" and "sing out" were introduced into the lingo. One would not tell a Melanesian cook to empty the dishwater, but he would tell him to capsize it. To "sing out" is to cry loudly, to call out, or merely to speak. "Sing-sing" is a song. The native Christian does not think of God calling for Adam in the Garden of Eden; in the native's mind, God sings out for Adam.

"Savvee" and "catchee" are practically the only words which have been introduced straight from pidgin English. Of course, "pickaninny" has happened along, but some of its uses are delicious. Having bought a fowl from a native in a canoe, the native asked me if I wanted "Pickaninny stop along him fella." It was not until he showed me a handful of hen's eggs that I understood his meaning. "My word," as an exclamation with a thousand significances, could have arrived from nowhere else than old England. A paddle, a sweep, or an oar, is called "washee," and "washee" is also the verb.

Here is a letter, dictated by one Peter, a native trader at Santa Anna, and addressed to his employer. Harry, the schooner captain, started to write the letter, but was stopped by Peter at the end of the second sentence. Thereafter the letter runs in Peter's own words, for Peter was afraid that Harry gammoned too much, and he wanted the straight story of his needs to go to headquarters.

Santa Anna

Trader Peter has worked 12 months for your firm and has not received any pay yet. He hereby wants £12. [At this point Peter began dictation.] Harry he gammon along him all the time too much. I like him 6 tin biscuit, 4 bag rice, 24 tin bullamacow. Me like him 2 rifle, me savvee look out along boat, some place me go man he no good, he kai-kai along me.

PETER

"Bullamacow" means tinned beef. This word was corrupted from the English language by the Samoans, and from them learned by the traders, who carried it along with them into Melanesia. Captain Cook and the other early navigators made a practice of introducing seeds, plants, and domestic animals amongst the natives. It was at Samoa that one such navigator landed a bull and a cow. "This is a bull and cow," said he to the Samoans. They thought he was giving the name of the breed, and from that day to this, beef on the hoof and beef in the tin is called "bullamacow."

A Solomon islander cannot say "fence," so, in bêche de mer, it becomes "fennis"; store is "sittore," and box is "bokkis." Just now the fashion in chests, which are known as boxes, is to have a bell arrangement on the lock so that the box cannot be opened without sounding an alarm. A box so equipped is not spoken of as a mere box, but as the "bokkis belong bell."

"Fright" is the bêche de mer for fear. If a native appears timid and one asks him the cause, he is liable to hear in reply: "Me fright along you too much." Or the native may be "fright" along storm, or wild bush, or haunted places. "Cross" covers every form of anger. A man may be cross at one when he is feeling only petulant; or he may be cross when he is seeking to chop off your head and make a stew out of you. A recruit, after having toiled three years on a plantation, was returned to his own village on Malaita. He was clad in all kinds of gay and sportive garments. On his head was a top hat. He possessed a trade box full of calico, beads, porpoise teeth, and tobacco. Hardly was the anchor down when the villagers were on board. The recruit looked anxiously for his own relatives, but none was to be seen. One of the natives took the pipe out of his mouth. Another confiscated the strings of beads from around his neck. A third relieved him of his gaudy loincloth, and a fourth tried on the top hat and omitted to return it. Finally, one of them took his trade box, which represented three years' toil, and dropped it into a canoe alongside. "That fella belong you?" the captain asked the recruit, referring to the thief. "No belong me," was the answer. "Then why in Jericho do you let him take the box?" the captain demanded indignantly. Quoth the recruit, "Me speak along him, say bokkis he stop, that fella he cross along me"—which was the recruit's way of saying that the other man would murder him. God's wrath, when he sent the Flood, was merely a case of being cross along mankind.

"What name" is the great interrogation of bêche de mer. It all depends on how it is uttered. It may mean: What is your business? What do you mean by this outrageous conduct? What do you want? What is the thing you are after? You had best watch out; I demand an explanation; and a few hundred other things. Call a native out of his house in the middle of the night, and he is likely to demand, "What name you sing out along me?"

Imagine the predicament of the Germans on the plantations of Bougainville Island, who are compelled to learn bêche de mer English in order to handle the native laborers. It is to them an unscientific

polyglot, and there are no textbooks by which to study it. It is a source of unholy delight to the other white planters and traders to hear the German wrestling stolidly with the circumlocutions and short-cuts of a language that has no grammar and no dictionary.

Some years ago large numbers of Solomon Islanders were recruited to labor on the sugar plantations of Queensland. A missionary urged one of the laborers, who was a convert, to get up and preach a sermon to a ship load of Solomon Islanders who had just arrived. He chose for his subject the Fall of Man, and the address he gave became a classic in all Australasia. It proceeded somewhat in the following manner:

"Altogether you boy belong Solomons you no savvee white man. Me fella me savvee him. Me fella me savvee talk along white man.

"Before long time altogether no place he stop. God big fella marster belong white man, him fella He make'm altogether. God big fella marster belong white man, He make'm big fella garden. He good fella too much. Along garden plenty yam he stop, plenty coconut, plenty taro, plenty kumara (sweet potatoes), altogether good fella kai-kai too much.

"Bimeby God big fella marster belong white man He make'm one fella man and put'm along garden belong Him. He call'm this fella man Adam. He name belong him. He put him this fella man Adam along garden, and He speak, 'This fella garden he belong you.' And He look'm this fella Adam he walk about too much. Him fella Adam all the same sick; he no savvee kai-kai; he walk about all the time. And God He no savvee. God big fella marster belong white man, He scratch'm head belong Him. God say: 'What name? Me no savvee what name this fella Adam he want.'

"Bimeby God He scratch'm head belong Him too much, and speak: 'Me fella me savvee, him fella Adam him want'm Mary.' So He make Adam he go asleep, He take one fella bone belong him, and He make'm one fella Mary along bone. He call him this fella Mary, Eve. He give'm this fella Eve along Adam, and He speak along him fella Adam: 'Close up altogether along this fella garden belong you two fella. One fella tree he tambo (taboo) along you altogether. This fella tree belong apple.'

"So Adam Eve two fella stop along garden, and they two fella have'm good time too much. Bimeby, one day, Eve she come along Adam, and she speak, 'More good you me two fella we eat'm this fella apple.' Adam he speak, 'No,' and Eve she speak, 'What name

you no like'm me?' And Adam he speak, 'Me like'm you too much, but me fright along God.' And Eve she speak, 'Gammon! What name? God He no savvee look along us two fella all'm time. God big fella marster. He gammon along you.' But Adam he speak, 'No.' But Eve she talk, talk, talk, allee time—allee same Mary she talk along boy along Queensland and make'm trouble along boy. And bimeby Adam he tired too much, and he speak, 'All right.' So these two fella they go eat'm. When they finish eat'm, my word, they fright like hell, and they go hide along scrub.

"And God he come walk about along garden, and He sing out, 'Adam!' Adam he no speak. He too much fright. My word! And God He sing out, 'Adam!' And Adam he speak, 'You call'm me?' God He speak, 'Me call'm you too much.' Adam he speak, 'Me sleep strong fella too much.' And God He speak, 'You been eat'm this fella apple.' Adam he speak, 'No, me no been eat'm.' God He speak, 'What name you gammon along me? You been eat'm.' And Adam he speak, 'Yes, me been eat'm.'

"And God big fella marster he cross along Adam Eve two fella too much, and he speak, 'You two fella finish along me altogether. You go catch'm bokkis (box) belong you, and get to hell along scrub.'

"So Adam Eve these two fella go along scrub. And God He make'm one big fennis (fence) all around garden and He put'm one fella marster belong God along fennis. And He give this fella marster belong God one big fella musket, and He speak, 'S'pose you look'm these two fella Adam Eve, you shoot'm plenty too much.' "

■





## **An Expedition Against the Dobudura Tribe**

By C. A. W. MONCKTON, 1872–1936. Of the many authors who have written about the vast island of New Guinea, none is better informed or more interesting than Charles Arthur Whitmore Monckton. He was born in New Zealand and educated at Wanganui College. As a young man he went to New Guinea, where for a time he engaged in pearl fishing and prospecting for gold. In 1898 he was appointed resident magistrate for the unadministered district of northeastern New Guinea, charged with enforcing British law and justice among natives bent on following ancient tribal customs despite the newly organized government. For nine years Monckton, with his native constabulary and occasional white assistants, hunted murderers, protected miners and traders, outwitted sorcerers, led expeditions against raiding tribes, and performed the many other dangerous duties required by his position. Sent on several missions into the interior, he gathered information on previously unknown native tribes and explored much of the mountainous, almost impenetrable territory, including the treacherous Wasia River and the ranges that lie between Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Gulf of Papua. He resigned from the government service in 1907 and went to England, serving in the first World War as a captain with Kitchener's army. His three books—*Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate* (1920), *Last Days in New Guinea* (1922), and *New Guinea Recollections* (1934)—are stored not only with lively narratives of adventure but also with interesting observations on native character and customs.

FROM the Barigi River, I went on to investigate complaints made by a tribe named Notu, situated at Oro Bay on the northeast coast, of attacks made upon them by an inland tribe named Dobudura. The Notu, who were a set of murdering blackguards themselves and a curse to the coast, told me that they had hitherto been on most friendly terms with the Dobudura, but that lately the latter tribe had been raiding them, and killing by torture any people they captured. "We don't mind fighting," said the Notu, "and we don't mind being killed and eaten, for that is the lot of men, but we do object to having our arms ripped up and being tied to posts or trees by our own sinews, and having meat chopped off us until we die!"

"I will deal with the Dobudura," I told them, "but afterwards I am going to make you sit up and squeal; for, to my certain knowledge, you have recently killed and eaten two Mambare carriers; also, I have heard of quite a number of mysterious disappearances of people in the vicinity of your villages."

"Crocodiles," said the Notu, "they are bad here."

"Yes," I told them, "two-legged crocodiles. Now, what started your row with the Dobuduras?"

"Sorcery," they said.

"Have you scoundrels been playing with sorcery?" I asked.

"No," they answered, and assured me that their virtue in that respect was almost beyond belief; to which I answered that I thought it was!

They then told me that the prevailing drought had badly affected the Dobudura country, and many of that people's gardens had perished; while a sago swamp, upon which they relied in times of scarcity, had got as dry as tinder and been swept by fire. Some rain had fallen in the immediate vicinity of the Notu villages at Oro Bay and had saved the Notu gardens; whereupon the Dobudura people had ascribed their misfortunes to the work of Notu sorcerers, and

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate* (John Lane, London, 1920).

set out to make things extremely unpleasant for the Notu.

"Is the Dobudura tribe a numerous one?" I asked.

"Yes, much more numerous than we are," they told me. The Notu could muster about three hundred fighting men, and, therefore, I concluded that the Dobudura had probably about four or five hundred men.

At dawn I marched inland in search of the Dobudura country, accompanied by Acland and Walker, and taking with me about seventy Notu armed with spear, club, and shield, to act as scouts and guides, twenty-five constabulary and village constables, and about sixty Kaili Kaili under old Giwi. The track, after clearing the coastal swamp, ran through alternate belts of tall forest and grass, and was well worn and defined; it showed signs of the recent passage of large bodies of men. The Notu marched in front, flung out as a screen of scouts, a position they were not at all keen on occupying. We marched until about noon, when, as we neared the edge of a belt of forest we were passing through, the Notu came running back and got behind the column, saying that the Dobudura were in sight. We emerged on to a grassy plain, and sighted a village surrounded by a thick grove of coconut and betel-nut palms; three or four Dobudura were standing, fully armed and plumed, watching for us to emerge from the forest; they had evidently discovered our advance into their country.

They at once gave tongue to a prolonged bloodcurdling war cry, "Oooogh! Aarri!" which was taken up by a number of other men invisible to us; then came the long deep boom of the conch shells and wooden war horns; the beggars clearly meant fight. I ordered the police to kneel in line just inside the edge of the forest, and then sent the Notu into the open to yell their own war cry, and draw the Dobudura into the open. We could now see dozens of plumed Dobudura heads bobbing up and down in the tall grass, about a mile away; but, though the Notu came tearing back several times in alarm at having discovered a Dobudura scout close to them, no further advance was made by them, though their war cry was going on constantly. "Those fellows are waiting for reinforcements," I said, "I'll take them in detail"; and advanced upon the village, while the Dobudura scouts hung on our flank and rear.

Approaching close to the village, I ordered the police to rush it, which they did, only, however, just as rapidly as the Dobudura vacated it on the other side. I judged, from the number of holes in the ground made by the Dobudura sticking their spears upright in

the ground while they rested, that about a hundred and fifty men had been in the village. In the center of the village there was a platform, about four feet high, stacked with skulls, some quite fresh and with morsels of flesh adhering to them. "Ours," said the Notu. "See that hole in the side of each skull? That is where they scrape out the fresh brains!" Every skull had a hole in exactly the same place, varying in size, but uniform in position. The village was full of pigs and fowls, which the police and carriers killed. Dobudura scouts still hung about us, but their main body had vanished. A group of four or five of them got up a tree, about five hundred yards distant, and, as we continued our march, watched us and shouted directions and information of our movements to invisible Dobudura ahead. I ordered half a dozen constabulary to fire at the men in the tree, which they did, Walker and Acland also firing; the men dropped rapidly from the tree, but none of them were hit, though the sound of rifles, heard by them for the first time, must have disturbed their nerves a little.

As we continued our march, we found that we were surrounded by a thin ring of Dobudura, who were now quite silent. They gave one a funny feeling—the feeling of being surrounded by a thin invisible net which always gave when pressed, only to close again when we relaxed our pressure. "Master, be cautious; I think we shall find a big fight," said Barigi. "Keep close together, and your tomahawks ready," old Giwi told his Kaili Kaili. I detached half a dozen constabulary and told them to sneak through the long grass and break the ring of Dobudura scouts. They left; and soon I heard shots. The police returned, bringing with them the spears, clubs, and shields of two men they had shot; but, hardly had they returned when the ring re-formed. We marched on once more, my flanking police constantly having slight skirmishes with small bodies of the Dobudura, but nothing like a fight taking place. The Dobudura were clearly carrying out some well-defined plan: they were not afraid of us, that was certain, or they would have bolted altogether; neither did they mean to come into open collision with us yet.

At last, still accompanied by the watching ring of men, we came to the bank of a river, upon the opposite bank of which an armed Dobudura was standing, shouting to others behind. "Get me that man alive!" I ordered. Ten police at once plunged into and across the river, and tore after him as he fled. Walker, like an idiot, imagined that he could keep up with the swift police, and went after them,

before I saw what he was doing. He paid for his folly, for he got the fright of his life. He was, of course, soon easily outdistanced by the constabulary, who did not for a moment imagine that any white man would be fool enough to try and keep up with them, and suddenly he came to a place where the track divided, and could not tell which one the police had taken; he also now became conscious that the forest around him was full of Dobudura, he could hear their voices, and he did not dare to attempt to return to my party alone, for he had gone too far. Accordingly, at a venture he took one of the tracks, and luckily for him it was the right one, for in a few minutes he walked right into the returning police, who had captured a woman; she turned out to be a Notu woman, captured some time before by the Dobudura. If Walker had taken the other track, he would most certainly have been killed, as the police reported that it was held by a strong force of Dobudura. I gave him a severe lecture, telling him that work of this description was worry enough for me, without its being complicated by the escapades of congenital idiots. "I suppose next," I said, "if you see a native climb a coconut tree like a monkey, you will imagine that you can do it too! If you do try, please take care and fall on your head, and then you will come to no harm." Walker was extremely annoyed, and said that he did not believe the Dobudura would fight at all.

Village after village we entered, all being deserted at our approach. At one spot on our line of march, a very big Dobudura nearly got Sergeant Kimai, who was slightly away from his men on one flank. The man crept up, and then rushed silently at Kimai with a club; fortunately he caught sight of him, and, dropping on his knee, blew the man's stomach in at a yard's distance. My young devil, Toku, and some Kaili Kaili discovered a Dobudura sneaking up, and the man fled, finding that he was discovered; whereupon Toku shot him in the stern with a small pea rifle of mine he was carrying. The man clapped his hand to the place, and went off in a series of jumps, or, as Toku put it, like a kangaroo! Each village we entered had the same platform filled with skulls, some years old, others but a few days; while in some villages an additional decoration in the form of ropes hung with human jawbones was provided. The skulls were all those of people killed and eaten, and were of both sexes and all ages, from that of an infant to that of a senile old man or woman.

At last we came to a big village of two hundred houses, where two men were shot in a skirmish, and a man and a woman captured by

the scouting police. The man was sullen and would not answer questions; the woman talkative, when once she found that she was not going to be killed. She told me that most of the men were away fighting the Sangara, but that swift messengers had gone for them, to tell them of our invasion. I gave the man and the woman some tobacco, and then showed them how a bullet would pass through a shield or even a coconut tree; then I told them to seek out their chief and tell him that it was useless his fighting me, but that I must stop him fighting the Notu people, and that he had better come and see me himself next day, offering him safe conduct. So off they went.

Platforms of skulls were at each end of this village; hundreds of skulls, and there was one heap of about thirty quite fresh ones, the adhering flesh had hardly had time to go bad. I nearly lost Private Oia here: he had leant his rifle against a tree a little distance away from the main body, and was squatting on the ground, when a Dobudura crept up and rushed him with a club; Oia sprang up towards the enemy, just as the club swung down for his head, and succeeded in catching the blow from the wooden handle on his shoulder, instead of the cutting-stone disc on his head. Oia then tore the club from the man's grasp and dashed out his brains with it.

"These Dobudura may be all right with the spear, but they are no good with the club," said Oia to me.

"Why?" asked I.

"If that fool had been close enough to make a side cut at my knee instead of a down cut at my head, he would have got me," he said; "to use the down cut against a stooping man is folly, as it is so easily avoided!" Oia, like his father, old Bushimai, was an expert in the use of a club. The old man despised a shield, considering it a useless encumbrance, and trusted to his clever manipulation of his club to ward off missiles.

Night was now closing in, with threatening rain, and then the Notu calmly told me that the Dobudura preferred to fight at night, which was quite contrary to all usual native custom; this to me was a very alarming statement, as it was also to the police. "I don't like this at all," I told Acland; "I have been an absolute fool. This village alone must be able to furnish quite three hundred men, and the other villages we passed through a like number at least, which makes six hundred; while there may be a dozen other villages within easy reach, for all I know. I should have camped early in the day in the forest, and built a stockade for the night. If these beggars choose to

rush us in the dark, the police won't be able to distinguish carriers from Dobudura in the tangled mess there will be; and I have not enough police to keep up a sufficiency of sentries round the camp, without the whole force being on duty all night."

Just before dark, our late prisoner walked in and told us that the men from the Sangara district had returned, and the chief proposed to pay us a visit that night. My sentries were posted at the time, but the man had got through them and right up to me, unchallenged. My police and the Notu protested strongly against our receiving visitors at night. "It's contrary to all our customs to receive visitors at night, and there is something behind this," they said.

"Return to your chief, and tell him I will receive him in the morning," I told the messenger, "but that any one coming near my camp tonight will be shot immediately," and off he went.

"If there is a fight tonight, how are we to distinguish the carriers from the Dobudura?" I asked Bangi.

"Let each carrier keep by him a glowing fire stick, and seize and wave it when the fight comes," he replied, "then we can shoot at the men without fire in their hands." It was good advice, and I took it; and each carrier took good care that—like the wise virgins—he kept his light burning.

The night wore on: we three Europeans lying on the ground with our revolvers buckled on, our rifles ready to grasp, and with our pockets uncomfortably full of cartridges; the police, that were not on duty, lay on their rifles, and each carrier kept spear or tomahawk handy. Old Giwi croaked about the folly of our camp, and exhorted the Kaili Kaili and his two sons, Makawa in my police and Toku my servant, to fight strongly. I stationed men at houses at each end and side of the village, with fire pots full of live embers, and instructed them—in the case of an attack—at once to set fire to the dry sago-leaf roofs, in order to give us light to fire by. The nerves of the whole party were now in a state of tense expectation, and the Notu quietly bewailed their folly in coming with me. "If we are smashed up," I told Walker and Acland, "don't let those beggars get you alive."

All at once I heard the voice of a village constable, in the circle of sentries, raised in anger, "What two fools are you, walking past me without fire sticks? You know the orders!" The order had been given by me that any carrier moving about the camp was to carry his fire stick. The men made no reply, but rushed past him from our camp into the night; whereupon he fired after them, and immediately there



broke out a blaze of fire from the rifles of the sentries all round the camp. I found out later that the two men were Dobudura who, unperceived, had been right through our camp, studying the disposition of my force.

Then came the bloodcurdling war cry of the Dobudura all round us, which was answered by a yell of defiance from the Kaili Kaili, and a howl of terror from the Notu. "Fire the houses! Fall in the constabulary!" I yelled amid the din. Suddenly bang went a rifle at my side; I turned and saw Walker. Then came a yell of protest from the Kaili Kaili.

"What the devil do you think you are doing?" I demanded.

"Firing at the enemy!" he answered, wild with nervous excitement.

"Trying to murder my Kaili Kaili!" I told him shortly.

Walker calmed down and ceased firing. The houses shot up into a blaze, and lit up the village and surrounding grass for fifty yards; the constabulary and village constables rapidly formed in line, and the Kaili Kaili and Notu, who were frantically waving their fire sticks, lay down, in order that we might fire over them. The noise died away as quickly as it had risen, and the Dobudura departed as swiftly as they had come, without pushing their attack. I was extremely puzzled, but decided that perhaps they would yet come; so the men stood as they were, in the light of the burning houses, until three in the morning, when rain fell upon us, and the Notu said we were now all right, as nothing would induce the Dobudura to fight in the rain.

It was not until long afterwards, when I was on really friendly terms with the Dobudura, that I learnt what had saved us that night. They had discovered our advance into their country almost immediately after we had left the coast, and had decided to draw us as far as possible into their district and avoid a fight until the men from Sangara could return; then to throw every available fighting man upon my camp just before dawn. They knew a large portion of my force was comprised of Notu, whom they despised, and expected would bolt at the first attack. Their chief, who devised the scheme, had wished to visit my camp to see for himself how my force was disposed; finding he could not do this, he had sent men who had crept unperceived past the sentries. Some of the men had already returned to him with news, and he was waiting for the others, when bang went the village constable's rifle and he fell dead, shot through the heart. The fire from the ring of sentries had also killed and wounded

several others. Struck with dismay at the loss of their leader, and appalled by the flashes and sound of the rifles, they had then drawn off until dawn should come; but with the dawn came the rain, and that damped their fighting ardor. I, however, did not know this at the time, and was considerably surprised at the whole behavior of the Dobudura. Glad was I when dawn came, for, on top of the nervous tension of the whole night, I knew that I was the person responsible for having got my party into such a dangerous position.

In the morning, there were the ever-present encircling Dobudura scouts, silent and watchful. "Damn these people!" I said, "they have got upon my nerves. I am going to run away and get more police; my men can't march and hunt them all day, and keep watch all night."

Back for the coast we marched, the Notu scouting in advance, while the rear guard was composed of constabulary. As we passed through and vacated each village, it was at once reoccupied by many people, and a gradually increasing body of Dobudura followed on our track. At one point, as we entered the forest, I sent a man up a tree to look back, and he reported large numbers of men creeping after us in the grass. I halted my men and faced about, thinking that perhaps they had at last made up their minds to come to conclusions with me; the men in the grass halted too, and after waiting some time for an attack to develop and none coming, I sent out a flanking party to try and get round them, but their ever-watching scouts detected my maneuvers and the Dobudura retreated.

We reached the Notu village again that night, when the old people of the village thanked me for fighting the Dobudura, and proffered gifts of necklaces made from dogs' teeth and shells. That night we slept like stone dogs, police, Kaili Kaili, and all our party, while the Notu people kept watch. The following day I took the whaler, and with half a dozen police, Acland, and Walker, sailed for the Kumusi River; from which point I could send a message overland to Elliott, Assistant R. M. at Tamata, asking him for more police. The Kaili Kaili and the remainder of the constabulary I left encamped at Notu.

We nearly got swamped crossing the bar of the Kumusi River, a beastly shark and alligator infested spot. "Lord love a duck!" said Acland, "yesterday you nearly got us eaten by cannibals! Today you offer us a choice between drowning, sharks, or crocodiles! If I ever hear any one saying that your guests are not provided with plenty of excitement and variety, I shall call the speaker a liar, if he's small enough!"

Oates kept a store for Whitten Brothers at the mouth of the Kumusi, from which the Yodda gold field was supplied per medium of the river; so here we waited for a week for the return of my messenger to Elliott. We spent our time catching big sharks and gropers on a stout cotton line; we got one groper of four hundred pounds weight, and some enormous sharks, which our men ate. The fish had a curious effect upon Private Oia, for he suddenly went into high fever, and then his outer skin crackled all over and peeled off; he told me that the same thing had happened to him once before, after he had eaten a large quantity of shark.

A. W. Walsh, Assistant R. M. from Papangi Station, now put in an appearance with a trader named Clark; they had been searching for a track from Bogi on the Kumusi River to the Mangrove Isles on the coast. I at once commandeered Walsh's services, together with his nine police, for service against the Dobudura. Walsh was an Irishman, a happy-go-lucky fellow who had gone broke farming in Australia, and had then been given a small appointment in New Guinea. His detail of police were very slack and untidy: he afterwards served under me in the Northern Division, and I had a devil of a job straightening up his men. Then arrived from Tamata ten police, sent me by Elliott, a smart, well-drilled lot; also old Bushimai appeared, with about fifty fighting men in canoes, Bushimai stating that he had heard I had sent for help to Tamata, and thought that he would bring some men to my assistance. I now had a force, I considered, sufficient to smash up any tribe in New Guinea; namely, forty-four constabulary, an extra European officer, and carriers comprised of such redoubtable fighting men as Gwi's Kaili Kaili, and Bushimai's Mambare—Bushimai's men were also good night fighters.

Once more, accordingly, I returned to Oro Bay to march against the Dobudura. I found the constabulary and carriers that I had left at that point in good health and spirits, except one man who had suddenly died and been buried by the police. The Notu, however, had all bolted for the bush; and, upon asking for the reason, I found that while I was at the Kumusi they had captured, killed, and eaten two runaway Kumusi carriers, and they knew that I should call them to account for it, also they were by no means keen upon putting in another night at Dobudura, the big village where we were previously attacked. The Notu and their offences, however, could wait, first I had to finish with the Dobudura; accordingly I again marched for their villages, this time full of confidence.

We found that the Dobudura had planted concealed spears on the track, as well as spear pits; but they were easily discovered by the scouting Mambare, and avoided by us. "These bush fools think we are children!" said old Bushimai, when we found the things; "perhaps before we leave they will know different!"

At the first sight of the outlying Dobudura village, we saw that it was crowded with armed plumed men, back to whom rapidly fled four of their scouts, as my force emerged from the forest. I hastily detached the Papangi and Tamata constabulary respectively as right and left flanking parties, and advanced straight upon the village with my own men; the police had orders to take as many prisoners as possible. Getting close to the village, I ordered my men to rush it, which they did; but the Dobudura, suddenly discovering that they were being attacked upon three sides at once, hastily decamped, and the police only succeeded in capturing two old men and a youth who were not swift-footed enough to escape them. All the other villages were also vacated at our approach, rows of grinning skulls alone receiving us; and again we had an encircling screen of Dobudura scouts around us, but this time they had a lively time, as now I did not care what attack was made upon my main body, and could therefore detail plenty of side patrols of police to chase or shoot them.

All that day I drove the Dobudura before us: whenever they showed any signs of forming, or putting up a serious fight, I at once flung out my flanking parties and developed so severe an attack upon their front and sides as to send them flying back to the next village; until we came to the big village of the night alarm. Here apparently their full force was assembled, and prepared to make a stand. I at once united the two flanking parties into one under Walsh, with orders to make a flank attack, whilst I made a direct one. The Dobudura had, however, lost their leader; and, as my force advanced, some fled, while others tried to put up a fight but without method or order, until several were killed, and again they fled as my force occupied the village. A good number of prisoners were taken, including several women, whose presence showed that the Dobudura had been fairly confident of holding their village against us.

Night was now fast coming; and, made cautious by first experience, I vacated the village for the forest on the bank of the Samboga River, where the Kaili Kaili and Mambare hastily felled trees and built a stockade, while half the police were dispatched in pursuit of the scattered Dobudura. Several they shot, others they captured; but that

night we passed in sweet security within the walls of our stockade, though Walker was the only white member of the party not down with fever. I questioned the prisoners, who told me that the spirit of the Dobudura was broken, and that though some of that tribe wished for a pitched fight with me, others were afraid, while the death of their chief had caused divided councils in the tribe. "Why do you kill the Notu?" I asked. "That is the sole reason why I fight with you." "We were always friendly with the Notu, until two years ago," they replied, "but then their sorcerers began making a drought, and we had nothing except sago to eat; then the sorcerers destroyed that also, so we had to eat the Notu! The proof of the wickedness of the Notu is that they had rain while we had none."

Here, in the early morning, I nearly lost one of my men: my party was scattered over an area of about an acre, chatting and tending their cooking fires, when a Dobudura man crawled unperceived right amongst them and hurled a spear into the loins of a man; the man staggered forward and plucked out the spear, turning round as he did so to face his assailant, and then received a second spear clean through the forearm; this also he plucked out, and hurled it at the Dobudura completely transfixing him, just as that individual was struck by spears, tomahawks, and bullets from all directions. I made certain after I had examined my man's wounds that he could not possibly live; but as a matter of fact he did, and in a month was a whole man again. In this instance I did not know which to admire most, the pluck of my own man or the courage of the Dobudura who had come to what he must have known was certain death. "I wish he had been taken alive," I remarked, as I looked at the corpse; "he would have made a fine village constable."

Another Dobudura also lost his life in a valiant attempt to bag a man of mine: we were marching in single file through an open space covered with grass about two feet high, when suddenly a Dobudura rose out of the grass and hurled a spear at a Kaili Kaili carrier; the Kaili Kaili saw it coming and dodged, with the result that the spear merely grazed his ribs. As the man was in the act of launching a second spear, another Kaili Kaili reached him and clove his skull to the teeth.

All that day I endeavored to bring the Dobudura to a final fight, but engage my full force they would not. Several of their scouts were shot and others taken prisoners, and in one place half a dozen constabulary and a score of Mambare were vigorously attacked by a strong

force; but upon more constabulary and the Kaili Kaili running up to the sound of the firing, the Dobudura retreated.

I began to feel very sorry for the Dobudura, their resistance to me was so courageous and so hopeless. The Cape Nelson constabulary, at the time, were far and away the best detachment in New Guinea, and the Mambare and Kaili Kaili with me among the very best fighters; while in Giwi and Bushimai, I had as lieutenants the two most wary, wily, and cautious fighting chiefs in the Possession. Prisoner after prisoner I released to carry messages to them, telling them that I did not wish to fight or kill any more of them, and pointing out the futility of resistance to my force; but still they went on, apparently hoping that sooner or later I should give them an opening to get home upon me; still, to my request that their chiefs should meet me in a neutral spot and discuss their killing of the Notu, they turned a deaf ear.

At last I marched for the coast again, feeling that my only hope of settling the Notu-Dobudura difficulty was by training the prisoners I had captured, and making them realize the strength of the power they were up against. As I vacated each village on our return march, it was at once reoccupied by the Dobudura, still defiant and unconquered. In the last village, I left ten constabulary concealed in the houses, who made things very hot indeed for them when they attempted to enter the apparently vacated village. Afterwards, through my prisoners, I got upon good terms with them and turned their chief into a village constable, and they furnished me with carriers for many a future expedition.

I learnt much later that, after I had left their district, the Dobudura had a very rotten time; for the Sangara—against whom they had dispatched and recalled a war party at the time of my first appearance in their district—had been apparently watching events very closely, and I had hardly withdrawn before they fell upon and remorselessly slaughtered the Dobudura, before they had time to recover from the disorganization caused by me.

The wife of the old chief of the Dobudura, whom I later made village constable, was one of the finest charactered women I have ever known, either white or brown. I remember once, when returning with Tooth from the Lamington Expedition, camping in the village, worn, tired, and with a hungry lot of carriers. She received us, and explained that her husband, the chief and village constable, was away, so that she was making all arrangements for a supply of food for us.

In thanking her and talking to her before I left, I asked, "Have you no children?"

"I had two sons," she replied, "but they are dead."

"How did they die?" I asked.

"You killed them," she said.

"Good gracious!" I answered in surprise, "how do you make that out?"

"One was killed in the night, when about to attack your camp," she said, "the other speared one of your people and was killed in your camp."

"I am very sorry," I said, "I wish I had your two sons marching there," pointing to the constabulary, "for they were very brave men."

"It was not your fault, I don't blame you," said the old dame; "we were a foolish people; but my husband and myself wish we had our two sons again."

## **The Fourth Man**

By JOHN RUSSELL, 1885- . Russell, born in Davenport, Iowa, spent two years at Northwestern University. He became in 1908 a special correspondent for the New York Herald in Panama and Peru; later he was a staff writer for the magazine section of the New York Sun. During the first World War he was in charge of United States government propaganda for Great Britain and Ireland. He has explored widely in Asia and South America as well as in Oceania. Since he began contributing to magazines in 1912, he has written more than one thousand short stories. His first collected volume, *The Red Mark* (1919) (English edition, *Where the Pavement Ends*, 1921), was hailed by critics as "almost pure Kipling" and its writer was said to show "considerable skill in depicting the sensuous charm of the tropics." This volume together with *In Dark Places* (1922) and *Far Wandering Men* (1928) has been published under one cover with the title of *Color of the East* (1930). In addition to "The Fourth Man," the book contains other good stories with a Pacific setting, such as "The Price of the Head," "Jetsam," "One Drop of Moonshine," and "Powers of Darkness."



THE raft might have been taken for a swath of cut sedge or a drifting tangle of roots as it slid out of the shadowy river mouth at dawn and dipped into the first ground swell. But while the sky brightened and the breeze came fresh offshore it picked a way among shoals and swampy islets with purpose and direction, and when at last the sun leaped up and cleared his bright eye of the morning mist it had passed the wide entrance to the bay and stood to open sea.

It was a curious craft for such a venture, of a type that survives here and there in the obscure corners of the world. The coracle maker would have scorned it. The first navigating pithecanthrope built nearly as well with his log and bush. A mat of pandanus leaves served for its sail and a paddle of *niaouli* wood for its helm. But it had a single point of real seaworthiness. Its twin floats, paired as a catamaran, were woven of reed bundles and bamboo sticks upon triple rows of bladders. It was light as a bladder itself, elastic, fit to ride any weather. One other quality this raft possessed which recommended it beyond all comfort and all safety to its present crew. It was very nearly invisible. They had only to unstep its mast and lie flat in the cup of its soggy platform and they could not be spied half a mile away.

Four men occupied the raft. Three of them were white. Their bodies had been scored with brambles and blackened with dried blood, and on wrist and ankle they bore the dark and wrinkled stain of the gyves. The hair upon them was long and matted. They wore only the rags of blue canvas uniforms. But they were whites, members of the superior race—members of a highly superior race according to those philosophers who rate the criminal aberration as a form of genius.

The fourth was the man who had built the raft and was now sailing it. There was nothing superior about him. His skin was a layer of soot. His prognathous jaw carried out the angle of a low forehead.

Copyright, 1917, by P. F. Collier & Son.

No line of beauty redeemed his lean limbs and knobby joints. Nature had set upon him her plainest stamp of inferiority, and his only attempts to relieve it were the twist of bark about his middle and the prong of pig ivory through the cartilage of his nose. Altogether a very ordinary specimen of one of the lowest branches of the human family—the Canaques of New Caledonia.

The three whites sat together well forward, and so they had sat in silence for hours. But at sunrise, as if some spell had been raised by the clang of that great copper gong in the east, they stirred and breathed deep of the salt air and looked at one another with hope in their haggard faces, and then back toward the land which was now no more than a grey-green smudge behind them. . . . "Friends," said the eldest, whose temples were bound with a scrap of crimson scarf, "Friends—the thing is done."

With a gesture like conjuring he produced from the breast of his tattered blouse three cigarettes, fresh and round, and offered them.

"Nippers!" cried the one at his right. "True nippers—name of a little good man! And here? Doctor, I always said you were a marvel. See if they be not new from the box!"

Dr. Dubosc smiled. Those who had known him in very different circumstances about the boulevards, the lobbies, the clubs, would have known him again and in spite of all disfigurement by that smile. And here, at the bottom of the earth, it had set him still apart in the prisons, the cobalt mines, the chain gangs of a community not much given to mirth. Many a crowded lecture hall at Montpellier had seen him touch some intellectual firework with just such a twinkle behind his bristly grey brows, with just such a thin curl of lip.

"By way of celebration," he explained. "Consider. There are seventy-five evasions from Nouméa every six months, of which not more than one succeeds. I had the figures myself from Dr. Pierre at the infirmary. He is not much of a physician, but a very honest fellow. Could anybody win on that percentage without dissipating? I ask you."

"Therefore you prepared for this?"

"It is now three weeks since I bribed the night guard to get these same nippers."

The other regarded him with admiration. Sentiment came readily upon this beardless face, tender and languid, but overdrawn, with eyes too large and soft, and oval too long. It was one of those faces familiar enough to the police which might serve as model for an

angel were it not associated with some revolting piece of devilry. Fenayrou himself had been condemned "to perpetuity" as an incorrigible.

"Is not our doctor a wonder?" he inquired as he handed a cigarette along to the third white man. "He thinks of everything. You should be ashamed to grumble. See—we are free, after all. Free!"

The third was a gross, pock-marked man with hairless lids, known sometimes as Nyniche, Trois Huit, Le Tordeur, but chiefly among *copains* as Perroquet—a name derived perhaps from his beaked nose, or from some perception of his jailbird character. He was a garrotter by profession, accustomed to rely upon his fists only for the exchange of amenities. Dubosc might indulge a fancy and Fenayrou seek to carry it as a pose, but The Parrot remained a gentleman of strictly serious turn. There is perhaps a tribute to the practical spirit of penal administration in the fact that while Dubosc was the most dangerous of these three and Fenayrou the most depraved, Perroquet was the one with the official reputation, whose escape would be signalled first among the "Wanted." He accepted the cigarette because he was glad to get it, but he said nothing until Dubosc passed a tin box of matches and the first gulp of *picadura* filled his lungs. . . .

"Wait till you've got your two feet on a *pavé*, my boy. That will be the time to talk of freedom. What? Suppose there came a storm."

"It is not the season of storms," observed Dubosc.

But The Parrot's word had given them a check. Such spirits as these, to whom the land had been a horror, would be slow to feel the terror of the sea. Back there they had left the festering limbo of a convict colony, oblivion. Out here they had reached the rosy threshold of the big round world again. They were men raised from the dead, charged with all the furious appetites of lost years, with the savor of life, strong and sweet on their lips. And yet they paused and looked about in quickened perception, with the clutch at the throat that takes the landsman on big waters. The spaces were so wide and empty. The voices in their ears were so strange and murmurous. There was a threat in each wave that came from the depths, a sinister vibration. None of them knew the sea. None knew its ways, what tricks it might play, what traps it might spread—more deadly than those of the jungle.

The raft was running now before a brisk chop with alternate spring and wallow, while the froth bubbled in over the prow and ran down among them as they sat. "Where is that cursed ship that was

to meet us here?" demanded Fenayrou.

"It will meet us right enough." Dubosc spoke carelessly, though behind the blown wisp of his cigarette he had been searching the outer horizon with keen glance. "This is the day, as agreed. We will be picked up off the mouth of the river."

"You say," growled Perroquet. "But where is any river now? Or any mouth? Sacred name, this wind will blow us to China if we keep on."

"We dare not lie in any closer. There is a government launch at Torrien. Also the traders go armed hereabouts, ready for chaps like us. And don't imagine that the native trackers have given us up. They are likely to be following still in their proas."

"So far!"

Fenayrou laughed, for The Parrot's dread of their savage enemies had a morbid tinge.

"Take care, Perroquet. They will eat you yet."

"Is it true?" demanded the other, appealing to Dubosc. "I have heard it is even permitted these devils to keep all runaways they can capture—Name of God!—to fatten on."

"An idle tale," smiled Dubosc. "They prefer the reward. But one hears of convicts being badly mauled. There was a forester who made a break from Baie du Sud and came back lacking an arm. Certainly these people have not lost the habit of cannibalism."

"Piecemeal," chuckled Fenayrou. "They will only sample you, Perroquet. Let them make a stew of your brains. You would miss nothing."

But The Parrot swore.

"Name of a name—what brutes!" he said, and by a gesture recalled the presence of that fourth man who was of their party and yet so completely separated from them that they had almost forgotten him.

The Canaque was steering the raft. He sat crouched at the stern, his body glistening like varnished ebony with spray. He held the steering paddle, immobile as an image, his eyes fixed upon the course ahead. There was no trace of expression on his face, no hint of what he thought or felt or whether he thought or felt anything. He seemed not even aware of their regard, and each one of them experienced somehow that twinge of uneasiness with which the white confronts his brother of color—this enigma brown or yellow or black he is fated never wholly to understand or to fathom. . . .

"It occurs to me," said Fenayrou, in a pause, "that our friend here who looks like a shiny boot is able to steer us God knows where. Perhaps to claim the reward."

"Reassure yourself," answered Dubosc. "He steers by my order. Besides, it is a simple creature—an infant, truly, incapable of any but the most primitive reasoning."

"Is he incapable of treachery?"

"Of any that would deceive us. Also, he is bound by his duty. I made my bargain with his chief, up the river, and this one is sent to deliver us on board our ship. It is the only interest he has in us."

"And he will do it?"

"He will do it. Such is the nature of the native."

"I am glad you feel so," returned Fenayrou, adjusting himself indolently among the drier reeds and nursing the last of his cigarette. "For my part I wouldn't trust a figurehead like that for two sous. Mazette! What a monkey face!"

"Brute!" repeated Perroquet, and this man, sprung from some vile river-front slum of Argenteuil, whose home had been the dock pilings, the grog shop, and the jail, even this man viewed the black Canaque from an immeasurable distance with the look of hatred and contempt. . . .

Under the heat of the day the two younger convicts lapsed presently into dozing. But Dubosc did not doze. His tormented soul peered out behind its mask as he stood to sweep the skyline again under shaded hand. His theory had been so precise, the fact was so different. He had counted absolutely on meeting the ship—some small schooner, one of those flitting, half-piratical traders of the copra islands that can be hired like cabs in a dark street for any questionable enterprise. Now there was no ship, and here was no crossroads where one might sit and wait. Such a craft as the catamaran could not be made to lie to.

The doctor foresaw ugly complications for which he had not prepared and whereof he must bear the burden. The escape had been his own conception, directed by him from the start. He had picked his companions deliberately from the whole forced labor squad, Perroquet for his great strength, Fenayrou as a ready echo. He had made it plain since their first dash from the mine, during their skirmish with the military guards, their subsequent wanderings in the brush with bloodhounds and trackers on the trail—through every crisis—that he alone should be the leader.

For the others, they had understood well enough which of their number was the chief beneficiary. Those mysterious friends on the outside that were reaching half around the world to further their release had never heard of such individuals as Fenayrou and The Parrot. Dubosc was the man who had pulled the wires: that brilliant physician whose conviction for murder had followed so sensationally, so scandalously, upon his sweep of academic and social honors. There would be clacking tongues in many a Parisian salon, and white faces in some, when news should come of his escape. Ah, yes, for example, they knew the high-flyer of the band, and they submitted—so long as he led them to victory. They submitted, while reserving a depth of jealousy, the inevitable remnant of caste persisting still in this democracy of stripes and shame.

By the middle of the afternoon the doctor had taken necessary measures.

"Ho!" said Fenayrou sleepily. "Behold our coiors at the masthead. What is that for, comrade?"

The sail had been lowered and in its place streamed the scrap of crimson scarf that had served Dubosc as a turban.

"To help them sight us when the ship comes."

"What wisdom!" cried Fenayrou. "Always he thinks of everything, our doctor: everything—"

He stopped with the phrase on his lips, and his hand outstretched toward the center of the platform. Here, in a damp depression among the reeds, had lain the wicker-covered bottle of green glass in which they carried their water. It was gone.

"Where is that flask?" he demanded. "The sun has grilled me like a bone."

"You will have to grill some more," said Dubosc grimly. "This crew is put on rations."

Fenayrou stared at him wide-eyed, and from the shadow of a folded mat The Parrot thrust his purpled face. "What do you sing me there? Where is the water?"

"I have it," said Dubosc.

They saw, in fact, that he held the flask between his knees, along with their single packet of food in its wrapping of coconut husk.

"I want a drink," challenged Perroquet.

"Reflect a little. We must guard our supplies like reasonable men. One does not know how long we may be floating here. . . ."

Fell a silence among them, heavy and strained, in which they

heard only the squeaking of frail basketwork as their raft labored in the wash. Slow as was their progress, they were being pushed steadily outward and onward, and the last cliffs of New Caledonia were no longer even a smudge in the west, but only a hazy line. And still they had seen no moving thing upon the great round breast of the sea that gleamed in its corselet of brass plates under a brazen sun. "So that is the way you talk now?" began The Parrot, half choking. "You do not know how long? But you were sure enough when we started."

"I am still sure," returned Dubosc. "The ship will come. Only she cannot stay for us in one spot. She will be cruising to and fro until she intercepts us. We must wait."

"Ah, good! We must wait. And in the meantime, what? Fry here in the sacred heat with our tongues hanging out while you deal us drop by drop—hein?"

"Perhaps."

"But no!" The garrotter clenched his hands. "Blood of God, there is no man big enough to feed me with a spoon!"

Fenayrou's chuckle came pat, as it had more than once, and Dubosc shrugged.

"You laugh!" cried Perroquet, turning in fury. "But how about this lascar of a captain that lets us put to sea unprovided? What? He thinks of everything, does he? He thinks of everything! . . . Sacred farceur—let me hear you laugh again!"

Somehow Fenayrou was not so minded.

"And now he bids us be reasonable," concluded The Parrot. "Tell that to the devils in hell. You and your cigarettes, too. Bah—comedian!"

"It is true," muttered Fenayrou, frowning. "A bad piece of work for a captain of runaways."

But the doctor faced mutiny with his thin smile.

"All this alters nothing. Unless we would die very speedily, we must guard our water."

"By whose fault?"

"Mine," acknowledged the doctor. "I admit it. What then? We can't turn back. Here we are. Here we must stay. We can only do our best with what we have."

"I want a drink," repeated The Parrot, whose throat was afire since he had been denied.

"You can claim your share, of course. But take warning of one thing. After it is gone do not think to sponge on us—on Fenayrou and me."

"He would be capable of it, the pig!" exclaimed Fenayrou, to whom this thrust had been directed. "I know him. See here, my old, the doctor is right. Fair for one, fair for all."

"I want a drink."

Dubosc removed the wooden plug from the flask.

"Very well," he said quietly.

With the delicacy that lent something of legerdemain to all his gestures, he took out a small canvas wallet, the crude equivalent of the professional black bag, from which he drew a thimble. Meticulously he poured a brimming measure, and Fenayrou gave a shout at the grumbler's fallen jaw as he accepted that tiny cup between his big fingers. Dubosc served Fenayrou and himself with the same amount before he recorked the bottle.

"In this manner we should have enough to last us three days—maybe more—with equal shares among the three of us. . . ."

Such was his summing of the demonstration, and it passed without comment, as a matter of course in the premises, that he should count as he did—ignoring that other who sat alone at the stern of the raft, the black Canaque, the fourth man.

Perroquet had been outmaneuvered, but he listened sullenly while for the hundredth time Dubosc recited his easy and definite plan for their rescue, as arranged with his secret correspondents.

"That sounds very well," observed The Parrot, at last. "But what if these jokers only mock themselves of you? What if they have counted it good riddance to let you rot here? And us? Sacred name, that would be a famous jest! To let us wait for a ship and they have no ship!"

"Perhaps the doctor knows better than we how sure a source he counts upon," suggested Fenayrou slyly.

"That is so," said Dubosc, with great good humor. "My faith, it would not be well for them to fail me. Figure to yourselves that there is a safety vault in Paris full of papers to be opened at my death. Certain friends of mine could hardly afford to have some little confessions published that would be found there. . . . Such a tale as this, for instance—"

And to amuse them he told an indecent anecdote of high life, true or fictitious, it mattered nothing, so he could make Fenayrou's eyes glitter and The Parrot growl in wonder. Therein lay his means of ascendancy over such men, the knack of eloquence and vision. Harried, worn, oppressed by fears that he could sense so much more sharply than they, he must expend himself now in vulgar marvels



to distract these ruder minds. He succeeded so far that when the wind fell at sunset they were almost cheerful, ready to believe that the morning would bring relief. They dined on dry biscuit and another thimbleful of water apiece and took watch by amiable agreement. And through that long, clear night of stars, whenever the one of the three who kept awake between his comrades chanced to look aft, he could see the vague blot of another figure—the naked Canaque, who slumbered there apart. . . .

It was an evil dawning. Fenayrou, on the morning trick, was aroused by a foot as hard as a hoof, and started up at Perroquet's wrathful face, with the doctor's graver glance behind.

"Idler! Good-for-nothing! Will you wake at least before I smash your ribs? Name of God, here is a way to stand watch!"

"Keep off!" cried Fenayrou wildly. "Keep off. Don't touch me!"

"Eh, and why not, fool? Do you know that the ship could have missed us? A ship could have passed us a dozen times while you slept?"

"Bourrique!"

"Vache!"

They spat the insults of the prison while Perroquet knotted his great fist over the other, who crouched away catlike, his mobile mouth twisted to a snarl. Dubosc stood aside in watchful calculation until against the angry red sunrise in which they floated there flashed the naked red gleam of steel.

"Enough. Fenayrou, put up that knife."

"The dog kicked me!"

"You were at fault," said Dubosc sternly. "Perroquet!"

"Are we all to die that he may sleep?" stormed The Parrot.

"The harm is done. Listen now, both of you. Things are bad enough already. We may need all our energies. Look about."

They looked and saw the far, round horizon and the empty desert of the sea and their own long shadows that slipped slowly before them over its smooth, slow heaving, and nothing else. The land had sunk away from them in the night—some one of the chance currents that sweep among the islands had drawn them none could say where or how far. The trap had been sprung. "Good God, how lonely it is!" breathed Fenayrou in a hush.

No more was said. They dropped their quarrel. Silently they shared their rations as before, made shift to eat something with

their few drops of water, and sat down to pit themselves one against another in the vital struggle that each could feel was coming—a sort of tacit test of endurance.

A calm had fallen, as it does between trades in this flawed belt, an absolute calm. The air hung weighted. The sea showed no faintest crinkle, only the maddening, unresting heave and fall in polished undulations on which the lances of the sun broke and drove in under their eyelids as white, hot splinters; a savage sun that kindled upon them with the power of burning glass, that sucked the moisture from poor human bits of jelly and sent them crawling to the shelter of their mats and brought them out again, gasping, to shrivel anew. The water, the world of water, seemed sleek and thick as oil. They came to loathe it and the rotting smell of it, and when the doctor made them dip themselves overside they found little comfort. It was warm, sluggish, slimed. But a curious thing resulted. . . .

While they clung along the edge of the raft they all faced inboard, and there sat the black Canaque. He did not join them. He did not glance at them. He sat hunkered on his heels in the way of the native, with arms hugging his knees. He stayed in his place at the stern, motionless under that shattering sun, gazing out into vacancy. Whenever they raised their eyes they saw him. He was the only thing to see.

"Here is one who appears to enjoy himself quite well," remarked Dubosc.

"I was thinking so myself," said Fenayrou.

"The animal!" rumbled Perroquet.

They observed him, and for the first time with direct interest, with thought of him as a fellow being—with the beginning of envy.

"He does not seem to suffer."

"What is going on in his brain? What does he dream of there? One would say he despises us."

"The beast!"

"Perhaps he is waiting for us to die," suggested Fenayrou with a harsh chuckle. "Perhaps he is waiting for the reward. He would not starve on the way home, at least. And he could deliver us—piece-meal."

They studied him.

"How does he do it, doctor? Has he no feeling?"

"I have been wondering," said Dubosc. "It may be that his fibers are tougher—his nerves."

"Yet we have had water and he none."

"But look at his skin, fresh and moist."

"And his belly, fat as a football!"

The Parrot hauled himself aboard.

"Don't tell me this black beast knows thirst!" he cried with a strange excitement. "Is there any way he could steal our supplies?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, name of a dog, what if he has supplies of his own hidden about?"

The same monstrous notion struck them all, and the others swarmed to help. They knocked the black aside. They searched the platform where he had sat, burrowing among the rushes, seeking some secret cache, another bottle or gourd. They found nothing.

"We were mistaken," said Dubosc.

But Perroquet had a different expression for disappointment. He turned on the Canaque and caught him by the kinky mop of the hair and proceeded to give him what is known as gruel in the cobalt mines. This was a little speciality of The Parrot's. He paused only when he himself was breathless and exhausted and threw the limp, unresisting body from him.

"There, lump of dirt! That will teach you. Maybe you're not so chipper now, my boy—hein? Not quite so satisfied with your luck. Pig! That will make you feel. . . ."

It was a ludicrous, a wanton, a witless thing. But the others said nothing. The learned Dubosc made no protest. Fenayrou had none of his usual jests at the garrotter's stupidity. They looked on as at the satisfaction of a common grudge. The white trampled the black with or without cause, and that was natural. And the black crept away into his place with his hurts and his wrongs and made no signs and struck no blow. And that was natural too.

The sun declined into a blazing furnace whereof the gates stood wide, and they prayed to hasten it and cursed because it hung enchanted. But when it was gone their blistered bodies still held the heat like things incandescent. The night closed down over them like a purple bow, glazed and impermeable. They would have divided the watches again, though none of them thought of sleep, but Fenayrou made a discovery.

"Idiots!" he rasped. "Why should we look and look? A whole navy of ships cannot help us now. If we are becalmed, why so are they!"

The Parrot was singularly put out.

"Is this true?" he asked Dubosc.

"Yes, we must hope for a breeze first."

"Then, name of God, why didn't you tell us so? Why did you keep on playing out the farce?"

He pondered it for a time. "See here," he said. "You are wise, eh? You are very wise. You know things we do not and you keep them to yourself." He leaned forward to peer into the doctor's face. "Very good. But if you think you're going to use that cursed smartness to get the best of us in any way—see here, my zig, I pull your gullet out like the string of an orange. . . . Like that. What?"

Fenayrou gave a nervous giggle and Dubosc shrugged, but it was perhaps about this time that he began to regret his intervention in the knife play.

For there was no breeze and there was no ship.

By the third morning each had sunk within himself, away from the rest. The doctor was lost in a profound depression, Perroquet in dark suspicion, and Fenayrou in bodily suffering, which he supported ill. Only two effective ties still bound their confederacy. One was the flask which Dubosc had slung at his side by a strip of the wickerwork. Every move he made with it, every drop he poured, was followed by burning eyes. And he knew, and he had no advantage of them in knowing, that the will to live was working its relentless formula aboard that raft. Under his careful saving there still remained nearly half of their original store.

The other bond, as it had come to be by strange mutation, was the presence of the black Canaque.

There was no forgetting the fourth man now, no overlooking of him. He loomed upon their consciousness, more formidable, more mysterious, more exasperating with every hour. Their own powers were ebbing. The naked savage had yet to give the slightest sign of complaint or weakness.

During the night he had stretched himself out on the platform as before, and after a time he had slept. Through the hours of darkness and silence, while each of the whites wrestled with despair, this black man had slept as placidly as a child, with easy, regular breathing. Since then he had resumed his place aft. And so he remained, unchanged, a fixed fact and a growing wonder.

The brutal rage of Perroquet, in which he had vented his distorted

hate of the native, had been followed by superstitious doubts.

"Doctor," he said at last, in awed huskiness, "is this a man or a fiend?"

"It is a man."

"A miracle," put in Fenayrou.

But the doctor lifted a finger in a way his pupils would have remembered:

"It is a man," he repeated, "and a very poor and wretched example of a man. You will find no lower type anywhere. Observe his cranial angle, the high ears, the heavy bones of his skull. He is scarcely above the ape. There are educated apes more intelligent."

"Ah! Then what?"

"He has a secret," said the doctor.

That was a word to transfix them.

"A secret! But we see him—every move he makes, every instant. What chance for a secret?"

The doctor rather forgot his audience, betrayed by chagrin and bitterness.

"How pitiful!" he mused. "Here are we three—children of the century, products of civilization—I fancy none would deny that, at least. And here is this man who belongs before the Stone Age. In a set trial of fitness, of wits, of resource, is he to win? Pitiful!"

"What kind of secret?" demanded Perroquet fuming.

"I cannot say," admitted Dubosc, with a baffled gesture. "Possibly some method of breathing, some peculiar posture that operates to cheat the sensations of the body. Such things are known among primitive peoples—known and carefully guarded—like the properties of certain drugs, the uses of hypnotism and complex natural laws. Then, again, it may be psychologic—a mental attitude persistently held. Who knows? . . .

"To ask him? Useless. He will not tell. Why should he? We scorn him. We give him no share with us. We abuse him. He simply falls back on his own expedients. He simply remains inscrutable—as he has always been and will always be. He never tells those innermost secrets. They are the means by which he has survived from the depth of time, by which he may yet survive when all our wisdom is dust."

"I know several very excellent ways of learning secrets," said Fenayrou as he passed his dry tongue over his lips. "Shall I begin?"

Dubosc came back with a start and looked at him.

"It would be useless. He could stand any torture you could invent. No, that is not the way."

"Listen to mine," said Perroquet, with sudden violence. "Me, I am wearied of the gab. You say he is a man? Very well. If he is a man, he must have blood in his veins. That would be, anyway, good to drink."

"No," returned Dubosc. "It would be hot. Also it would be salt. For food—perhaps. But we do not need food."

"Kill the animal, then, and throw him over!"

"We gain nothing."

"Well, sacred name, what do you want?"

"To beat him!" cried the doctor, curiously agitated. "To beat him at the game—that's what I want! For our own sakes, for our racial pride, we must, we must. To outlast him, to prove ourselves his masters. By better brain, by better organization and control. Watch him, watch him, friends—that we may ensnare him, that we may detect and defeat him in the end!"

But the doctor was miles beyond them.

"Watch?" growled The Parrot. "I believe you, old windbag. It is all one watch. I sleep no more and leave any man alone with that bottle."

To this the issue finally sharpened. Such craving among such men could not be stayed much longer by driblets. They watched. They watched the Canaque. They watched each other. And they watched the falling level in their flask—until the tension gave.

Another dawn upon the same dead calm, rising like a conflagration through the puddled air, cloudless, hopeless! Another day of blind-ing, slow-drawn agony to meet. And Dubosc announced that their allowance must be cut to half a thimbleful.

There remained perhaps a quarter of a litre—a miserable reprieve of bare life among the three of them, but one good swallow for a yearning throat.

At sight of the bottle, at the tinkle of its limpid contents, so cool and silvery green inside the glass, Fenayrou's nerve snapped. . . .

"More!" he begged, with pleading hands. "I die. More!"

When the doctor refused him he grovelled among the reeds, then rose suddenly to his knees and tossed his arms abroad with a hoarse cry:

"A ship! A ship!"

The others spun about. They saw the thin unbroken ring of this

greater and more terrible prison to which they had exchanged: and that was all they saw, though they stared and stared. They turned back to Fenayrou and found him in the act of tilting the bottle. A cunning slash of his knife had loosed it from its sling at the doctor's side. . . . Even now he was sucking at the mouth, spilling the precious liquid—

With the one sweep Perroquet caught up their paddle and flattened him, crushed him.

Springing across the prostrate man, Dubosc snatched the flask upright and put the width of the raft between himself and the big garrotter who stood wide-legged, his bloodshot eyes alight, rumbling in his chest.

"There is no ship," said The Parrot. "There will be no ship. We are done. Because of you and your rotten promises that brought us here—doctor, liar, ass!"

Dubosc stood firm.

"Come a step nearer and I break bottle and all over your head."

They stood regarding each other, and Perroquet's brows gathered in a slow effort of thought.

"Consider," urged Dubosc with his quaint touch of pedantry. "Why should you and I fight? We are rational men. We can see this trouble through and win yet. Such weather cannot last for ever. Besides, here are only two of us to divide the water now."

"That is true," nodded The Parrot. "That is true, isn't it? Fenayrou kindly leaves us his share. An inheritance—what? A famous idea. I'll take mine now."

Dubosc probed him keenly.

"My share, at once, if you please," insisted Perroquet, with heavy docility. "Afterward, we shall see. Afterward."

The doctor smiled his grim and wan little smile.

"So be it."

Without relinquishing the flask he brought out his canvas wallet once more—that wallet which replaced the professional black bag—and rolled out the thimble by some swift sleight of his flexible fingers while he held Perroquet's glance with his own.

"I will measure it for you."

He poured the thimbleful and handed it over quickly, and when Perroquet had tossed it off he filled again and again.

"Four—five," he counted. "That is enough."

But The Parrot's big grip closed quietly around his wrist at the

last offering and pinioned him and held him helpless.

"No, it is not enough. Now I will take the rest. Ha, wise man! Have I fooled you at last?"

There was no chance to struggle, and Dubosc did not try, only stayed smiling up at him, waiting.

Perroquet took the bottle.

"The best man wins," he remarked. "Eh, my zig? A bright notion—of yours. The—best—"

His lips moved, but no sound issued. A look of the most intense surprise spread upon his round face. He stood swaying a moment, and collapsed like a huge hinged toy when the string is cut.

Dubosc stooped and caught the bottle again, looking down at his big adversary, who sprawled in brief convulsion and lay still, a bluish scum oozing between his teeth. . . .

"Yes, the best man wins," repeated the doctor, and laughed as he in turn raised the flask for a draught.

"The best wins!" echoed a voice in his ear.

Fenayrou, writhing up and striking like a wounded snake, drove the knife home between his shoulders.

The bottle fell and rolled to the middle of the platform, and there, while each strove vainly to reach it, it poured out its treasure in a tiny stream that trickled away and was lost.

It may have been minutes or hours later—for time has no count in emptiness—when next a sound proceeded from that frail slip of a raft, hung like a mote between sea and sky. It was a phrase of song, a wandering strain in half tones and fluted accidentals, not unmelodious. The black Canaque was singing. He sang without emotion or effort, quite casually and softly to himself. So he might sing by his forest hut to ease some hour of idleness. Clasping his knees and gazing out into space, untroubled, unmoved, enigmatic to the end, he sang—he sang.

And after all, the ship came.

She came in a manner befitting the sauciest little tops'l schooner between Nukahiva and the Pelews—as her owner often averred and none but the envious denied—in a manner worthy, too, of that able Captain Jean Guibert, the merriest little scamp that ever cleaned a pearl bank or snapped a cargo of labor from a scowling coast. Before the first whiff out of the west came the *Petite Susanne*, curtsying and skipping along with a flash of white frill by her forefoot, and



brought up startled and stood shaking her skirts and keeping herself quite daintily to windward.

"And 'ere they are sure enough, by dam'!" said the polyglot Captain Jean in the language of commerce and profanity. "Zose passengers for us, hey? They been here all the time, not ten mile off—I bet you, Marteau. Ain't it 'ell? What you zink, my gar?"

His second, a tall and excessively bony individual of gloomy outlook, handed back the glasses.

"More bad luck. I never approved of this job. And now—see?—we have had our voyage for nothing. What misfortune!"

"Marteau, if that good Saint Pierre gives you some day a gold 'arp still you would holler bad luck—bad job!" retorted Captain Jean. "Do I 'ire you to stand zere and cry about ze luck? Get a boat over, and quicker zan zat!"

M. Marteau aroused himself sufficiently to take command of the boat's crew that presently dropped away to investigate. . . .

"It is even as I thought," he called up from the quarter when he returned with his report. "I told you how it would be, Captain Jean."

"Hey?" cried the captain, bouncing at the rail. "Have you got zose passengers yet, *enfant de salaud*?"

"I have not," said Marteau in the tone of lugubrious triumph. There was nothing in the world that could have pleased him quite so much as this chance to prove Captain Jean the loser on a venture. "We are too late. Bad luck, bad luck—that calm. What misfortune! They are all dead!"

"Will you mind your business?" shouted the skipper.

"But still, the gentlemen are dead—"

"What is zat to me? All ze better, they will cost nozing to feed."

"But how—"

"Hogsheads, my gar," said Captain Jean paternally. "Zose hogsheads in the afterhold. Fill them nicely with brine, and zere we are!" And, having drawn all possible satisfaction from the other's amazement, he sprang the nub of his joke with a grin. "Ze gentlemen's passage is all paid, Marteau. Before we left Sydney, Marteau. I contrac' to bring back three escape' convicts, and so by 'ell I do—in pickle! And now if you'll kindly get zose passengers aboard like I said an' bozzer less about ze goddam luck, I be much oblige'. Also, zere is no green on my eye, Marteau, and you can dam' well smoke it!"

Marteau recovered himself with difficulty in time to recall an-

other trifling detail. "There is a fourth man on board that raft, Captain Jean. He is a Canaque—still alive. What shall we do with him?"

"A Canaque?" snapped Captain Jean. "A Canaque! I have no word in my contrac' about any Canaque. . . . Leave him zere. . . . He is only a dam' nigger. He'll do well enough where he is."

And Captain Jean was right, perfectly right, for while the *Petite Susanne* was taking aboard her grisly cargo the wind freshened from the west, and just about the time she was shaping away for Australia the "dam' nigger" spread his own sail of pandanus leaves and twirled his own helm of *niaouli* wood and headed the catamaran eastward, back toward New Calcedonia.

Feeling somewhat dry after his exertion, he plucked at random from the platform a hollow reed with a sharp end, and, stretching himself at full length in his accustomed place, at the stern, he thrust the reed down into one of the bladders underneath and drank his fill of sweet water. . . .

He had a dozen such storage bladders remaining, built into the floats at intervals above the waterline—quite enough to last him safely home again.



## Letters from the New Hebrides

By "ASTERISK," 1877- . The terrible fascination of the South Seas for a man of escapist temperament has probably never been better expressed than in a series of letters written by an English expatriate from 1912 to 1920 and published under the pseudonym of "Asterisk" (it is an open secret that their writer's name was Robert James Fletcher). "Asterisk," who had been a London medical student, a bank clerk, a master in a public school, and an Oxford chemistry scholar, enchanted by reading Robert Louis Stevenson determined to seek the South Seas of his dreams. In 1912, after two years of teaching in South America, he found himself stranded in the New Hebrides. He could scarcely have found a spot in Oceania less well suited to a white man. His life as translator at a French administrative court, and later as manager of various plantations, speedily brought a disillusion which he did not hesitate to express in his candid letters to an Oxford classmate at "home." A born rebel, "Asterisk" inveighed against the seamier side of island life, but was never quite able to free his mind from its native lure. An attempt to put his experiences into a novel (*Gone Native*, Boston, 1924) was less successful in effect than his outspoken letters, from which the selections below are taken. A sympathetic essay on this writer is James Norman Hall's "A Happy Hedonist" (in *On the Stream of Travel*, London, 1929).

September 1, 1912

**I** INTENDED to write for a long time last night, but I was interrupted. I had to get up to eject two rats and one large crab, and the rats offered such exciting sport that my train of thought was broken, so I went to bed and chased smaller game. You have no idea how horrid flying foxes are. I am quite sure that they are the souls of journalists. . . . However, this is a digression. Today it is pouring and the wind is howling from the sea. In spite of the wind the heat is stifling, and everything is teeming with warm, sticky water. I don't know how I am going to stand this climate in the hot, wet season. It is bad enough now. One can smell the malaria hanging about, and to walk anywhere except the beach after nightfall is asking for trouble. I have kept fever at bay this month by living on quinine, but it is a wretched form of life and too much quinine spells "blackwater."

. . . Now that the fever is over, I look at this life here with more interested eyes. It is not bad; certainly it is ten thousand times better than ushering. I wish, however, I had gone to healthy and more beautiful islands. Also, I wish Australia had never been discovered. Muller, who knows the Pacific like a book, says that a strict line divides the South Sea Islands of Stevenson flavor from the merely interesting islands inhabited by ugly semi-cannibalistic savages. This line is drawn from the southwest corner of New Zealand to Honolulu, and passes between Fiji and the Tongan Islands. To the west are the Papuan races of ugly savages; to the east all are Malayan stock. The eastern islands, too, are absolutely different, being the real lotos lands.

September 10, 1912

A curious thing happened last night. I had just fallen asleep about ten o'clock, and was awakened by a most fearsome din. Someone

From *Isles of Illusion: Letters from the South Seas*, edited by Bohun Lynch. Copyright, 1923, by Small, Maynard and Company, Boston. Reprinted by permission of Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston.

or something was uttering the most awful screams that I have ever heard. Every scream was worse than the last, and each one spoke mortal terror. Mixed with the screams were reports of guns and a general shouting and hullabaloo, but the screams dominated everything. My first thought was an attack on the plantation by bush tribes. I hopped out of bed, put on a pair of top boots and my revolver belt and collaring a Winchester nipped out at the front door. The row was all coming from the back, so I thought "to fetch a compass" about the attackers and at any rate have a bit of a run for my money. However, to my surprise, at the gate of the house I found all the "labor" assembled and clamoring for "master." I could see at once that they were in an awful state of funk, for they were all stark naked. (As soon as these Kanakas are either frightened or ill, off come their clothes.) I called for the headman, and he came up shaking with fright and pitched me the rummiest yarn I ever heard. (I will omit the biche-la-mar and give you the gist of the story.)

A certain laborer named Siva had seen a devil at sunset when he went to draw water at the well. The devil had said that he would come and take him off to the bush during the night. Siva had told all his pals and they had sat up with lights and singing all the proper songs, but apparently to no purpose. The devil had come and dragged Siva from his hut and was now trying to catch him behind my house. His pals had rushed after him with their guns and were firing at the devil. As long as they fired the devil couldn't catch Siva, but their weekly allowance of four cartridges apiece was giving out. Would I come and fire some dynamite to frighten the devil right away?

I persuaded the headman (who is a dungaree-clad Christian on ordinary occasions) to come round to the back of the house, and there in the moonlight I saw the strangest sight. I could never have believed it, but for the unmistakable evidence of my own eyes. In the clearing behind the house the wretched Siva was running for his life, doubling and dodging backwards and forwards, his eyes starting out of his head, and uttering the awful screams that had awakened me. Three or four pals shouting at the top of their voices were loading and firing as quick as they could. They were firing apparently at Siva, but really just behind him.

I made sure he would get a charge of shot in him, so I ran towards him and roared at him in my most mighty tone of command. Ordi-

narily he is a most tractable youth, and obeys me like a dog, but he took not the slightest notice of me. When I was about thirty yards from him and was beginning to be afraid of getting shot myself, the firing ceased. Immediately after the last shot he set off hell for leather towards the bush and—here is the odd part—his right hand was stretched out to the right front of his body as if clasped by somebody running beside him, and fast as he went he seemed to be leaning back and pulling against a resistless force.

I was too blown to follow, and top boots are bad for running through thick scrub, so I turned back expecting to find all the other niggers where I had left them. There was not one to be seen. Every mother's son had bolted for his hut, and was safely inside with lights burning, howling songs for all he was worth. I went from hut to hut trying to cajole and threaten them to make up a party to go and catch the poor beast. I could do absolutely nothing. Ordinarily servilely obedient, now they were as stubborn as mules. I offered lanterns, dynamite, cartridges, even "trade" mouth organs, but nothing would give them confidence. I could do nothing by myself, and feeling fever coming on I turned in to see what morning brought.

In the morning I sent for the headman and gave him a long jaw. He seemed partly ashamed and partly sulky at my interference with what didn't concern me. He would only tell me his old story over and over again, so I sent them all to work. About an hour afterwards in walked Mr. Siva not a penny the worse for his adventure. He wouldn't tell me a word about it, but went and got his tools and went off to work. I noticed that none of the other men would work near him all day, and if he tried to speak to a man, that man immediately put his fingers in his ears. Whether the fact that Siva had returned whole meant that he had made some fearful pact with the devils or not I can't say. Anyhow the whole thing was odd.

September 11

The wretched Siva is dead. When I called the roll this morning he didn't answer, and no one would tell me anything, so I went straight off to his hut and found him stiff. I am convinced he has been poisoned, but what can I do? I couldn't perform a post-mortem even if I wanted to; and these beggars use vegetable poisons that are instantaneous in action and quite undiscoverable. I don't know what to do. I suppose I must let the matter drop. If I pressed things much further I should have an open revolt, and I can't fight a hundred

niggers with guns singlehanded. I have the moral support of the man-of-war at Vila, which might arrive six months after I was dead and buried (or eaten), so I shall wait on events.

October 6, 1912

. . . I feel strongly disposed to come back to London for a spell. It seems rather absurd to turn one's back on Aitutaki before even seeing it. But I have talked a great deal with various old villains who have wandered the Pacific from 'Frisco to Sydney, and from all that I can gather the conditions are very similar everywhere, bar the fact that there is no fever further east. Otherwise it appears that Orstrylians, traders and planters flourish everywhere. I don't think the South Seas is a good place to earn a living in—especially for a fool who is cursed with the smallest grain of sensitiveness. The *dolce far niente* may or may not be good. Personally I am inclined to think it would pall quickly except in very congenial company. You see sweltering heat, mosquitoes, flies, fleas, and other pests are all against quiet enjoyment. Certainly I should like to travel further afield in the Pacific and see things for myself, but I should like to have just enough money to move on if a place did not please me. For example, I should not stop in the New Hebrides another day if I could get away. I don't want money in order to travel about like a tripper; I am quite content to journey on any old craft that turns up. But I do want enough, when on my journeys, to be independent of applying for jobs to these damnable bounders, and being obliged to associate with them.

I don't think that even for a good wage I could stand this plantation life much longer. It's the nigger-driving that beats me. The mere fag of tramping about from dawn till dark I don't really mind. One has a bath and feels rather fit than otherwise. If it weren't for fever I could stand that part of the life and rather enjoy it as long as I had no beastly cornstalks within ten miles of me. No, it's the slavery business that I cannot stand. I absolutely refuse either to thrash the niggers or to trade. Trading simply means wholesale thieving, and I haven't sunk to thieving from a black man yet. The thrashing is probably necessary, for the Kanaka is born lazy. But I do sympathise with him thoroughly. As I have said before, why should he work to make money for people if he doesn't want to? The wretched Kanaka gets no money for himself. His legal wage of ten shillings a month is paid him in "trade" which he doesn't want. More often than not



his wages are stopped for sickness, misdemeanors, etc., although this is absolutely illegal. Why then should he slave cheerfully for a white man? I manage to get the beggars to work fairly well. They love a joke, and one good laugh (which is easily raised, I have about four stock jokes, all quite indelicate) will make them work better than torrents of abuse. The way they laugh is quite refreshing. It is so different from a civilised laugh. The laugh begins absolutely suddenly, and then goes rumbling on like summer thunder to burst out again just when you think it's finished. There is no hypocrisy or sycophancy in the laugh. They laugh because they enjoy the process. They know all my jokes, but familiarity breeds content.

I even use laughter as a splendid medicine. It is perfectly extraordinary the enormous power that imagination has over these people. If a Kanaka imagines he is ill (he may have just a little fever to begin with) and is allowed to stay and mope in his house, he will die of absolutely nothing at all. That is a well proven fact. Turn him out to work brutally and he will get better, but he will hate you ever after. Make him laugh; pretend you think he is a heavy woman; tell him "me think picaninny belong you he close up time he come down," he'll howl with laughter and be out to work forgetting that he quite meant to die. It sounds very childish, but in his unspoiled condition the Kanaka is nothing but a small boy. It is contact with missionaries and white people that makes a cheeky nigger. Fortunately, I have got very few Christians amongst this gang; and I sit on those pretty hard.

One chap, who had been some years in Queensland, had the cheek to lift his hands to me the other day. I very rarely lay hands on any of them, but I caught this chap thumping his woman with the butt end of a musket, so I handed him one. Instead of caving in at once, he stuck his fists up and howled out, "You no fight me, master. Me savvy fight all same white man." Then he got it. I really hurt him and meant to. After about half a minute I dropped him and immediately he started howling like a dog. He had evidently been used to Queenslanders' ways, and seemed quite surprised when I didn't kick him in the face merely because he was on the ground. I couldn't make him get up so I left him howling, and he has been mighty respectful ever since. He may try and pot me some day, but I'll take my chance.

For the benefit of possible shooters I sit in front of my house on Sundays and clean my Winchester and a Colt's revolver. I rattle the

cartridges in and out of the Winchester, and look cunningly along the barrel. They don't know that I probably couldn't hit the house itself with either of the weapons. They think all white men are crack shots, and, to do them justice, most of these Australians are extraordinarily good rifle shots. In a recent punitive expedition to Malekula, an officer of H.M.S. — bowled over the chief of the revolting tribe at about six hundred yards, and the wonder of it caused the whole tribe to give in on the spot. A Kanaka's shooting distance is about five yards with a shotgun and about two with a rifle. Of course rifles and rifle cartridges are absolutely contraband, but all the traders sell them.

You see, in spite of talking of London I get back to Kanakaland. So I suppose the place interests me. It is bound to interest, but that is not everything. I could fill you pages with yarns about these people, but you can find such yarns better told elsewhere. I don't know, though, that anybody has written about the Kanaka laborer and coconut planting. Most of the written yarns are about traders. I chanced to look through *Island Nights' Entertainments* the other day, and I was absolutely staggered by the vivid truth of it. The story, "The Beach of Falesá," might have been written yesterday about the New Hebrides. Every one of the types from the schooner captain to Papa Randall is here. The same drinking, the same roguery, the same war with the missionaries and the same tub-thumping natives exist today. There are men that one sits at table with who are known murderers, whose murders have been committed too far from justice ever to be punished. You remember I told you of the carpenter who had been with —? I heard the other day that he had been sacked for pulling out a revolver at dinner and letting fly at the Kanaka boy for not bringing him the mustard quickly enough. This man is known to have shot a partner when he was trading on Pentecost. It was put down as an accident, but the old ruffian boasts of it when in drink. "I say, old Jack was a mean feller, that's what 'e was. 'E stole my money; 'e stole my booze; and 'e didn't act fair with me over the trading. Then 'e stole my woman when I was drunk. Damn 'im. Shot 'im, of course I shot 'im, and I'd shoot 'im again tomorrow. Such a mean feller has no right to live." These words I heard him say myself, and everyone assured me it was the truth. When with — he used to kidnap niggers for work in Queensland. He used to entice them on to the ship, and then lock them down in the hold. If a nigger got the chance he jumped overboard and swam for the shore. Then this

beauty used to shoot, not to kill, but to maim "so that the sharks'd get 'im. Oh, it was rare fun in those days." The kidnapping and the shooting go on as merrily now as ever. Certainly it is chiefly done by the French, because the British Government go jolly hard for anything of the sort. This firm, by the way, trades under the French flag, as do many other Australian Britishers, so as to profit by the criminal idiocy of the French officials.

. . . Gracias á Dios, it is a pouring wet day, so I get an extra holiday. I seem to have meandered on with this letter yesterday, without saying very much. I only hope you'll find my letters give you as much pleasure as they give me to write. You can't think what a joy it is to me to be alone here. Spite of heat and fever, I not only tolerate, but actually like this life as long as I am alone. The work isn't really irksome. A large proportion of it consists in sitting on a log smoking a pipe while my niggers pretend to perform their allotted tasks. Every now and then I sing out, "Go ahead there," just to show the slaves that master isn't asleep. Occasionally I stroll round and pretend to be in a terrible rage just to maintain the proper respect due to the presence of a white man. These Kanakas don't pretend to try and understand a white man or his ways. They are quite convinced that white men are all mad. "Suppose white man he got plenty kai-kai (food) in place belong him, which way he want to work belong sun? Black fellow time he got kai-kai he no work. Me think white man he all same devil-devil." This is their philosophy, and it's quite workable.

They have an extraordinary pride about work. No man would dream of hiring himself out to work in his own island, but will go and be a laborer on an island five miles away. The only willing recruits are those who have got into trouble on their own island and are "wanted" either by their chief or by the authorities in Vila. The rest are, practically speaking, kidnapped. Some few "recruit" because of their love troubles.

The marriage arrangements of the laborers here are a great source of joy to me. We have a fairly large number of women laborers, and from these the boys are allowed to select a wife to have and to hold during their three years' service. All marriages have to be first sanctioned by the white man in charge, and it is here that the fun comes in. The man is too shy or too proud to come and say he wants such and such a woman. Generally one of the women (not the selected one) is deputed to come to me. Usually she arrives when I am at

dinner. I hear a sort of cough-giggle, and then out on the veranda I see a woman, dressed up in her best, hugging one of the veranda posts and keeping well in the dark. I take no notice, or she would run away. After about ten minutes she will come sidling in leaning up against the door and simpering like a schoolgirl. Then I ask her what she wants, and she pitches me a long-winded yarn full of giggles and smiles. I don't catch more than one word in ten, but just listen for names. Then I tell her to send the boy to me. He, I know, is waiting at the gate, but he takes quite ten minutes to get into the house. After a little general conversation about pigs and pigeons I come to the point.

"Well, Taoniape, we hear you want marry belong Poussiba." (Loud giggles from outside. All the women are hiding there in the dark.)

"No, master, me no want marry belong him (her) but woman she want me fellow too much."

"All right, Taoniape, take him he come (bring her here)." Then the blushing bride is pushed in by all the other women and I perform the ceremony. This consists of writing on a picce of paper, "I, Taoniape, do take Poussiba for three years." The couple affix their mark and off they go. The shameful part is that from the day of the marriage the wretched couple are bound to serve for another three years, quite irrespective of whether their real time is nearly finished or not. This is quite an arbitrary arrangement, and is against the law, but it's no concern of mine. I have performed seven marriage ceremonies already and am very sorry that only two single ladies remain. Of course they have husbands (probably three or four, as women are scarce) on their own islands, but that doesn't count. The missionaries are frightfully against this "laborer marriage" business. That also is no concern of mine. . . .

January 17, 1915

There is nothing thrilling about a plantation life. At least, if there is, I have become familiar and contemptuous. At any rate, it is free. I am my own master, with my own hours and no one to interfere with me in the slightest. I have servants (some hundred-odd) under me. I say to this one . . . and in fact perform all the traditional acts à leur égard. I have nine horses upon which I can ride; but there is nowhere to ride, save to and fro on the plantation. I have two cows which give me much milk. I am inaugurating a poultry farm from which I hope to get many eggs. I have built a small hospital and

surgery in which I spend two hours per diem treating many things from malaria to elephantiasis. I have bush-felling, cotton-planting, road-making and a hundred-odd details to superintend. In short, from 4:30 a.m. till sunset I am very busy. At sunset I bathe and discard the planter, and spend the evening in reading of pleasant things pleasantly written in a pleasant tongue. At present one is perforce largely a vegetarian and entirely a teetotaler; but I am hoping for better times. If the present dearth of alcohol continues I shall make a still and manufacture spirit from bananas and pineapples. There is always kava, but I don't care for it as a drink. Tobacco I have on the plantation, and it is foul muck. I am trying a new way of curing it which I hope will make something better. If it is successful I will send you some of the product. Yes, curious as it may appear to you, I am going to be happy here. At present my house is deplorable and would shock you terribly even in a description. But I have got a large order arriving in March, and then I hope to make a dwelling which will be comfortable and at the same time eye-pleasing. I have already started a nice garden containing crotons, hibiscus, flamboyants, red lilies and many other things, all of which come out of the bush. The total effect will be a gorgeous mass of color.

. . . Sunday is my only possible day for writing letters, because I can only write in the early morning. I get up about 4 o'clock, have coffee, and then settle myself comfortably in a deck chair, and with any luck, can write till 11 o'clock. At 11 I lunch and from then till 6 it's a damn sight too hot to write. In the evening mosquitoes make life quite impossible except under a net. And I can't write lying down. I don't know why. I hope shortly to have my house mosquito-proof, but until it is you mustn't expect me to write in the evenings. I am absolutely hardened to the bite of a mosquito, which no longer even makes a mark. But the things annoy me. Also, all the mosquitoes here are a species of *anopheles clavigera*, whose bite means a fresh infection of malaria every time. I have suffered too much from fever in the past to neglect precautions now. At present I am fairly free—I only get a dose every two or three weeks—and I want to try and keep free. There is a particularly alarming fever complication going about in this district just now in the shape of a mouth disease. One's teeth ache like fury individually and collectively. One's mouth grows moss like any tombstone. The teeth eventually drop out. Several of these mouths I am treating at present. Just figure to yourself the excitement

for me and the agony of the poor niggers who have never known toothache before, and whose front teeth are usually strong enough to husk coconuts. I have actually seen them open a tin of meat with their teeth.

I think my infirmary parade would amuse you. All natives who have not answered to the roll call have to parade in front of the hospital for preliminary diagnosis and inspection. There are usually a dozen or so every morning. Now, you must remember that *biche-la-mar* does not admit of finesse or polite euphemisms. It is a direct language and a nasty, having been originated by aforetime pirates and other sailors, e.g., the common, vulgar words of our schooldays are the only ones with which to indicate certain portions of anatomy and certain natural functions. Let me try (inserting blanks where necessary—although the very nicest of white women has to use the nasty words here) to give you an idea of a very ordinary parade.

P. = planter.

N. = native laborer, male or female.

P. You sick long what?

N. Me pever master. (Thermometer then brought into play while P. passes on.)

P. You sick long what?

N.2. No. (This is placatory and apologetic.) Belly belong me, me hear him he no good. Me think belly belong me, he run out, finish.

P. You bin kai-kai what name?

N.2. No. Me kai-kai rice no more.

P. You no bin kai-kai crab?

N.2. Yes. Me bin kai-kai one crab. (This means that he has eaten at least twenty scavenger land crabs.)

P. (to native "infirmier"—a civilised fellow from Nouméa) *Toi, donne du sel d'Epsom à ce boy.*

P. You sick long what?

N.3. Arm belong me he swell up me hear him he strong (= hard and hot).

P. (to himself—Hell. Another abscess to cut.) (To N.3.) All right. You go along house. By and by me put him on medicine. Then tomorrow night after tomorrow, him not very good, me cut him arm along you.

N.3. All right master. Me think very good you cut him.

(They have no fear of the knife and are extraordinarily stoical. If I did not cut abscesses, they would do it themselves with a piece of

glass. As their cutting invariably results in mixed infection and sinus formation, I prefer my own inexpert methods and have put tabu on all self-cutting.)

And so the parade goes on. The diseases are few. Fever, diarrhea, and abscesses are the most usual daily list. Of course there are skin diseases innumerable: elephantiasis, lupus, leprosy are all represented.

I had rather an amusing example of the delicacy of speech of a native who has learned that decent white men don't use *biche-la-mar* words among themselves. My horse-boy—who was for years in Queensland—came to me to say that my stallion had escaped and got into the horse paddock. I naturally enquired whether the boy had seen "Cloudy" misconducting himself with the fillies—and I used the usual *biche-la-mar* word. Charlie looked at me very reproachfully for forgetting his superiority and replied: "Yes, me bin look 'Cloudy' he want breed long black-horse-where-he-woman (= mare), but him he no want him."

October 26, 1915

. . . I found out many things at first hand, and you have the better part in that you only imagine them. I know the exact value now of a roving life either on or off the rolling sea. I have suffered on many kinds of craft in many kinds of weather. My valuation of coral islands would be brutal but correct. When I hear the dear sentimental ones sighing about palm trees, I shall chortle. Of such things as Orstrylians, tropical diseases, niggers, half-castes, iron houses in the tropics at midday, tinned food, scabies, fleas in herds, nerves and jumps, and the wonder of solitude, I can speak in an authoritative manner—and I wish to God that I couldn't. To hell with your Blue Mountains.

Something had to be done, or it was a case of exit me and entry a certain beachcomber.

I may tell you that I have very seriously considered the advisability of a return to the beast. The plans are all cut and dried and I could do it tomorrow. Muller owns an island far away north beyond the Santa Cruz group. He would sell me this for a song. I should charter one of his boats to go over there, taking provisions for a few months to last me till my yams and taro began to grow. I should then be quite, quite lonely and unworried for the rest of my existence. There is a tribe of natives on the island (I have been there and surveyed it for Muller) who would keep me in yams and dry my tobacco leaves for

me. I should have nothing, nothing, nothing to do all the livelong day and month and year. And the flies would crawl over my sores and feed on the crust around my eyelids. And the sea would boom on the coral reef outside and the palms would wave gently in the trade wind and the brown folk would laugh and chatter and scratch themselves quite in the proper R. L. S. way. And I would get up and look lovingly at my dear little Webley and Scott and wonder when I would have pluck enough to do it. And I never would. *Sperat infestis, metuit secundis*. Damn and blast Mr. H. Flaccus; because when he wrote that he formed the character of a certain — [the writer] not yet born. I got a “prize” for translating that into English verse . . . just think of it and laugh. And about an hour ago I was scraping dirt off a tuberculous Kanaka in order that I might lance and abscess and prolong his beastly existence for a few weeks. La diddle di iddledy, umpty i.

. . . If you want to know about the British Empire, listen to me. The British Empire is the product of the sweat and blood and tears, not shed but only suffered, of the poor beasts that have suffered as I have suffered. And it isn't only the British Empire. The French and the German and the Dutch and the miserable white man's empire everywhere, where the white man has been driven out by his instinct for land and space. The pimps at home have nothing to do with the white man's empire. (But I really couldn't develop that idea without growing serious—and I must never forget that I am a happy hedonist.)





## **Cannibals to Call**

*By CHARIS (DENNISON) CROCKETT, 1905- . This author, a Radcliffe graduate, married Frederick Eugene Crockett, who had accompanied Byrd to the South Pole, and spent a honeymoon among recently reformed cannibals in western New Guinea. The tale of the experiences of these anthropologists who set up housekeeping in the jungle is told by her in *The House in the Rain Forest*. Of this book Professor Earnest Hooton says, in his introduction: "It is jammed with good descriptive writing, excellent anthropology, and good humor."*

WHEN we first arrived in Sainke Doek we were, of course, completely ignorant about the inhabitants and their ways. The only source of information on the subject was the natives themselves, and at first they seemed indisposed to share it with us. At the outset Freddy and I secretly considered it rather courageous of us to contemplate living among people whose last meal of human flesh had been very recently consumed. We soon found, however, that the shoe was on the other foot: that our great problem was to allay the fear with which we inspired the Papuans. Wherever we went we seemed to precipitate the same sort of panic as the fabulous monster, the Spanish horse, created among the Aztecs. Children screamed when we approached them and hid behind their trembling mothers; strong men quaked and ran away to hide.

At first we were amused, then mildly indignant, and finally humiliated and displeased. We knew that we were definitely outsize and that our color was unusual, but it is wounding to one's ego to be habitually shunned. At last we decided to employ the tactics of a wild-animal trainer—move cautiously and possess ourselves with patience. In the meantime we stared surreptitiously at our unwilling neighbors and modestly hoped that familiarity with the sight of us would breed at least unconcern.

The bravest person in the village turned out to be eight-year-old Kam, the son of Saké, the chief. He was a bright-faced little monkey with enormous eyes veiled behind ridiculously long lashes, and a scar on one cheek where as a baby he had tumbled into the fire.

Followed by two nervous companions, he came one afternoon to call. We laid ourselves out to be as entertaining as though the last crowned head of Europe had deigned to enter our house. With vulgar hospitality we loaded him with beads, biscuits, and fishhooks. This system of crude bribery was effective. He came again the next day,

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The House in the Rain Forest* (Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942).

bringing more and bolder little friends in his wake. By the end of that auspicious week most of the children had practically taken up residence in our house. Once the parents saw that their children associated with us and came home afterwards not only intact, but with presents as well, they gradually screwed up their courage to the point of coming to see us too. The best means of luring them in, we discovered, was to pretend absorption in a book or some concentrated activity until they were well up on the veranda. If we glanced up and saw them en route, they were apt to make an elaborate display of searching for something on the ground—and to bolt for home the moment we looked away. Once they had squatted down and accepted cigarettes their fears seemed to be allayed and their curiosity fully aroused. The next day the first scouts would appear, with friends in tow, proud to show off simultaneously their amazing courage and their familiarity with us and our strange belongings.

Our possessions would scarcely have impressed anyone but a Papuan, consisting, as they did, in the barest necessities of life purchased from a Chinese trade store. In Sainke Doek, however, Freddy's shotgun and camera, my ancient typewriter, our tattered shorts, our cans of food, and magazines created a veritable sensation among people who beat their clothes out of bark, who slept on pandanus-leaf mats, and who pounded their food from the trunk of the sago palm.

So, like two *nouveaux riches* in a community of the impoverished genteel, we were gradually accepted by neighbors dazzled by the splendor and magnificence with which we surrounded ourselves. At the same time we became very favorably impressed by the members of the society which we had crashed. Their manners were so faultless that we often felt ashamed. This was not merely happenstance. We often heard one small child severely reprimanding another for some contemplated infringement of their code of gentle courtesy. Ill temper was as rare as rudeness. There were plenty of family scenes—what household could be without them?—but no sour, bitter grudges, no dark and ugly moods.

Once our neighbors had concluded that we were neither government spies nor sinister maniacs, most of them apparently became completely reconciled to our presence there; almost overnight we were promoted from questionable strangers into friends. Word must have been passed far and wide that we were harmless and well-inten-

tioned, for people from far away whom we had never met felt perfectly free to make themselves at home in our house, greeting us with smiles which seemed to say:

"We have heard of you, and doubtless you have heard of us."

The tribe among whom we lived was the Madik. They were about five hundred strong, and formed a sort of buffer state between the large coastal Moi tribe to the north, which straggled all the way to Sorong, and the wilder inland tribes to the south. The Moi we cared for not at all—they were ugly, black, and obsequious from long subjection to the minions of the Tidorese Rajahs. For the inland tribes, especially the lusty Moraid, who were close to the Madik both geographically and genealogically, we were full of respectful admiration. The Moraid were tall, lean, and proud to the point of arrogance. A band of them entering Sainke Doek in single file, bristling with bows and spears, shouting their marching songs, stepping rhythmically with their superb and disdainful carriage, was a sight to make us catch our breath. Like all buffers, the Madik were more timid and gentle than these boisterous neighbors. They were a little people with yellow-brown skins and dusty hair which in some of the women had a distinct auburn tinge.

In their aesthetic ideas and in their manner of life the Madik and Moraid closely resemble each other. Both strive to make up for their lack of comeliness by a wealth of decoration. Through the pierced septums of their noses they thrust shining black cassowary quills or bone plugs. From the little holes in the sides of their noses wisps of cassowary plume or flowering grass wave jauntily, and one ear generally has a long carrying of twine and beads, shell or feathers, hanging to the shoulder.

It is in their hairdress that they really excel. I found to my sorrow, when I attempted to imitate it, that the style is adapted only to hair of Papuan consistency. A series of parts are made with geometric precision, fanwise over the whole head. The hair between each part is tightly braided down close to the scalp, ending in surprising little fly-by-night pigtails framing the face. To the ends of these, bits of shredded palm leaf, beads, or beetles are attached, and around the crowns of their heads they wear shell headbands or string snoods. They often stick their bamboo combs into their hair, or a cassowary thighbone to which bright-colored feathers have been attached.

Since their clothes are unimportant and sketchy, consisting of a brief bark-cloth skirt for the women and a G-string for the men, they

have unlimited background for more interesting bodily decorations: necklaces of shells and beads and crocodile teeth, red bandoliers and belts, woven arm and leg bands with designs in orchid leaf, bracelets of trochus shell, but, most of all, feathers. New Guinea offers of its best to them, graceful plumes of the bird of paradise, cockatoo and lory feathers fluttering red and white, green and blue. Sometimes traces of tattooing can be seen on brown faces, but scarification shows up more clearly. The women especially have longitudinal lines of double scars down their stomachs with an X marking the centre. It is only the Sigiali men to the south who cover their foreheads with parallel scars and wear like a jewel in their navels a blob of red mud.

After we had lived among the Madik and Moraid for a while it never occurred to us any longer that they were not a very personable and normal-appearing people. With the exception of Martin and the monkey-like physiognomy of Sapeholo—both Ambonese—we saw no other types for seven months, and it grew increasingly strange and difficult to visualize the pink-and-white faces of our friends rising out of bundles of clothes.

The Netherland East Indian Government struggled to amalgamate its subjects here and there in order to keep track of their numbers and their behavior; the subjects acceded to this plan only with reservations. They could not understand why they should live in villages open to the glare of the equatorial sun, where the sandflies which did not exist in the cool green jungle light plagued them unmercifully. Nor did they see why they should build decorative fences along the muddy paths, nor be always constructing houses for the native magistrate, the Guru, and the police whom they emphatically had not invited there.

Every once in so often they returned to home base and stayed around a while. But the jungle trails were always calling them, and they grew fretful and restless if they lingered long in one place. Each family generally had a house at some garden site. Various members would inhabit this from time to time, long enough to eat up the corn crop and pluck a fresh supply of tobacco leaves. Then the wanderlust in their blood would urge them on again to follow their food, their business, and their inclinations wherever they might lead.

Sainke Doek had one unfailing attraction, not only for the Madik, but for all the neighboring tribes as well. It is famous throughout the region for its sago swamp. For miles around the untidy sago palms rise out of yellow swampy water. As you approach, a bewildering maze

of little paths beckon you in all directions, for pigs and Papuans alike repair there for their food. On every little oasis of dry ground crumbles a crude stick and palm-leaf shelter where sago-seekers at some time slept. Whenever we went there we slipped and floundered over roots and fallen logs invisible through the muddy water lapping around our knees. Once, and once only, I tried to steady myself by reaching out for the trunk of a near-by sago palm. From then on I felt that a ducking was a desirable alternative to the stiletto thrust of thorns in my hand.

A distant persistent tapping in one direction—a loud crash in another—both steps in the arduous search for subsistence. A man has felled and split open a sago palm—not for himself, but, by a system of indirect nourishment, as bait for pig. By day the pigs root and sleep on higher ground. By night, full of thievery, they prowl, trampling into meager gardens, wallowing in the sago swamp. What could compare as pig trough to half a palm trunk bursting with its own fodder? By moonlight the man returns, creeping, spear in hand, and so noisily do pigs attack their sago, he is scarcely ever heard. The penalty of gluttony in this case is death.

The Madik says: "We live just like the pig. When the lansa fruit is ripe we move to the forest and make our little house. When the corn is ready, we move to the garden to eat it. When a palm tree is felled, we move to the swamp until it is empty."

In the swamp, however, he causes himself a great deal more trouble than does his brother pig. Many people refer casually to sago as easygoing Nature's most laborsaving gift to man. "How simple," they say, "merely to fell a tree and there is food for weeks. All that is necessary is to scoop out the pith. No wonder the Papuans are lazy."

It is true that all that is necessary is to scoop out the pith, sluice and strain it in a series of troughs, and then carry the residue home. But with the tools at their disposal these operations were interminable, backbreaking, exigent of muscle and of persistence. Most Papuans leave everything but the felling of the tree to the women. The chivalrous Madik, however, consider the pounding of the pith too strenuous for their wives and daughters, and men and women apportion the work between them. Several days' activity in the swamp provides a family with one or two "sago mantars"—large packages tidily done up in a palm-leaf corset, which are consumed by relatives and friends in a very short time indeed.

Once the tree is chopped down the trunk is split in two, and a palm-leaf shelter erected over it to keep out the sun. Here two old men sit on sticks laid across the half-trunks like thwarts in a canoe. Regularly and indefatigably their bamboo mallets come down, scooping out at each stroke a modicum of the solid, tough-fibred pith. Perspiration streams down their faces and their backs. Every once in a while one of them stops for a moment or two to get his breath, rest his aching muscles, and light the cigarette stub tucked behind his ear for a few puffs. Attracted by the pungent sago smell, flies and midges gather in swarms and hang like clouds before their eyes. On the same little island of dry ground the women sit around, chatting and smoking, waiting for a basketful of pith to strain. A girl rises from the leaf on which she has been sitting, stretches, and walks slowly over to a half-filled basket. She steps into it and stamps down the contents with her broad splayed feet in order to make room for more. A woman is trimming one of the branches of the fallen tree to serve as a trough. A few giggling girls are desultorily scooping the pounded pith out of the horizontal trunk and patting it into their baskets. Eventually each wanders off to her own arrangement of upper and lower troughs where the pith is dumped, sluiced with yellow swamp water caught up in a bark bucket, kneaded and pressed against a bark-cloth sieve so that only the fine, flour-like pith filters through. At the bottom of the lower trough a glutinous white substance clings—the Papuan staff of life.

For all its usefulness, sago is not an attractive form of food. "Tastelessness" I know to be a negative attribute implying simply an absence of flavor, but in the case of sago it seems possessed of a devastatingly positive value. The unfortunate Madik have not even salt to lend it savor, and the grey jelly formed by mixing it with boiling water, or the limestone blocks into which it is roasted in its leaf covering, are a miracle of insipidity.

The whole scheme of Madik and Moraid life necessitates a lot of travel, even should they care to stay at home. They are not a people who plan for tomorrow. While there is food they eat it up with enthusiasm and abandon. When the garden is stripped they move on to greener pastures, to another planted clearing, or to the friendly palms of the sago swamp. They live from day to day, generously sharing with whoever comes along the fruits of their spasmodic labors. When they are ill their restlessness increases. A sick person must travel



ceaselessly through the forest, sleeping each night in a new and different shelter, for should he remain in one place the house becomes hot and full of sickness, crowded with the malevolent powers that hold him in thrall. When a young man wishes to marry, he must travel for months here and there collecting the marriage cloth demanded by his future father-in-law. When a man dies, his relations must spend weary days and years assembling his cloth wealth and exhibit it to the ghost, that he may rest in peace. So a man's home is where his sleeping mat is; his heart is a portable object in his stomach.

This constant shift of environment, this hand-to-mouth existence, leads to an emotional adaptability among the Madik. They speak proudly of their gardens, but they do not care to stay in them; affectionately of their wives, but they frequently leave them. Mothers cannot tote more than one child at a time around with them; often one is left behind in charge of an aunt, a brother, or another slightly older child. For this reason their "love of the land" is not specific, but includes the whole familiar jungle; their affection for people seldom centers acutely on one human being—it is dispersed among a large part of their tribe.

The Madik tribe is divided into what might be called clans—large family groups claiming descent from a common ancestor or ancestress. These clan groups involve no marriage restrictions; a man can choose a wife from within his own clan, or from another one, according to his inclinations and affections. The only rules are obedience to the clan tabus—where they exist—and a certain allegiance to the clan headman. What native civil authority there is resides in him, though actually his power is largely advisory. Like the late League of Nations, he has no means of enforcing his decrees. But he is chosen because of his superior wisdom and knowledge, so that his advice carries the weight of tradition, of legal precedent. Often the son of a previous headman is elected as successor to his father; for who, the Madik say, has a better opportunity of acquiring the necessary knowledge than one brought up so near the fount? The Madik call these headmen *bai shie*, which means "He who talks big"—a confirmation that their influence depends on the efficacy of their arguments.

There are six of these clans among the Madik, though only three were represented at Sainke Doek. According to their own accounts, two of the three originated there. The third, the Mialin, has, however, the sanction of priority in the region. Gracefully dodging the

problem of original creation, they maintain that the first Mialin man and woman arrived at Mega by prahu from the island of Biak in Geelvink Bay. Coming straight from the coast to Sainke Doek, the Mialin ancestors were delighted with its endless sago swamp, its cool streams of limpid water chocked with fish, fresh-water shrimp, and eels; they decided that they need seek no farther, for they had reached their Promised Land.

They had a great advantage over most first couples, for they had conveniently brought the arts of living with them from Biak. They had no need to invent a means of conjuring fire from a spark, of lashing a house together, or of fashioning weapons and utensils, and the knowledge of good and evil was already theirs. Their first child was a daughter, and the second a son. The mother buried the umbilical cords of the two children on the bank of the Saim stream, and from them two great Waringen trees grew up with the years. In these trees the life and strength of the Mialin clan continue to reside, and should anything happen to them, the Mialin believe they all must perish.

The second clan to put in an appearance in Sainke Doek was the Yakwam. One day after a great rain some Mialin people discovered a woman imbedded up to her waist in the earth near the sago swamp.

"What are you? A witch?" one asked breathlessly, but the woman gave no sign.

"Are you a Moraid woman, or a Moi?" asked another, but still the woman did not move.

"Are you a woman from the sky who slid to the earth in this last rain?" a third person inquired. The woman raised her head and looked at them, and they knew then that this must be the truth. So they dug her out and carried her home with them, and they could see that she was heavy with child. They offered her food but she did not accept it, for she ate only the wild ginger root that grows in the forest. She was very beautiful and they called her Ngon-Gu—"The Sky Woman." A Mialin man fell in love with her, and shortly after their marriage she gave birth to the child she had carried with her from the sky.

One day she went deep into the jungle in search of the wild ginger on which she subsisted, and which she also fed to Wuli, her son. She left Wuli behind with her husband's sister, and as the child watched her cook yams and bananas he begged for some. The woman refused at first, but Ngon-Gu was gone for so long and Wuli became so insistent that finally she allowed him a few tidbits. For this

reason, when Ngon-Gu's appointed time came and she climbed up the ladder of the rain again to the sky, she left behind her the celestially begotten child who had eaten mortal food. The motherless Wuli grew up and married a Mialin girl, and their children were called Yakwam, which means "Children of the Rain." The grove where Ngon-Gu fell to the earth is called Kalamamu, and the Yakwam clan keep it tidied of dead leaves and guard the trees with care, for the death of one of the trees means a death in the clan.

It was some time after this that a Yakwam man married a Mialin woman (always considered a very fitting alliance), and she surprisingly gave birth to a small white pig and a baby girl in rapid succession. The white pig, as soon as it was old enough to be independent, took to the jungle, but the girl remained to grow up and marry a Mialin man. Their progeny was called the Sala clan; it is only logical that the killing or eating of the white bush pig, their revered great-uncle, is to them strictly tabu. The whiteness of this pig had other startling consequences. One of his nieces, to her consternation, one day produced a white baby, and they say that thenceforward an albino was born in every generation.

The Madik are perhaps a trifle unusual in that they prefer the society of their own relations to all others. Acting on this assumption, a man divides the world of human animals into two distinct categories, sharply demarcated in his mind and in his behavior toward them. There are "my people" and "other people."

"My people" are all those related to him by the tie of blood, for as far afield as he can trace it and including all of his clan. Inherited trading partners, or San, are also in this group. With all these the bond is a very strong one, so strong that little distinction is made in actual degree of relationship. For the Madik have, like many primitive peoples, a classificatory system of relationship terms. That is, the word "mother" (Madik *im*) is used by a man indiscriminately when referring to his own mother, her sister, her brother's wife, his father's brother's wife, or some older female trading partner. Brothers and sisters have even broader ramifications, embracing all varieties of cousins except cross-cousins, and all San of a man's own generation. With the use of these terms of intimate relationship go the corresponding feelings, so that each individual, in a land where death strikes often and old age is seldom attained, is always somewhere supplied with all the essential ingredients of a family.

The rest of the world consists of "other people." Of course, some of these may well be a man's familiar friends, men with whom he

lived in the initiation house, people of the same general locality, members of other closely affiliated clans, or friends of friends. But a complete stranger is always a potential enemy, inspiring not so much hatred as suspicion and fear. He is capable of theft, evil magic, or murder at sight. The safest thing to do, unless he has a proper introduction of sorts, is to kill him before he kills you. The distinction between "relatives" and strangers is more than a question of relationship or even of affection. It is the difference between confidence and mistrust, between safety and danger.

In the confines of their dim green world, the Madik have little need for a more systematic regulation of their lives. The jungle "opens wide its hands," as they say, and gives them freely of its bountiful supplies. It furnishes them with food and the materials for their houses; it gives them rattan and fibers and grasses to weave and bind; bamboo and cane for their utensils, knives, and spear blades; pandanus for their mats and rain capes; bark for their scanty clothing; palm beer for their inebriation. Why should they look further? Why cultivate in themselves the desire for more? They have no need of a time for planting and a time for harvesting, for equatorial Nature gives little indication of her changing moods; only sometimes it rains a little more and sometimes a little less.

The lack of seasonal change leads to another simplification. There is no means and therefore no need of keeping track of the passage of time. As the ages have stood still here, so do months and weeks and years; tossed indiscriminately to one side, they no longer fetter the conduct of affairs. Ask two Papuans when some past event occurred. One will hazard a month ago, the other thoughtfully suggest six years. For them only today, yesterday, and tomorrow have a meaning or a use. We were hardly aware of the gradual demise of time in our own consciousness. When the approximately monthly mail arrived by carrier we never thought of noticing the dates. They were so far past they meant nothing in any case, and in dating our replies we picked arbitrarily any day that came into our heads. I remember that I favoured January for some time and then, realizing it couldn't last forever, suddenly switched to August.

A corollary to the neglect of time is the absence of age. No one ever has the slightest idea how old he is. Once I asked a toothless greybeard, "How old are you?"

He plunged into meditation for a moment and then answered brightly, "Maybe twelve."

The Madik have raised no barrier between themselves and the

benefits the jungle lavishes upon them. But unfortunately the Rain Forest is not a purely beneficent power. Through the same channels which so well supply their material needs come many less pleasing gifts. Malaria, in the fever-ridden swamps and perpetual mudholes of rain, batters on its victims, shaking their naked bodies with its chills, bloating their spleens, cumulatively undermining their strength, sometimes driving them insane. Yaws eat up their healthy flesh, penetrating to their bones and distorting them. Other tropical diseases, including occasional leprosy, emaciate them, and skin diseases cause their skin to slough off in ruffled patterns. Hunger, nurtured on man's improvidence, stalks the Madik from childhood on, for all the abundance of tropical forests and sago swamp. Tempestuous rains beat their gardens to the ground and wild pigs plunder them. Game is scarce or dangerous. Weakened by insufficient nourishment, by illnesses and the treatments for them, and perhaps by their own beliefs and fears, only a few children out of many grow up, and practically no one survives to grow old.

We chose to think that it was the desire to supplement their uncertain diet rather than any innate ferocity which made cannibals of the Madik. Even so, they never hunted down a human being, like a cassowary, for the cuts of meat he would provide. They killed only people accused of anti-social behavior—the breaking of a tabu or wilful murder; for them the spear functioned as jail and electric chair. The percentage of murders was indeed inordinately high, but that was because there were so many ways of killing people by black magic and spells. Once an individual or two had been dispatched in the cause of justice, it would have been shockingly wasteful for half-starved warriors to neglect a fine supply of fresh meat, even though it did happen to be human. Not that they had the slightest compunction about it; on the contrary, they considered it the best food obtainable, and so it probably was. A few years in New Guinea without benefit of gun or canned corned beef might well turn almost anyone into a cannibal.

Not only are there physical dangers to beset the Madik; there are supernatural ones as well. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, man is cursed with an imagination. By scientific processes too deep for the layman to follow we have recently begun to discover bacteria, germs, and parasites as the causes for the breakdown of the human body in illness and in death. The Madik has no microscope and no laboratory; here he must still rely on his imagination. So he has

manufactured an invisible world with witches slaving to dine on human souls, and the ghosts of the dead who often kill solitary trespassers on their preserves. At the same time he grants to mankind mysterious magical powers which can cause a whole textbook of diseases, from slight complaints to fatal ones.

There are, of course, times when there is no emergency on hand to explain. Then man's imagination must conjure up something for its exercise and entertainment. The Madik have chosen for their most venturesome flights of fancy the realm of economics, which they have raised from base and purely material transactions into semi-ceremonial maneuvers fraught with social significance.

Involved as our financial system seems to the Papuans, their own economic arrangements would, in some ways, put a Wall Street broker to shame. Of course, ordinary household wants and products are obtained by barter. If Akar wants an ax to clear some garden land, he makes a particularly fine fish trap, a long tubular black one. This he takes to Selenek and trades to a Moraid friend for a young cassowary which obediently follows him home, whistling as it goes. Near Sainke Doek he collects some dammar, the resin from the New Guinea dammara tree which is used all over the world for varnishes. Carrying the dammar-resin and clucking to the cassowary, he walks down to Mega on the coast. A coastal man can sell the dammar to a passing Chinese trader and raise the mountain cassowary until it is big enough for a worth-while feast. After due consideration it is highly probable that he will acquire these commodities from Akar for a ninety-cent ax blade.

The Madik are no more interested in this sort of transaction than we are in buying groceries from the corner store. Not only does their main interest center in another sort of trade entirely, but obliquely every important event of their social lives is also inextricably bound up with it. Years and years ago, probably in the days of the flourishing bird of paradise trade or an even earlier selling of slaves, there percolated into the most remote inland parts of the district around us beautifully woven and often embroidered strips of cloth from the islands of Ternate and Tidore far to the west, the seat of the empire of those powerful old rascals, the Sultans of Tidore. To the Madik, the Moraid, and their neighbors, unused to any sort of cloth save what they themselves beat out of tree bark, this cloth was beautiful beyond their wildest dreams. Far too valuable to use—and what could they use it for anyway?—it became for them the coin of the

realm, the collector's gem, the proudest possession of the clan. About it they wove a string of names for every color and every design.

Each family has its own particular pieces of cloth, or *mle*, handed down from father to son since what is to them time immemorial. A distinction is made between these inherited pieces and others that may pass through a man's hands, lending the value of prestige without the fervent sense of ownership. Simultaneously with his *mle* a man also inherits from his father a group of trade friends, or "San," as they call them, scattered here and there throughout a wide area. His San have other trading partners in other directions, so that a spiderweb of these peculiar connections is superimposed over all the solid divisions of families, of clans, and even of tribes among the Madik and Moraid. San have one chief purpose and function, and that is the mutual borrowing and lending of cloth. Other people may exchange pieces of cloth outright, after carefully measuring them to make sure they are the identical size. But with a San one is always in the position of creditor or debtor.

*Mle* is the very mainspring of Madik life. No one can get married, name a child, or die without benefit of *mle*. Every man inherits his original quota, as I have said, from his father, but, like a shareholder in a South African gold mine, he seldom actually sees his property. For his father, and his father's father before him, have farmed out the *mle* to trade friends all over the country. Then, when a piece of cloth is necessary in the family, he can go to one of these San and ask for one back again, though the chances of its being the identical *mle* given to the San years ago are extremely remote. The San would have used it long ago to pay off a debt to a San of his own or to placate his father-in-law. So, with the inheritance on paper, so to speak, of *mle*, a man also inherits a generation of debts and credits from his father's San, who now, with their children, become his own.

When a young man comes of age, he is sent on a good-will tour to meet all his father's San and their families. A wise and prosperous father furnishes the stripling with one or two *mle* to distribute to creditor San, whereas debtor San are, in turn, supposed to show their recognition of a new "brother" or "son" by giving him *mle* with which to face life and matrimony. Women have San as well, since they are inherited by families, and occasionally they also have *mle*, but it is of less importance to them because it is they and not the men who are a purchasable commodity.

There are a great many incidental stages in a *mle* transaction. Uwo,

a San of Sejak's father, may go to Sejak in Sejut and say:

"My father gave your grandfather a '*Mle Bukik*.' Now I want it, or another one as big as it, back again."

That is the signal for Sejak to set out to find a *mle* to return to the importunate Uwo. He travels to Luelala, where he has another San, a Moraid man.

"When your first child was named I gave you a *mle*. Now I want one in return to give to Uwo."

The Moraid scratches his head and answers: "But I have no *mle*. I gave that one to my brother to pay for his wife."

"Well, then," says Sejak, "since you owe me a *mle*, you get one from a San of yours."

After considerable argument and persuasion the Moraid man starts off to see a San of his in Selenek. His Selenek San also has no *mle*, but is owed one by a man in Swailbe. The Luelala man cajoles the Selenek man into travelling to Swailbe, where, after three or four months of negotiation, he succeeds in obtaining the *mle* owed to him.

He returns triumphantly but secretly to Selenek, as much a prey to nervous distrust as a bank messenger with thousands of dollars in his bag. Once arrived, he is not eager to part too soon with his precious possession and delays a long time, revelling in sensations of wealth and importance, before he sends a message to the Luelala man that he has a *mle* for him. And so on ad infinitum.

It can be seen that the acquisition of a *mle* requires infinite patience and tenacity. And as the Madik are indifferent to the passage of time, it has occasionally happened that a man has spent his declining years and finally died in foreign territory waiting for a San to procure him a *mle*. For this reason many more *mle* transactions are talked about than are ever consummated. Some people, however, are considered more skilful than others in the pursuit of cloth. The most flattering thing that can be said of a Madik is that he is *mambhut*—a man successful in acquiring *mle* and consequently prompt in his payment of debts. Conversely *bhut*, applied to the man who gets no *mle* and makes no effort to do so, is a term of opprobrium. We did notice that almost every man had a tendency to refer to himself as the one *mambhut* in a world of slovenly *bhuts*. When the talk drifted to the younger generation, the old men would shake their heads.

"When I was young I was *mambhut*," said Ungolo. "I got much *mle* and I paid ten *mle toba* for my wife Siwok. I paid five to her



father and brothers when we were married, and when Komuri was born I got two more to give Komuri her first name and to soften the hearts of Siwok's family. Then I raised a pig, and fed him on sago and corn. When he was big and fat I called all my San to come. We killed the pig and I cut him in eight pieces and for each piece one of my San gave me a *mle*. But now," said Ungolo disgustedly, "all the young men are *bhut*. Yabaisham, who lived with Termit, he never got any *mle*. And Slomsli wants to marry Komuri. He has been away a long, long time chasing *mle*, but he has not brought me any. Komuri's child will be born before he has paid me."

In justice to Slomsli it must be said that his assignment was anything but simple. As though the ordinary acquisition of *mle* were not difficult enough, the Madik add an extra complication when it comes to getting married.

"The price for Komuri," Ungolo had said to Slomsli, "is the ten *mle toba* which I paid to Siwok's father when I married her."

Of course these were the identical pieces which Siwok's father had paid out to her mother's family, and so up a zigzag path the genealogy of marriage *mle* wanders back into the dim mists of antiquity through the female line. The well-intentioned Slomsli has a formidable task before him. First he must travel far and wide to visit his various San, striving to soften their hearts that they may give him *mle*—any kind of *mle*. These he must acquire as a starter or basis of operations. Then, through his San, San's San, and other people's San, he must farm these out in order to secure, in return for them, the identical red *mle toba* which Ungolo, years ago, paid to Siwok's father for the privilege of marrying her.

Provided this were all done properly, Slomsli would have died of old age long before he could be legally united with Komuri. So, adapting themselves to circumstances, parents are generally lenient enough to accept one or two pieces of cloth as a first down payment, leaving the rest to trickle in on the installment plan through the years. At the birth of every child Slomsli must produce one of these cloths to give the child a name and to placate his family-in-law, who might otherwise claim the child as substitute payment. Daughters are, of course, invaluable, for it is only by marrying them off that a man can ever reimburse himself for all he has spent on his wife.

When a man dies his ghost can only rest when its own particular *mle* have been brought in from every direction by footsore relations and opened up on his grave. This actually is the only time when one

individual's wealth is all assembled at the same place and at the same time; no wonder that it soothes the ghost into a proud and happy afterlife.

*Mle* is an agent of justice as well, for all fines and indemnities must be paid in it. In fact, all crimes and misdemeanors, sometimes including murder, can generally be expiated through this medium. Because it is so difficult to obtain and so incredibly valuable, *mle* often acts as a distinct deterrent to anti-social behavior. If a man is caught being unfaithful to his wife with another man's wife, for instance, he finds himself involved in an almost hopeless financial tangle. There are two courses open to him. Either he must calm his own indignant wife and her family with liberal donations of *mle*, and placate the offended husband of his paramour in the same way before he can revert to things as they were; or, if he chooses to marry the lady with whom he has had the affair, he must pay a large cloth alimony to his first wife, another one to his new wife's ex-husband, and then a regular marriage portion to the woman's family. This the latter insist upon because they must return the marriage cloth paid by the first husband, the marriage having been dissolved through their daughter's fault. Under these circumstances a man probably thinks at least twice before bankrupting himself in adultery.

Aside from the purely practical advantages in his favor, there is an aura of glamor and prestige emanating from a man with a *mle*. Though it may not be essential to any project of the moment, it gives him infinite delight to fondle it and croon over it for a time in secret. But he will never keep it long in his possession unless it happens to be one of the inherited family pieces. Its value to him lies entirely in the fact that with it he can satisfy a creditor of long standing or, more desirable still, transform an ordinary San into a debtor. In a San's hands his *mle* is the equivalent of money in the savings bank which can be drawn on whenever an emergency arises. The Madik are always eager to get a *mle* but never to hoard it; its usefulness lies in its being kept in circulation.

Considering the general level on which the Madik live, it is curious to discover the important role played by transactions in a useless article of artificially sustained value like *mle*. Can it be inferred that the establishment of a system of credit is a very fundamental urge of mankind; that a people must be primitive indeed to be satisfied with simple barter as the sole means of exchange? Perhaps we are not entirely to be blamed for our subservience to it if the instinct for high finance, for the creation, acquisition, and manipu-

lation of some kind of wealth is one of the elemental distinctions between man and the ape.

The choice of a medium of exchange is, of course, the first step, and it has been various the world over, from cattle to shells, from hoes to rock salt, from precious metals to blankets. Some of these by their own consistency are restricted to specific semi-ceremonial transactions. An East African native, for instance, would have difficulty breaking a cow up into pennies. Like the cow, the Madik *mle* cannot be considered as true currency. A man's personal *mle* is more like a bond which, though it changes hands, continues to belong to him and his family wherever it may be. Unlike a bond, it pays him no interest; its intrinsic value cannot be increased or decreased.

The Madik have been unfortunate in their only available medium. The enormous stone mill wheels of the Yap islanders, for instance, are practically imperishable; even the one which sank to the bottom of the sea can still be used in ritual exchanges. But cloth grows old and fragile; even now *mle* has become distressingly rare. No matter how tenderly the owner wraps it in a pandanus-leaf envelope or a grub cocoon, time, humidity, and cockroaches are reducing it to shreds.

Realizing its importance to the natives, we managed to acquire two pieces from Sorong. They were modern exports from Makassar, very different in quality from the old pieces, but nonetheless acceptable to the recipients. However, it is unlikely that a Madik would ever get to Sorong, much less with eight guilders in his cheek. Perhaps the infiltration of the government and the guilder may save the economic and social situation, eventually make possible the marriage of clothless young men, and ward off the rancor of vindictive, irascible ghosts.

Though the hardships of his life may appear, in our eyes, to outnumber the advantages, this is not so in the estimation of the Madik. No matter what tragedies befall him, no matter how bitter the disappointments in his life, because it is his nature to do so, everyone has a wonderful time while it lasts. This indomitable, high-spirited gaiety is the characteristic which lends color to the Madik, which runs through their lives like a golden thread. They possess the supreme gift of laughter, a laughter which convulses their whole bodies, which pours out of them like a rushing mountain torrent and even in sorrow and misfortune will not be denied. It is great and careless laughter; no trace of bitterness, no question, no slightest reservation trespasses on that Gargantuan mirth.

## **New Guinea**

*BY KARL SHAPIRO, 1913- . One of the most gifted of the younger American poets, Karl Jay Shapiro was born in Baltimore, Maryland. After attending the University of Virginia for one year, he worked for a time at various jobs—as a clerk, a salesman, and a librarian. Subsequently he returned to his studies and was graduated from Johns Hopkins University in 1939. Having entered the army in 1941, he served throughout World War II in New Guinea and Australia as a sergeant in the Medical Corps. His first book, *Person, Place and Thing* (1942), made him recognized at once as a poet of remarkable power and originality. His subsequent books include *V-Letter and Other Poems* (1944), written almost entirely while he was serving in the southwestern Pacific; *Essay on Rime* (1945), a discussion of poetic theory written in verse; and *Trial of a Poet and Other Poems* (1947).*

*New Guinea*

*And see thou hurt not the oil and the wine*

Geography was violently dead,  
Hairline and parallel, Mercator, torn,  
Brushed by a finger from the finespun map  
As one might desecrate a spider's web;

And now like Moses was our will again  
To part the sea and push all distance back  
To cross the dry land of your wavy roads  
In plotted days exuberantly home;

Witness like him our enemy engulfed,  
Churned hideous-eyed in coiling ocean-troughs,  
Sucked down and drowned and beaten to the floor,  
To justify the praises of our war.

We lived upon this chart, traded and sailed,  
Made strong the latitudes with sailor's hemp,  
Our cables mossy under deafening depths  
And words in air. A world lay in your net.

And children learned a land shaped like a bird,  
Impenetrable black. Here savages  
Made shrunken heads of corpses, poison darts  
Pricked sudden death, no man had crossed their hills.

It fell from Asia, severed from the East;  
It was the last Unknown. Only the fringe  
Was nervous to the touch of voyagers.  
Business and boys looked close and would have come.

Reprinted from *V-Letter and Other Poems* by Karl Shapiro (Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York, 1944).

In war did come, crashing the gifts of iron  
Crated on crazy trails where by our blood  
The rat-toothed enemy is backward inched,  
And forests bulldozed, busted into streets.

Morning I rise and marvel at the laden  
Lush-abandoned branch and brush of soaked  
Laocoöns of trees in throes of ser-  
Pent-tightening tendrils and air-clambering roots.

Awake, the largest snowiest butterfly  
Floating with eyes of lavender between  
The men strung heavily like weighted bats  
And finishing, from tree to tree, their rest.

And soon awake the split-wing congeries  
Of fliers driving in a line like bees  
Shake loose the warming silences and storm  
From every sleeper his last easy dream.

Surely the frontage of the world is up  
When on the old cosmography and stars,  
Mercator, we inscribe our whirl of wings  
To roads instinctive as the climbing god's.

Presume our purpose high as flight, like yours,  
Or charity in every gain implied,  
Or joy of settlement for reason's sake;  
See us confute logistics like a map.

Our space be balanced in the scales of light,  
No longer his whose hideous horse he spurs  
Into the dream of the common man, and prove  
World-wide the knowledgeable heart of peace.

What happens to the dark primordial law  
Of those whose home this is, happens to us  
Seeing the preternatural fall of fire  
Strike from the sky witch doctors, villages;

Their desolation see us deeply trust  
And never hurt their oil and their wine:  
Peace to the science of these fevered woods,  
Their attributes, their language and their gods.

## **VII: MICRONESIA**







## **Magellan Discovers the Marianas**

By ANTONIO PIGAFETTA, 1491?-1534. The first European voyage of importance in the Pacific Ocean was that of Fernando Magellan, whose expedition left Spain in 1519 on what was to be the first circumnavigation of the globe. Magellan, after discovering and passing the strait that still bears his name, crossed the South Pacific without encountering any land until he discovered the Marianas Islands on March 6, 1521, and named them the Islands of Thieves (Ladrones). On March 16 he discovered the Philippine Islands. Personally taking part in the native wars, he led an expedition to the island of Matan or Mactan, and was killed by the islanders on April 27. The flagship *Vittoria* continued around the Cape of Good Hope under command of Juan Sebastian del Cano and returned to Spain just three years after its departure. The best account of the circumnavigation was written by an Italian member of the party, Antonio Pigafetta of Vicenza, who kept a journal of events. The selection here, and one elsewhere which describes Magellan's death in the western Pacific, are translated from a French original written by "Antonio Pigapheta, Patrician of Vicenza and Knight of Rhodes," at the request of Charles V after Pigafetta completed the journey of the *Vittoria*.

**A**FTER having navigated sixty leagues by the said course, in twelve degrees latitude, and a hundred and forty-six of longitude, on Wednesday, the 6th of March, we discovered a small island in the northwest direction, and two others lying to the southwest. One of these islands was larger and higher than the other two. The captain-general wished to touch at the largest of these islands to get refreshments of provisions; but it was not possible because the people of these islands entered into the ships and robbed us, in such a way that it was impossible to preserve oneself from them. Whilst we were striking and lowering the sails to go ashore, they stole away with much address and diligence the small boat called the skiff, which was made fast to the poop of the captain's ship, at which he was much irritated, and went on shore with forty armed men, burned forty or fifty houses, with several small boats, and killed seven men of the island; they recovered their skiff.

After this we set sail suddenly, following the same course. Before we went ashore some of our sick men begged us that if we killed man or woman, we should bring them their entrails, as they would see themselves suddenly cured.

It must be known that when we wounded any of this kind of people with our arrows, which entered inside their bodies, they looked at the arrow, and then drew it forth with much astonishment, and immediately afterwards they died. Immediately after we sailed from that island, following our course, and those people seeing that we were going away followed us for a league, with a hundred small boats, or more, and they approached our ships, showing to us fish, and feigning to give it to us. But they threw stones at us, and then ran away, and in their flight passed with their little boats between the boat which is towed at the poop and the ship going under full sail; but they did this so quickly, and with such skill, that it was a wonder.

Reprinted by permission of the Hakluyt Society from *The First Voyage Round the World by Magellan*, translated from the French by Lord Stanley of Alderley (London, printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1874).

And we saw some of these women, who cried out and tore their hair, and I believe that it was for the love of those whom we had killed.

These people live in liberty and according to their will, for they have no lord or superior; they go quite naked, and some of them wear beards, and have their hair down to the waist. They wear small hats, after the fashion of the Albanians; these hats are made of palm leaves. The people are as tall as we, and well made: they adore nothing, and when they are born they are white, later they become brown, and have their teeth black and red. The women also go naked, except that they cover their nature with a thin bark, pliable like paper, which grows between the tree and the bark of the palm. They are beautiful and delicate, and whiter than the men, and have their hair loose and flowing, very black and long, down to the earth. They do not go to work in the fields, nor stir from their houses, making cloth and baskets of palm leaves. Their provisions are certain fruits named *cochi* [coconuts], *battate*; there are birds, figs a palm long [bananas], sweet canes, and flying fish. The women anoint their bodies and their hair with oil of *cocho* and *giongioli* (sesame). Their houses are constructed of wood, covered with planks, with fig leaves, which are two ells in length: they have only one floor: their rooms and beds are furnished with mats, which we call matting, which are made of palm leaves, and are very beautiful, and they lie down on palm straw, which is soft and fine. These people have no arms, but use sticks, which have a fishbone at the end. They are poor, but ingenious, and great thieves, and for the sake of that we called these three islands the Ladrone Islands. The pastime of the men and the women of this place, and their diversion, is to go with their little boats to catch those fish which fly, with hooks made of fishbones. The pattern of their small boats is painted hereafter; they are like the *fuseleres*, but narrower. Some of them are black and white, and others red. On the opposite side to the sail, they have a large piece of wood, pointed above, with poles across, which are in the water, in order to go more securely under sail: their sails are of palm leaves, sewed together, and of the shape of a lateen sail, fore and aft. They have certain shovels like hearth shovels [for paddles], and there is no difference between the poop and the prow in these boats, and they are like dolphins bounding from wave to wave. These thieves thought, according to the signs they made, that there were no other men in the world besides them.

-



## The King of Palau Visits Captain Wilson

By GEORGE KEATE, 1729-1797. An English friend of Voltaire, educated for the law but devoting his talents chiefly to literature and art, George Keate wrote one of the most widely read of eighteenth-century South Sea narratives: *An Account of the Pelew Islands . . . Composed from the Journals and Communications of Captain Henry Wilson, and Some of His Officers, Who, in August 1783, Were There Shipwrecked in the "Antelope," a Packet Belonging to the Honorable East India Company (London, 1788)*. During a storm the *Antelope* struck a reef off the Pelew Islands (now called Palau), but Captain Wilson and his crew escaped safely to shore, saving many of their supplies. They made friends with the natives, built a small vessel from the wreck, and sailed to Macao, finally reaching England in ships of the East India Company. Prince Lee Boo, son of the native king, accompanied Captain Wilson to London, where after some months of being lionized as a "noble savage" he died of smallpox. The following selection from the book by Keate describes King Abba Thulle's first visit to Captain Wilson after the shipwreck. Two native personages who figure in this selection should be identified here: Raa Kook and Arra Kooker, who were the king's brothers, the former styled the "general" and the latter "the admiral." They had discovered the presence of the English castaways, and on the following day they conducted the king to the small island where Captain Wilson and his men had made a camp.

■

**AT DAYBREAK** the king's son, accompanied by one of his uncles, launched their canoe and went off to the ship; Mr. Barker also got off with the jolly boat, the pinnace wanting some little repairs could not be sent till about an hour after. They both returned about noon, bringing with them some rice and other stores, and were going to make a second trip, but put back on seeing a number of canoes approaching the harbor, and our people were informed that the king was coming.

Soon after several canoes appeared round the point at the entrance of the harbor, and then lay to; the king's canoe having stopped whilst he was giving orders to another squadron of canoes (that were armed, and formed his rear) to detach themselves to the back of the island. The king's canoe then came forward between four others, two on each side of it, the rowers of which splashed the water about with their paddles, and flourished them over their heads in a very dexterous manner; and as the king passed, the first canoes that had lain to, closed his train, and followed him into the cove, sounding their conch shells.

When they had come in as far as the tide would permit, it was signified to Captain Wilson that he should go out and meet the king; on which two of his own men took him up in their arms and carried him through the shallow water to the canoe, where the king was sitting on a stage built in the middle of it. He desired Captain Wilson to come into the canoe, which he did, and embraced him, informing him through the interpreters that he and his friends were Englishmen, who had unfortunately lost their ship but, having saved their lives by landing on his territory, supplicated his permission to build a vessel to convey themselves back to their own country.

After a little pause, and speaking with a chief in a canoe next to him (who they after learnt was the chief minister) the king replied in the most courteous manner that he was welcome to build, either

*From An Account of the Pelew Islands . . . (London, G. Nicol, 1788).*

at the place where he then was or at his own island; told Captain Wilson that the island he was then on was thought to be unhealthy; that he feared his people might be sickly if they stayed on it before another wind set in, which he said would be in two moons; and that he might possibly be molested by the inhabitants of some of the neighboring islands, who were at that time at war with him.

Captain Wilson expressed his acknowledgments for the condescension, the care and goodness which the king had testified toward him and his people; informing him at the same time that as the island he was then on was far nearer to the wreck, from whence he had already got some stores on shore and hoped still to get more, it would be attended with much inconvenience should he remove farther. Therefore he would, with his permission, prefer remaining where he was, as his people could fear no enemies whilst they enjoyed his protection and friendship; that he had a person with him very skillful in curing sickness, which made him very easy on that account; but in case any of his people, during their stay there, should happen to fall ill, he would then avail himself of his goodness and convey them for recovery to the better air of his own island. With this answer the king seemed to be pleased and satisfied. Captain Wilson then made him a present of a scarlet coat, and after some discourse he made signs to go on shore. The men again took the captain up, as before, whilst the king stepped into the water and waded to land.

The king was perfectly naked, nor had he any bone on his wrist or any ornament of distinction. He bore a hatchet on his shoulder, the head of which was made of iron, a circumstance which much surprised our people, as all the other hatchets they had seen were of shell; the handle being formed in a sharp angle, stuck close to the shoulder, lying before and behind, and wanted no tying to keep it steady in walking.

The king, on landing, looked about with the same kind of caution as his brothers and those who came with them had before done on their first visit. Raa Kook met him on the shore, and, as he declined going into the tents, the English spread a sail for him to sit on, which he did, and clearly took and understood it as a mark of respect; the chief minister placing himself opposite to him, at the extremity of the canvas, whilst his two brothers, Raa Kook and Arra Kooker, sat on each side, at the extent also of the sail, forming, when thus arranged, a square. The principal chiefs and officers of



state who accompanied him seated themselves near; and behind these chiefs the large retinue of his own people which filled his train, being about three hundred, formed a circle, not standing but squatting in a position ready to rise up in an instant. Some tea was made and offered him; he drank one cup, but did not seem to relish it. After sitting a little while, he was presented with a remnant of scarlet cloth and half a piece of long-cloth; and also had some ribbands of different colors given to him to distribute among his attendants; which he did immediately, and they, on receiving them, rolled them up very handily, for they had all been unrolled before to dry.

During the time that they were rolling up the ribbands, our people observed by the gestures and looks of the natives that each chief fixed his attention upon some particular person; this at the time alarmed them, apprehending that the individual each chief had particularly noticed was singled out as his devoted prisoner; but they soon afterwards found the meaning to be quite contrary, and that the individual so selected was to be that chief's particular friend or guest.

Captain Wilson then introduced his chief mate to the king, as the first officer under him, whom Abba Thulle styled the Kickaray Rupack [Little Chief], conceiving at that time that Captain Wilson was himself a prince of some country; but being afterwards informed by the Malay that he served under a far greater power at home, and was no sovereign, but a captain, he seized the distinction instantly and ever after addressed him by the appellation of "Captain," and his chief mate by that of "Kickaray Captain," as second in command. The rest of the officers were next introduced, and Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, was pointed out as the gentleman of whom he had spoken when in the king's canoe, who cured the diseases which any of his people were afflicted with, at which the king seemed wonderfully surprised and kept his eyes fixed on him. Lastly, all the private men were introduced in their turns, also. After presenting the officers, etc., the king inquired for the mark of Captain Wilson's rank or dignity as chief, who was at a loss how to answer; but recollecting that a ring was an ornamental mark of distinction, told him so, and Mr. Benger, the first mate, having saved his, gave it to Captain Wilson, who put it on. They appeared pleased with the idea that it was a kind of ornament which had a similarity of meaning to their own.

During the time that this business was transacting, Raa Kook was conversing with the king upon everything he had seen and observed during his stay with our people; this his countenance and gestures fully demonstrated, and they plainly noticed his description of their firearms and exercise, which the king seemed eagerly to attend to, and then expressed a wish to see them himself; which Captain Wilson said should be done immediately.

He ordered every man to be under arms and drawn up on the beach (the tide then being low) before the king, who was placed with all his retinue just above the flow of the water, and that they should be exercised by the chief mate, that he might not absent himself from the king. They without loss of time prepared themselves, marched on the shore in the king's presence, and fired three volleys in different positions. The surprise of the natives, their hooting, hallooing, jumping, and chattering, produced a noise almost equal to the report of the muskets. Though this exhibition was made at some expense of their powder, yet, our people having fortunately saved all they had on board, it was judged prudent on this occasion to let the natives witness some display of the effect of their arms, that they might be impressed at the first sight of them with an enlarged idea of the power and strength of the English; and the more so as they had perceived, the preceding night, how much higher they had risen in the estimation of the king's brothers by the mere exhibition of their musketry and giving an explanation of their use.

After this, one of the fowls that had been saved among the little livestock from the Antelope, was purposely driven across the cove, where Mr. Benger was prepared with a fowling piece loaded with shot, which he fired at the bird to let the king see the effect of their muskets. The bird instantly dropped, having its wing and leg broken. Some of the natives ran to it, took it up, and carried it to the king, who examined it with great attention, unable to comprehend how it could be wounded, not having seen anything pass out of the gun. This created a vast murmur and surprise amongst them.

Raa Kook expressed much impatience to show the king whatever had impressed his own mind, and taking his brother by the hand led him to a grindstone, which was placed behind one of the tents and fixed on a block. He put it in motion, which (having been shown the method) he had frequently done before. The king remained fixed in astonishment at the rapidity of its motion, and at the explanation of the general that it would immediately sharpen and

polish iron. Captain Wilson ordered a hatchet to be brought and ground, that they might more readily perceive its operation. Raa Kook eagerly laid hold of the handle of the stone and began turning it, appearing highly delighted himself to let his brother see how well he understood it; he having the preceding day amused himself for some hours with this novelty, and had sharpened several pieces of iron which he had picked up about the tents. The circumstances which most in this sight bewildered all their ideas were how the sparks of fire could come and how a stone, so well wetted, became so soon dry. . . .

As the king was going toward our tents, of which there were three, with a sentry stationed at each, the day being fine and the sun in full power, he noticed the bright glitter of the bayonet; it of course astonished him, who had never seen any polished body, or the action of light on it. He stepped hastily to the sentinel and wished to feel it, offering to take it out of the man's hand, who thereupon drew back. Captain Wilson then explained to him that no English sentinel would or dared suffer anyone to touch his arms. Upon this the king seemed satisfied and went on to view other things in and about the cove.

Raa Kook would now show his brother the kitchen, which was in the hollow of a rock a little above the cove. It was the time when the cook was preparing dinner; the implements which furnished the kitchen were scanty indeed, and could in no other place but this have attracted anyone's attention; but here an iron pot, a teakettle, a tin saucepan, with a poker, a pair of tongs, and frying pan became, from their peculiar situation, of sufficient consequence to excite admiration. Nor were the bellows now forgotten by the general (of which some mention has before been made), who, taking them up as he explained their use to the king, seemed ambitious to let his brother see what an adept he was, and began to blow the fire. The bald cook, who was always close shaved and never wore anything on his head, and was besides a little meager fellow, was also pointed out by him for the king's notice; for the general's vein of humor, as well as his wish of information, made him attentive even to the most trivial circumstances.

He was also taken to see the two dogs, which he was struck and delighted with in full as great a degree as his brother Arra Kooker had been before. But these animals, whose novelty equally impressed all the natives, excited them to take so much pleasure in making

them bark that our people were after some time compelled to confine them out of sight.

Near to the kitchen was another hollow rock, where were suspended the hams which had been saved from the ship, under which fires had been made, in order to smoke-dry them for future sea store. Raa Kook was now so familiarized to our people's methods that he informed the king this was some of their provision; he wished that one of them should be offered his brother, which was immediately presented and accepted, as was also a live goose; four or five (the remains of the livestock) just at that moment waddling in sight.

The king being now returned to his former seat informed Captain Wilson that he intended to go and sleep at the back of the island; and presently a loud shriek was given by one of the king's officers, who wore a thin narrow bone on his wrist, which was afterwards known to be an order much inferior to what we have spoken of before. This, at the moment it was heard, threw our people into some alarm; but the cause of it was immediately evident, for all the king's attendants, who it was conceived amounted at least to three hundred, though all differently dispersed and engaged in looking about at everything that attracted them, as if instantaneously moved by the shriek, might be said to have rather darted than to have run to their canoes. It was a signal obeyed more suddenly than could have been conceived, and no word of command was ever executed with greater promptitude. The king departed, in appearance well pleased with his visit and satisfied with what he had seen.



## **The U.S. Exploring Expedition at Utiroa**

By CHARLES WILKES, 1798–1877. Wilkes, American naval officer and explorer, was born in New York City. Equipped with a good private education, he entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of twenty and subsequently became a recognized authority on hydrographic science. While still but a lieutenant he was appointed to command the United States Exploring Expedition, which had been authorized by Congress for the purpose of making an extensive survey of the Pacific Ocean and the northwest coast of America. The expedition, consisting of the flagship Vincennes and five other vessels, began its work in 1838 and completed it in 1842, having visited most of the Pacific island groups and surveyed some 280 individual islands. Accompanying the expedition were several noted American scientists, who collected much new and valuable information which was afterwards published in a series of sumptuous, illustrated folio volumes. Wilkes himself prepared the volumes on meteorology and hydrography and wrote the official account of the undertaking, *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition* (1844). Although the great Pacific survey was his most important achievement, Commodore Wilkes is also remembered as the officer who, at the outbreak of the Civil War, stopped the British steamer Trent and took from her the Confederate commissioners Mason and Slidell—an incident that for a time threatened war between the Union and Great Britain.

**E**ARLY in the day [April 6th, 1841], three boats were despatched for the town of Utiroa [on Tabiteuea, Kingsmill Group, Gilbert Islands] to acquire a knowledge of the place and its inhabitants. In them were thirty men, well armed, which was thought to be a sufficient force to secure the officers and naturalists from any attack. Opposite to the town of Utiroa is a long flat, over which at ebb tide a boat will not float; and as it was low water, it became necessary to walk through the shallow to the beach, which was nearly a quarter of a mile distant.

A very brisk trade was carried on for provisions and articles of curiosity. They had some small fish, which were much esteemed. The fowls offered for sale, as usual among the Polynesian islands, were all cocks, and proved old and tough. These were brought off in neat cages.

Several women were among the crowd, with delicate features and a lively expression of countenance, but remarkably small. Their covering was a girdle, made almost altogether of fringe fastened to a string, which was passed round the body. This garment had, at a distance, a more graceful look even than the *titi* of Samoa. This it obtains from being made pliable by steeping it in some peculiar mixture, which was thought by some of the officers to have the odor of tobacco and molasses. The women were much less tattooed than the men; but, as at the other southern islands, in the same style with them.

The same custom was in vogue here that prevails at most of the Polynesian islands, of rubbing noses and exchanging names.

Along the shore of this island, in front of the villages or towns, there are long lines of stone walls, from one to two feet high, serving as fishweirs or pens. In passing to the shore, they saw a party of men and women engaged in driving a school of fish into one of them, with long lines fringed with pandanus leaves, used like a seine, somewhat

From *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition*, Vol. 5 (Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1845).

resembling that before described at Savaii: these fishers took no notice whatever of our party.

When they had approached within one hundred yards of the beach the natives came forward to meet them; and within a short distance from the beach they passed a small, old, and dilapidated house, built on piles, about eight feet above the water. This old fabric, as we afterwards found, was made use of for telegraphic signals, in case of desiring assistance from their neighbors.

The party were cordially received, both by the men and women, who did not hesitate to advance. All were uncovered, and the majority were women and children. Some of the women were the prettiest that had yet been seen in the South Sea islands; slender and gracefully formed. Their complexion was of a clear brown, with full bright eyes, thick and glossy black hair; and they appeared by no means unconscious of their charms.

The men became at once familiar and rude, seizing their arms and putting their own about the officers' necks, desiring to lead them onward, until they were obliged to use violence to keep them off.

They reached the beach near what the natives termed their *mariapa*, or council house, one of the large buildings that had been before spoken of as visible from the sea. This stands in front of the town, on a broad wharf, made of coral stones, built out from the beach; its dimensions, as measured, were one hundred and twenty feet long by forty-five feet wide, and to the ridgepole forty feet high. The ridgepole was supported by five large posts, whence the roof sloped on each side and reached within three feet of the ground; the rafters descended to a wall plate, which rested on large blocks of white coral, and were also supported by smaller posts, ten feet in length, near the sides. At the ends, the roof was perpendicular for eight or ten feet, and then they sloped off in the same manner as the sides. The roof was thatched with pandanus leaves.

The crowd on the beach rapidly increased, pressing around, shouting, gesticulating, and catching hold of them, to express their joy at the visit: at the same time stealing the tobacco they had brought to barter, which operation was performed very dexterously.

No chiefs, however, came forward to receive them when they advanced towards the *mariapa*, and entered, by passing under the roof. Many natives were inside, who closed around them, and set up a clamor that was deafening. The heat also was oppressive, and with the rancid oil on their bodies was almost stifling.



An old man soon made his appearance, whose deportment and that of the crowd pointed him out as the chief. He had apparently little actual authority, for his presence seemed to have no effect in silencing the natives. He pointed to the palisade around the town, whither he invited them at once to go, and conducted them to his house. Very few of the natives followed. On entering the palisade of slender stakes, the village was found to be divided into lots, containing ten or twelve houses, and enclosed by fences. Each of these enclosures, it was supposed, belonged to a separate family.

The chief led the way to his house, and invited them to enter, which they did, and found its construction altogether different from any before seen in the South Seas. There was nothing remarkable in its exterior; it was of oblong shape, and about sixteen feet wide by twenty feet long. The interior consisted of two stories, of which the lower was not more than three feet high, under the floor of the upper story. It was entered by a square hole at one side. The apartment above was rather a loft or garret, which was high, and contained, apparently, all the valuables and goods of the occupant. The floor was made of small pieces of pandanus boards, laid on slender beams of coconut wood. It was afterwards understood that this arrangement of apartments was to guard against the inroad of the rats. The lower apartment is used for sleeping, while the upper is entirely for storing their goods and chattels. The wall plates rest on four beams of coconut wood, which are supported by four posts, one at each corner. These posts are round and perfectly smooth, so that the rats cannot climb them. The rafters and crosspieces are mere poles, only an inch or two thick; the thatch is of pandanus leaf, doubled over a slender stick, and tied down with sennit.

After they were seated, coconuts, with treacle and water, were brought them to drink. They then requested the chief, whose name was Tama, to show them the fresh-water wells and taro beds. Under his guidance, they passed through the village, which was situated on a narrow strip of the island, very close to the beach. Beyond it, towards the interior (if the term may be used of that which is but half a mile wide) of the island, was a coconut grove, extending to the sea. The tall coconut trees scattered about, with here and there small clumps of pandanus, gave it a cool and refreshing shade and produced an agreeable impression. Paths wound in every direction, and were quite visible, in consequence of the absence of underbrush. The sandy soil offered only a scanty growth of dry grass (a *Sida*). Around

the houses of the natives were found Cordias, Hibiscus, and Ficus; but they were all of small growth. The Dracaena, of which the Samoans make the *titi*, was also seen. The taro pits were dug to the depth of eight or ten feet, and were fifty feet long by thirty broad; they were planted with taro and *apii*, in rows: in the center was a few inches of water, and the whole earth was moist. The taro, however, was small, although the natives gave an account of its growing to the length of two feet. The wells were fifteen feet deep; the water in them was brackish. These excavations have been made at much cost of time and labor.

All the party on shore were much incommoded with the rudeness of the natives, who did all in their power to pilfer from them; and, if their attention were diverted for a moment, the hands of a native were felt at their pockets. When detected, they would hold up their hands, with open palms, and laugh. This boldness was more especially confined to a few, and one in particular, a young chief, who was a tall, good-looking person, but had a vain and impudent expression of countenance, which was rendered disgusting by the kind of leprosy before spoken of. It is impossible to give a correct idea of the annoyances that our gentlemen were subjected to from the rudeness of some, the excess of civility of others, and the constant watchfulness that became necessary to avoid the pickpockets. An old man was about smearing himself in coconut oil, with a cup full of salve, in which he would dip his fingers and endeavor to rub them in their faces. This afforded much amusement to the party, while the natives seemed astonished that the attempt was repulsed; for there was little doubt of its being intended as a great compliment thus to anoint their guests.

In many instances they showed a disposition to get the officers into their power for some evil design. Messrs. Peale and Rich, who were both well armed, had crossed the island in search of birds, plants, and shells; on their return, they visited the town next adjoining to Utiroa, and but a short distance from it. On entering the town, their suspicions were somewhat excited by the number of armed men around. Mr. Peale describes the natives as obliging them to sit down by forcing their legs from under them. These things were permitted to a certain extent, the natives all standing around armed; but a promptness of action and show of using their arms, extricated them from their difficulties.

In front of the *mariapa* were three or four houses of the common

size, one of which was called by the natives *te-o-tabu*, or sacred enclosure, but it was only distinguished by its being supported at the corners on blocks of coral. The natives were unwilling that any one should enter this enclosure.

During the day, the greater part of the large number of natives they had seen, as in the case of those who came on board, were covered with scars, and the scurfy disease, or leprosy. Although the young women were quite pretty, the old were as remarkable for being hideous; of these, a few were seen to be afflicted with ophthalmia and elephantiasis. The *maro* of the men, although large, was not intended to serve the purposes of decency, but principally for the protection of the abdomen. Their hair was trimmed short in front, but was allowed to grow long behind, where it tapered to a point; in both sexes it was black and fine, with a slight tendency to curl.

After returning to the *mariapa*, Tama was asked to give them an exhibition of a dance. This he endeavored to do, but without receiving much attention. At length, the young chief whom they had found particularly troublesome came forward, with an insolent and swaggering air, wrapped a mat round his body from the waist to the knees and began a dance similar to that of the Polynesian islanders, before described, consisting of movements of the hands and body, but with very little motion of the feet. When the dance was finished, the afternoon was far advanced; the party then returned to the boats, which they had now been able to draw near the beach, in consequence of the rise of the tide. On their way to the ship, the tiny canoes of the natives, with their small white triangular sails, were seen in all directions coming to the shore. On board, it was believed that upwards of a thousand had visited the ship in the course of the day.

On the afternoon of the 7th, a large party visited the town of Utiroa, equally well armed as the day before, and with the same instructions and cautions that no one should give cause of offense, and if anything was offered for sale, to pay liberally for it. These precautions were enjoined in consequence of the belief that the natives were a treacherous and dangerous set of fellows and were inclined to believe themselves invulnerable in their armor. An opportunity had been taken, before a large number, to show them that the cuirass, etc., was not proof against our weapons at any distance; for which purpose one of the coats of mail was hoisted up at the yardarm, and fired at: the holes were then exhibited, but did not seem to produce much

effect upon them. They manifested a decided disposition for warlike pursuits, and ferocity was the most predominant trait in their character.

On the party's landing, Captain Hudson moved towards the council house, where they found a large concourse of people, most of them elderly men, who they were informed were the chiefs of the nation: they were directed to one corner, where sat the chief, whom they called Nea. He was a very decrepit old man, nearly bald, with shrivelled skin, and had a stare of vacant wonder; the nails of his fingers had grown to the length of an inch. His name was Pakorokoro. Some few presents were given him but he took very little notice of them, appearing half stupefied, and as soon as the articles were in his possession, they were snatched away by the bystanders, without the least shame or hesitation.

The *mariapa* was a very large building, and in the interior its architecture showed to much advantage: the ridgepole, with the rafters, were painted in black bands, with points, and ornamented with a vast number of ovula shells. Chests, made of the thin laths of the pandanus, somewhat resembling cane, were arranged around, about twenty feet apart: these contained only a few mats and coconuts, things of no value, and are supposed to be for the accommodation of visitors, or used at their feasts. The floor was in places covered with mats of the coconut leaf.

When the ceremony of reception was over, the natives appeared extremely desirous of separating the party, by leading them off in different directions, under the plea of showing them the town and making them acquainted with some of the females. As soon as they were on the outside of the *mariapa*, they were surrounded by numbers, and their pockets rifled of their contents in a short time.

Captain Hudson, after they had been an hour and a half on shore, ordered all the officers and boats' crews down to the beach, being satisfied that it was quite time to depart, if he would prevent the collision which he had become apprehensive might take place. As they were assembling for the purpose of embarking, a noise was heard, resembling a sudden assault, from some of the houses near by; and on mustering the men, John Anderson, a seaman, was missing. Lieutenant Walker and Passed Midshipman Davis were sent, each with a few men, in the direction whence the report proceeded, but they saw nothing of him, and all was quiet at the enclosure. The natives began now to assemble in large numbers, armed, and things

looked somewhat serious; for, as Passed Midshipman Davis returned to the beach, he was stoned, and one of the men received a severe blow. This was however borne without return.

On inquiry, it was found that Anderson had been met but a few moments before the party was mustered. He was armed with a musket, pistol, and cutlass, and was esteemed one of the most correct and prudent men in the ship. The boats were now shoved off a short distance from the beach and beyond the reach of the native arms, when several muskets were fired to notify him, and his name repeatedly called, which could have been heard in any part of the village; but no Anderson appeared. Captain Hudson finally came to the conclusion that he had either been enticed away by the women, or that the natives had detained him in the hopes of receiving a ransom for his release, and that he would either return in one of the canoes to the ship or be given up on a reward being offered. Under these impressions, he ordered the boats to return to the ship. Many of the officers were of the opinion that he had been murdered; yet it was scarcely to be believed that they should have been enabled to overcome without noise a well-armed man, and one who had been cautioned against their treachery. After they had pushed off some distance, it was thought that a white man was seen on the beach; but on returning, it proved that they were mistaken.

On the morning of the 8th, it became evident that something had taken place, for not a canoe came alongside before breakfast, which induced a general belief that Anderson had met with an untimely end at the hands of the natives. The people of the adjoining town of Eta, however, so far as they could be understood from their gestures and language, seemed to intimate that the man was on shore alive. Not a canoe, however, was recognized as belonging to the town of Utiroa. A message was (notwithstanding the two towns were at war) sent on shore, in hopes it would induce these savages to restore Anderson, telling them that if the man was given back a large present of tobacco would be paid for him. This was shown them, and every endeavor was made to ascertain his fate.

On looking around among the natives, attention was called to one who was believed to belong to Utiroa. The eagerness with which this man was regarded by all caused him so much alarm that he at once sought flight in his canoe; but he could not get his sail arranged, and was soon overtaken by one of the ship's boats. The countenance of the native, on being overtaken, was one of great

fear. On finding he could not escape, it immediately changed to one the most amiable and friendly. He began by saying that the boat was good, the ship was good and large, and all that was in her was good. Mr. Hale explained to him what was required of him. It was difficult to ascertain that he understood these things at the time, for the native was inclined to assent to everything; but Mr. Hale has since had reason to be satisfied from the words he used that the object in view of obtaining Anderson, was well understood.

The whole of the day was occupied in surveying, and connecting the work with that of the tender, which vessel, with the boats, had returned in the morning. The surveying boats, while engaged, were satisfied that the natives were disposed to be hostile. . . .

Captain Hudson made up his mind that there could be little doubt, after so much time had elapsed without intelligence, and taking into view the conduct of the Utiroans, that Anderson had been treacherously murdered. He therefore believed it to be a paramount duty to punish them, not only for this perfidious act, but to secure their good conduct hereafter, in case of other vessels touching at this island.

In consequence of this determination, the boats were prepared for landing, and Mr. Knox was ordered to anchor the tender in a position near the shore opposite the town, in order to protect them. . . . The expedition consisted of seven boats; in them were embarked about eighty officers and men. About nine o'clock they approached the town. The first object that attracted attention was a column of smoke arising from the small building that stood on piles in front of the town before spoken of.

On arriving near the beach, the three divisions formed in a line abreast, according to the directions. Lieutenant Walker, with Mr. Hale (who acted as interpreter), now showed the white flag, and pulled in toward the beach in front in order to hold a parley, make further inquiries relative to Anderson, and endeavor to have him given up, if alive. There were about five hundred natives, well armed, on the beach, and others were constantly coming in from all sides. They shouted and shook their weapons with threatening gestures. Many of them, however, seemed undecided how to act; and their whole appearance, though formidable enough, was yet quite ludicrous in the eyes of the men, equipped as the savages were in their cumbersome coats of mail and fishskin helmets.

As the boat approached, several of the natives advanced towards

it, preceded by a chief fully equipped in armor and holding a spear in his right hand. Mr. Hale then explained the object they had in view, and showed the large quantity of tobacco which they had brought for a ransom. The chief appeared to understand, and pointed to the shore, making signs at the same time for them to come in. The savages who attended the chief had now increased in numbers, and were close to the boat, while the whole body was advancing slowly forwards. Finding that it was not only useless but dangerous to continue the parley, the boat was pulled back into line.

Having thus failed to procure the desired end, the most humane manner of effecting their punishment was conceived to be at once to show them the power of our arms and sacrifice some of the most prominent among the savages. Lieutenant Walker, therefore, requested Mr. Peale, the best shot of the party, to give them a proof of it and thus prevent the further effusion of blood. This was accordingly done by singling out one of the foremost, and a rocket was also discharged, which took its flight towards the great body of them. The latter missile caused great confusion, and many of them turned to seek the shore, but their terror did not last long and they made another stand, brandishing their spears and weapons as if bent upon a trial of strength with their opponents. The falling of their chiefs was disregarded, and few seemed to consider the effects produced, except those who were wounded. A general volley soon followed, which caused them all to retreat, some in great haste, while others moved more slowly towards the shore, seeming to be but little impressed as to the character of our arms. The wounded and dead were all carried off. The boats now pushed in for the beach, and by the time they had reached it there was not a native of the whole host to be seen.

The three divisions then landed, and the first and second proceeded to fire the *mariapa* and town, while the third remained to guard the boats. The whole was soon in a blaze, and but a short time sufficed to reduce it to ashes. The natives were still to be seen in small parties, out of reach of the guns, among the coconut groves. After the work of destruction had been effected, the divisions again returned to the boats. The place now exhibited a very different picture from that it had presented only a short hour before. The blackened sites were all that remained of the former dwellings, the council house was entirely in ashes, the fences were torn down, and the coconut trees leafless.

The tide having fallen, three bodies were found, one of whom was the young chief who had been so troublesome and insolent to our gentlemen, and who it was believed had been active in the murder of poor Anderson. . . .

The character of these islanders is the most savage of any that we met with; their ferocity led to the belief that they were cannibals, although no positive proofs were seen of it. They are under no control whatever, and possess little of the characteristic hospitality usually found in savage nations. It was observed also that their treatment of each other exhibited a great want of feeling, and in many instances passions and propensities indicative of the lowest state of barbarism. Their young girls were offered to be disposed of by their fathers and brothers, alongside the ship, openly and without concealment; and to drive a bargain for them was one of the principal objects of their visits to the ship.

Among their weapons, they have a short spear, which is armed with half a dozen barbs from the tail of the raja or stingray, which is supposed to prove mortal if broken off in the wound. They have also a club, about four feet long, made from the coconut wood, which is pointed at each end; it is used for warding off a spear, to make a thrust, or wielded as a club.

In the use of tobacco, they are truly disgusting, for they eat it and swallow it, with a zest and pleasure indescribable. Their whole mind seems bent upon obtaining this luxury, and consequently it will command their most valuable articles.

They are, to all appearance, a lawless race, and no sort of government seems to control them. All seize upon whatever property they can, and as has been before mentioned, the very chiefs themselves were subject to the same treatment that they observed towards our party. The greatest villains and bullies among them seemed to have the most control; while the chiefs had little more than nominal authority, and if they had any privileges, they did not seem to extend beyond their small enclosures.

There is neither wood nor water to be obtained at this island, and no inducement to visit it, except to trade for a few coconuts and curiosities.

Good whaling ground exists in the vicinity, and our whalers are in the habit of cruising in this neighborhood. Those who visit these wretches ought to keep a constant guard against treachery, for their numbers are large, and they are prone to mischief. All intercourse



with them should, therefore, be conducted with great caution, especially in ships weakly manned.

It is to be hoped that the punishment inflicted on Utiroa for the murder of Anderson will be long remembered, and prove a salutary lesson to the numerous and thickly-peopled towns of Taputeouea, or Drummond's Island.

## **The King of Apemama**

*By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. In June, 1889, Stevenson, his wife, and stepson Lloyd Osbourne sailed from Honolulu on the trading schooner Equator bound for the Gilbert Islands. After touching at various islands in the group, Stevenson wished to disembark and live for a while on the island of Apemama; but in order to take up residence there he had first to obtain permission from the shrewd and wary old native king, Tembinoka. Stevenson's sketch of this royal despot is one of the most graphic passages of In the South Seas (1890).*

THERE is one great personage in the Gilberts: Tembinok' of Apemama: solely conspicuous, the hero of song, the butt of gossip. Through the rest of the group the kings are slain or fallen in tutelage: Tembinok' alone remains, the last tyrant, the last erect vestige of a dead society. The white man is everywhere else, building his houses, drinking his gin, getting in and out of trouble with the weak native governments. There is only one white on Apemama, and he on sufferance, living far from court, and hearkening and watching his conduct like a mouse in a cat's car. Through all the other islands a stream of native visitors comes and goes, travelling by families, spending years on the grand tour. Apemama alone is left upon one side, the tourist dreading to risk himself within the clutch of Tembinok'. And fear of the same Gorgon follows and troubles them at home. Maiana once paid him tribute; he once fell upon and seized Nonuti: first steps to the empire of the archipelago. A British warship coming on the scene, the conqueror was driven to disgorge, his career checked in the outset, his dear-bought armory sunk in his own lagoon. But the impression had been made; periodical fear of him still shakes the islands; rumor depicts him mustering his canoes for a fresh onfall; rumor can name his destination; and Tembinok' figures in the patriotic war songs of the Gilberts like Napoleon in those of our grandfathers.

We were at sea, bound from Mariki to Nonuti and Tapituea, when the wind came suddenly fair for Apemama. The course was at once changed; all hands were turned to to clean ship, the decks holystoned, all the cabin washed, the trade room overhauled. In all our cruising we never saw the *Equator* so smart as she was made for Tembinok'. Nor was Captain Reid alone in these coquetries; for, another schooner chancing to arrive during my stay in Apemama, I found that she also was dandified for the occasion. And the two cases stand alone in my experience of South Sea traders. . . .

From *In the South Seas* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1890).

We entered by the north passage (Sunday, September 1st), dodging among shoals. It was a day of fierce equatorial sunshine; but the breeze was strong and chill; and the mate, who conned the schooner from the crosstrees, returned shivering to the deck. The lagoon was thick with many-tinted wavelets; a continuous roaring of the outer sea overhung the anchorage; and the long, hollow crescent of palm ruffled and sparkled in the wind. Opposite our berth the beach was seen to be surmounted for some distance by a terrace of white coral seven or eight feet high and crowned in turn by the scattered and incongruous buildings of the palace. The village adjoins on the south, a cluster of high-roofed *maniap's*. And village and palace seemed deserted.

We were scarce moored, however, before distant and busy figures appeared upon the beach, a boat was launched, and a crew pulled out to us bringing the king's ladder. Tembinok' had once an accident; has feared ever since to entrust his person to the rotten chandlery of South Sea traders; and devised in consequence a frame of wood, which is brought on board a ship as soon as she appears, and remains lashed to her side until she leaves. The boat's crew, having applied this engine, returned at once to shore. They might not come on board; neither might we land, or not without danger of offence; the king giving pratique in person. An interval followed, during which dinner was delayed for the great man; the prelude of the ladder, giving us some notion of his weighty body and sensible, ingenious character, had highly whetted our curiosity; and it was with something like excitement that we saw the beach and terrace suddenly blacken with attendant vassals, the king and party embark, the boat (a man-of-war gig) come flying towards us dead before the wind, and the royal coxswain lay us cleverly aboard, mount the ladder with a jealous diffidence, and descend heavily on deck.

Not long ago he was overgrown with fat, obscured to view, and a burthen to himself. Captains visiting the island advised him to walk; and though it broke the habits of a life and the traditions of his rank, he practised the remedy with benefit. His corpulence is now portable; you would call him lusty rather than fat; but his gait is still dull, stumbling, and elephantine. He neither stops nor hastens, but goes about his business with an implacable deliberation. We could never see him and not be struck with his extraordinary natural means for the theater: a beaked profile like Dante's in the mask, a mane of long black hair, the eye brilliant, imperious, and inquiring: for cer-

tain parts, and to one who could have used it, the face was a fortune. His voice matched it well, being shrill, powerful, and uncanny, with a note like a sea bird's. Where there are no fashions, none to set them, few to follow them if they were set, and none to criticise, he dresses—as Sir Charles Grandison lived—"to his own heart." Now he wears a woman's frock, now a naval uniform; now (and more usually) figures in a masquerade costume of his own design: trousers and a singular jacket with shirt tails, the cut and fit wonderful for island workmanship, the material always handsome, sometimes green velvet, sometimes cardinal red silk. This masquerade becomes him admirably. In the woman's frock he looks ominous and weird beyond belief. I see him now come pacing towards me in the cruel sun, solitary, a figure out of Hoffmann.

A visit on board ship, such as that at which we now assisted, makes a chief part and by far the chief diversion of the life of Tembinok'. He is not only the sole ruler, he is the sole merchant of his triple kingdom, Apemama, Aranuka, and Kuria, well-planted islands. The taro goes to the chiefs, who divide as they please among their immediate adherents; but certain fish, turtles—which abound in Kuria—and the whole produce of the coco palm, belong exclusively to Tembinok'. "A' cobra [copra] berong me," observed his majesty with a wave of his hand; and he counts and sells it by the houseful. "You got copra, king?" I have heard a trader ask. "I got two, three outhches [houses]," his majesty replied: "I think three." Hence the commercial importance of Apemama, the trade of three islands being centered there in a single hand; hence it is that so many whites have tried in vain to gain or to preserve a footing; hence ships are adorned, cooks have special orders, and captains array themselves in smiles, to greet the king. If he be pleased with his welcome and the fare he may pass days on board, and every day, and sometimes every hour, will be of profit to the ship. He oscillates between the cabin, where he is entertained with strange meats, and the trade room, where he enjoys the pleasures of shopping on a scale to match his person. A few obsequious attendants squat by the house door, awaiting his least signal. In the boat, which has been suffered to drop astern, one or two of his wives lie covered from the sun under mats, tossed by the short sea of the lagoon, and enduring agonies of heat and tedium. This severity is now and then relaxed and the wives allowed on board. Three or four were thus favored on the day of our arrival: substantial ladies airily attired in *ridis*. Each had a share of copra, her peculium,

to dispose of for herself. The display in the trade room—hats, ribbons, dresses, scents, tins of salmon—the pride of the eye and the lust of the flesh—tempted them in vain. They had but the one idea—tobacco, the island currency, tantamount to minted gold; returned to shore with it, burthened but rejoicing; and late into the night, on the royal terrace, were to be seen counting the sticks by lamplight in the open air.

The king is no such economist. He is greedy of things new and foreign. House after house, chest after chest, in the palace precinct, is already crammed with clocks, musical boxes, blue spectacles, umbrellas, knitted waistcoats, bolts of stuff, tools, rifles, fowling pieces, medicines, European foods, sewing machines, and what is more extraordinary, stoves: all that ever caught his eye, tickled his appetite, pleased him for its use, or puzzled him with its apparent inutility. And still his lust is unabated. He is possessed by the seven devils of the collector. He hears a thung spoken of, and a shadow comes on his face. "I think I no got him," he will say; and the treasures he has seem worthless in comparison. If a ship be bound for Apemama, the merchant racks his brain to hit upon some novelty. This he leaves carelessly in the main cabin or partly conceals in his own berth, so that the king shall spy it for himself. "How much you want?" inquires Tembinok', passing and pointing. "No, king; that too dear," returns the trader. "I think I like him," says the king. This was a bowl of goldfish. On another occasion it was scented soap. "No, king; that cost too much," said the trader; "too good for a Kanaka." "How much you got? I take him all," replied his majesty, and became the lord of seventeen boxes at two dollars a cake. Or again, the merchant feigns the article is not for sale, is private property, an heirloom or a gift; and the trick infallibly succeeds. Thwart the king and you hold him. His autocratic nature rears at the affront of opposition. He accepts it for a challenge; sets his teeth like a hunter going at a fence; and with no mark of emotion, scarce even of interest, stolidly piles up the price. Thus, for our sins, he took a fancy to my wife's dressing bag, a thing entirely useless to the man, and sadly battered by years of service. Early one forenoon he came to our house, sat down, and abruptly offered to purchase it. I told him I sold nothing, and the bag at any rate was a present from a friend; but he was acquainted with these pretexts from of old, and knew what they were worth and how to meet them. Adopting what I believe is called "the object method," he drew out a bag of English gold, sovereigns and

half sovereigns, and began to lay them one by one in silence on the table; at each fresh piece reading our faces with a look. In vain I continued to protest I was no trader; he deigned not to reply. There must have been twenty pounds on the table, he was still going on, and irritation had begun to mingle with our embarrassment, when a happy idea came to our delivery. Since his majesty thought so much of the bag, we said, we must beg him to accept it as a present. It was the most surprising turn in Tembinok's experience. He perceived too late that his persistence was unmannerly; hung his head a while in silence; then, lifting up a sheepish countenance, "I 'shamed," said the tyrant. It was the first and the last time we heard him own to a flaw in his behavior. Half an hour after he sent us a camphor-wood chest worth only a few dollars—but then heaven knows what Tembinok' had paid for it.

Cunning by nature, and versed for forty years in the government of men, it must not be supposed that he is cheated blindly, or has resigned himself without resistance to be the milch cow of the passing trader. His efforts have been even heroic. Like Nakaeia of Makin, he has owned schooners. More fortunate than Nakaeia, he has found captains. Ships of his have sailed as far as to the colonies. He has trafficked direct, in his own bottoms, with New Zealand. And even so, even there, the world-enveloping dishonesty of the white man prevented him; his profit melted, his ship returned in debt, the money for the insurance was embezzled, and when the *Coronet* came to be lost, he was astonished to find he had lost all. At this he dropped his weapons; owned he might as hopefully wrestle with the winds of heaven; and like an experienced sheep, submitted his fleece thenceforward to the shearers. He is the last man in the world to waste anger on the incurable; accepts it with cynical composure; asks no more in those he deals with than a certain decency of moderation; drives as good a bargain as he can; and when he considers he is more than usually swindled, writes it in his memory against the merchant's name. He once ran over to me a list of captains and supercargoes with whom he had done business, classing them under three heads: "He cheat a litty"—"He cheat plenty"—and "I think he cheat too much." For the first two classes he expressed perfect toleration; sometimes, but not always, for the third. I was present when a certain merchant was turned about his business, and was the means (having a considerable influence ever since the bag) of patching up the dispute.

Even on the day of our arrival, there was like to have been a hitch with Captain Reid: the ground of which is perhaps worth recital. Among goods exported specially for Tembinok' there is a beverage known—and labelled—as Hennessy's brandy. It is neither Hennessy, nor even brandy; is about the color of sherry, but is not sherry; tastes of kirsch, and yet neither is it kirsch. The king, at least, has grown used to this amazing brand, and rather prides himself upon the taste; and any substitution is a double offence, being at once to cheat him and to cast a doubt upon his palate. A similar weakness is to be observed in all connoisseurs. Now the last case sold by the *Equator* was found to contain a different and I would fondly fancy a superior distillation; and the conversation opened very black for Captain Reid. But Tembinok' is a moderate man. He was reminded and admitted that all men were liable to error, even himself; accepted the principle that a fault handsomely acknowledged should be condoned; and wound the matter up with this proposal: "Tuppoti [Suppose] I mi'take, you 'peakee me. Tuppoti you mi'take, I 'peakee you. Mo' betta."

After dinner and supper in the cabin, a glass or two of "Hen-netti"—the genuine article this time, with the kirsch bouquet—and five hours' lounging on the trade-room counter, royalty embarked for home. Three tacks grounded the boat before the palace; the wives were carried ashore on the backs of vassals; Tembinok' stepped on a railed platform like a steamer's gangway, and was borne shoulder high through the shallows, up the beach, and by an inclined plane, paved with pebbles, to the glaring terrace where he dwells.

Our first sight of Tembinok' was a matter of concern, almost alarm, to my whole party. We had a favor to seek; we must approach in the proper courtly attitude of a suitor; and must either please him or fail in the main purpose of our voyage. It was our wish to land and live in Apemama, and see more near at hand the odd character of the man and the odd (or rather ancient) condition of his island. In all other isles of the South Seas a white man may land with his chest, and set up house for a lifetime, if he choose, and if he have the money or the trade; no hindrance is conceivable. But Apemama is a close island, lying there in the sea with closed doors; the king himself, like a vigilant officer, ready at the wicket to scrutinise and reject intrenching visitors. Hence the attraction of our enterprise; not merely because it was a little difficult, but because this social quarantine, a curiosity in itself, has been the preservative of others.



Tembinok', like most tyrants, is a conservative; like many conservatives, he eagerly welcomes new ideas, and, except in the field of politics, leans to practical reform. When the missionaries came, professing a knowledge of the truth, he readily received them; attended their worship, acquired the accomplishment of public prayer, and made himself a student at their feet. It is thus—it is by the cultivation of similar passing chances—that he has learned to read, to write, to cipher, and to speak his queer, personal English, so different from ordinary "beach-la-mar," so much more obscure, expressive, and condensed. His education attended to, he found time to become critical of the new inmates. Like Nakaeia of Makin, he is an admirer of silence in the island: broods over it like a great ear; has spies who report daily; and had rather his subjects sang than talked. The service, and in particular the sermon, were thus sure to become offences: "Here, in my island, I 'peak," he once observed to me. "My chiefs no 'peak—do what I talk." He looked at the missionary, and what did he see? "See Kanaka 'peak in a big outh!" he cried, with a strong ring of sarcasm. Yet he endured the subversive spectacle, and might even have continued to endure it, had not a fresh point arisen. He looked again, to employ his own figure; and the Kanaka was no longer speaking, he was doing worse—he was building a copra house. The king was touched in his chief interests; revenue and prerogative were threatened. He considered besides (and some think with him) that trade is incompatible with the missionary claims. "Tuppoti mitonary think 'good man': very good. Tuppoti he think 'cobra': no good. I send him away ship." Such was his abrupt history of the evangelist in Apemama.

Similar deportations are common: "I send him away ship" is the epitaph of not a few, his majesty paying the exile's fare to the next place of call. For instance, being passionately fond of European food, he has several times added to his household a white cook, and one after another these have been deported. They, on their side, swear they were not paid their wages; he on his, that they robbed and swindled him beyond endurance: both perhaps justly. A more important case was that of an agent, despatched (as I heard the story) by a firm of merchants to worm his way into the king's good graces, become, if possible, premier, and handle the copra in the interest of his employers. He obtained authority to land, practised his fascinations, was patiently listened to by Tembinok', supposed himself on the highway to success; and behold! when the next ship touched at

Apemama, the would-be premier was flung into a boat—had on board—his fare paid, and so goodby. But it is needless to multiply examples; the proof of the pudding is in the eating. When we came to Apemama, of so many white men who have scrambled for a place in that rich market, one remained—a silent, sober, solitary, niggardly recluse, of whom the king remarks: “I think he good; he no ‘peak.”

I was warned at the outset we might very well fail in our design: yet never dreamed of what proved to be the fact, that we should be left four-and-twenty hours in suspense and come within an ace of ultimate rejection. Captain Reid had primed himself; no sooner was the king on board, and the Hennetti question amicably settled, than he proceeded to express my request and give an abstract of my claims and virtues. The gammon about Queen Victoria’s son might do for Butaritari; it was out of the question here; and I now figured as “one of the Old Men of England,” a person of deep knowledge, come expressly to visit Tembinok’s dominion, and eager to report upon it to the no less eager Queen Victoria. The king made no shadow of an answer, and presently began upon a different subject. We might have thought that he had not heard, or not understood; only that we found ourselves the subject of a constant study. As we sat at meals, he took us in series, and fixed upon each, for near a minute at a time, the same hard and thoughtful stare. As he thus looked he seemed to forget himself, the subject, and the company, and to become absorbed in the process of his thought; the look was wholly impersonal; I have seen the same in the eyes of portrait painters. The counts upon which whites have been deported are mainly four: cheating Tembinok’, meddling overmuch with copra, which is the source of his wealth, and one of the sinews of his power, ‘peaking, and political intrigue. I felt guiltless upon all; but how to show it? I would not have taken copra in a gift: how to express that quality by my dinner-table bearing? The rest of the party shared my innocence and my embarrassment. They shared also in my mortification when after two whole mealtimes and the odd moments of an afternoon devoted to this reconnoitring, Tembinok’ took his leave in silence. Next morning, the same undisguised study, the same silence, was resumed; and the second day had come to its maturity before I was informed abruptly that I had stood the ordeal. “I look your eye. You good man. You no lie,” said the king: a doubtful compliment to a writer of romance. Later he explained he did not quite judge by the eye only, but the mouth as well. “Tuppoti I see man,” he explained. “I no

tavvy good man, bad man. I look eye, look mouth. Then I tavvy. Look eye, look mouth," he repeated. And indeed in our case the mouth had the most to do with it, and it was by our talk that we gained admission to the island; the king promising himself (and I believe really amassing) a vast amount of useful knowledge ere we left.

## **The Rangers of Tia Kau**

By LOUIS BECKE, 1855-1913. A storyteller who knew life in the South Seas better than any other writer of fiction, George Louis Becke was born at Port Macquarie, New South Wales. He first went to sea at the age of fourteen, and for the next twenty-four years he followed an adventurous career in the Pacific. He was by turns a labor recruiter in Melanesia, a supercargo on trading schooners that carried him to every island group from Rapa to Palau, a prospector in Australia, and a resident trader in Samoa, in the Gilbert Islands, and in the Marshalls. Out of this full experience, at the age of thirty-eight, he began to write stories of the South Seas. These appeared first in Australian periodicals and then in three collections published in London—*By Reef and Palm* (1894), *The Ebbing of the Tide* (1896), and *Pacific Tales* (1897). In 1897 Becke left the Pacific to live in England, where for eleven years he supported himself by writing. Most of his best stories, however, he had already told; and of the numerous books he published while in England, only a few need be mentioned: *Rodman the Boat-Steerer, and Other Stories* (1898); *Ridan the Devil, and Other Stories* (1899); *The Mutineer* (1898), a novel based on the mutiny of the *Bounty*, written with Walter Jeffrey; *Notes from My South Sea Log* (1905), a collection of essays and sketches; and *The Adventures of a Supercargo* (1906), an autobiographical novel. In 1908 he returned to the Pacific and, after staying for a time in Fiji and in New Zealand, died at Sydney. Although he never entirely mastered the craft of fiction, his best work has a convincing reality that derives from a thorough knowledge of his locale and characters.

**B**ETWEEN Nanomea and Nanomaga—two of the Ellice Group—but within a few miles of the latter is an extensive submerged shoal, on the charts called the Grand Cocal Reef, but by the people of the two islands known as Tia Kau (The Reef). On the shallowest part there are from four to ten fathoms of water, and here in heavy weather the sea breaks. The British cruiser *Basilisk*, about 1870, sought for the reef, but reported it as nonexistent. Yet the Tia Kau is well known to many a Yankee whaler and trading schooner, and is a favourite fishing ground of the people of Nanomaga—when the sharks give them a chance.

One night Atupa, Chief of Nanomaga, caused a huge fire to be lit on the beach as a signal to the people of Nanomea that a *malaga*, or party of voyagers, was coming over. Both islands are low—not more than fifteen feet above sea level—and are distant from one another about thirty-eight miles. The following night the reflection of the answering fire on Nanomea was seen, and Atupa prepared to send away his people in seven canoes. They would start at sundown, so as to avoid paddling in the heat (the Nanomagans have no sailing canoes), and be guided to Nanomea, which they expected to reach early in the morning, by the far distant glare of the great fires of coconut and pandanus leaves kindled at intervals of a few hours. About seventy people were to go, and all that day the little village busied itself in preparing for the Nanomeans gifts of foods—cooked *puraka*, fowls, pigs, and flying fish.

Atupa, the heathen chief, was troubled in his mind in those days of August, 1872. The *John Williams* had touched at the island and landed a Samoan missionary, who had pressed him to accept Christianity. Atupa, dreading a disturbing element in his little community, had at first declined; but the ship had come again, and the chief having consented to try the new religion, a teacher landed. But since

Reprinted by permission of Ernest Benn Limited from *By Reef and Palm* (London, T. F. Unwin, 1894).

then he and his sub-chiefs had consulted the oracle, and had been told that the shades of Maumau Tahori and Foilagi, their deified ancestors, had answered that the new religion was unacceptable to them, and that the Samoan teacher must be killed or sent away. And for this was Atupa sending off some of his people to Nanomea with gifts of goodwill to the chiefs to beseech them to consult their oracles also, so that the two islands might take concerted action against this new foreign god, whose priests said that all men were equal, that all were bad, and He and His Son alone good.

The night was calm when the seven canoes set out. Forty men and thirty women and children were in the party, and the craft were too deeply laden for any but the smoothest sea. On the ama (outrigger) of each canoe were the baskets of food and bundles of mats for their hosts, and seated on these were the children, while the women sat with the men and helped them to paddle. Two hours' quick paddling brought them to the shoal water of Tia Kau, and at the same moment they saw to the northwest the sky-glare of the first guiding fire.

It was then that the people in the first canoe, wherein was Palu, the daughter of Atupa, called out to those behind to prepare their asu (balers), as a heavy squall was coming down from the eastward. Then Laheu, an old warrior in another canoe, cried out that they should return on their track a little and get into deep water; "for," said he, "if we swamp, away from Tia Kau, it is but a little thing, but here——" and he clasped his hands rapidly together and then tore them apart. They knew what he meant—the sharks that, at night-time forsaking the deep waters, patrolled in droves of thousands the shallow waters of the reef to devour the turtle and the schools of tafa'u uli and other fish. In quick, alarmed silence the people headed back, but even then the first fierce squall struck them, and some of the frail canoes began to fill at once. "*I matagi! i matagi!*" (head to the wind) a man called out; "head to the wind, or we perish! 'Tis but a puff and it is gone."

But it was more than a puff. The seven canoes, all abreast, were still in shallow water, and the paddlers kept them dead in the teeth of the whistling wind and stinging rain, and called out words of encouragement to one another and to the women and children, as another black squall burst upon them and the curling seas began to break. The canoe in which was Atupa's daughter was the largest and best of all the seven, but was much overladen, and on the outrigger grating were four children. These the chief's daughter was endeavor-

ing to shield from the rain by covering them with a mat, when one of them, a little girl, endeavored to steady herself by holding to one of the thin pieces of grating; it broke, and her arm fell through and struck the water, and in an instant she gave a dull, smothered wail. Palu, the woman, seized her by her hair and pulled the child up to a sitting posture, and then shrieked with terror—the girl's arm was gone.

And then in the blackness of night, lightened now by the white, seething, boiling surge, the people saw in the phosphorescent water countless hundreds of the savage terrors of the Tia Kau darting hither and thither amongst the canoes—for the smell of blood had brought them together instantly. Presently a great grey monster tore the paddle from out the hands of the steersman of the canoe wherein were the terrified Palu and the four children, and then, before the man for'ard could bring her head to the wind, she broached to and filled. Like ravening wolves the sharks dashed upon their prey, and ere the people had time to give more than a despairing cry, those hideous jaws and gleaming cruel teeth had sealed their fate. Mad-dened with fear, the rest of the people threw everything out of the six other canoes to lighten them, and as the bundles of mats and baskets of food touched the water the sharks seized and bit, tore and swallowed. Then, one by one, every paddle was grabbed from the hands of the paddlers, and the canoes broached to and filled in that sea of death—all save one, which was carried by the force of the wind away from the rest. In this were the only survivors—two men.

The agony could not have lasted long. "Were I to live as long as he whom the *faifeau* (missionary) tells us lived to be nine hundred and sixty and nine, I shall hear the groans and cries and shrieks of that *po malaia*, that night of evil luck," said one of the two who lived, to Denison, the white trader at Nanomea. "Once did I have my paddle fast in the mouth of a little devil, and it drew me backwards, backwards, over the stern till my head touched the water. Tah! but I was strong with fear, and held on, for to lose it meant death by the teeth. And Tulua—he who came out alive with me, seized my feet and held on, else had I gone. But look thou at this"—and he pointed to his scarred neck and back and shoulders—"ere I could free my foe (paddle) and raise my head, I was bitten thus by others. Ah, *papalagi*, some men are born to wisdom, but most are fools. Had not Atupa

been filled with vain fears, he had killed the man who caused him to lose so many of our people."

"So," said the white man, "and wouldst thou have killed the man who brought thee the new faith? Fie!"

"Aye, that would I—in those days when I was *po uli uli*. But not now, for I am Christian. Yet had Atupa killed and buried the stranger, we could have lied and said he died of a sickness when they of his people came to seek him. And then had I now my son Tāgipo with me, he who went into the bellies of the sharks at Tia Kau."





## **The Exploits of Olofat**

*Translated by ROLAND BURRAGE DIXON, 1875–1934. A new Englander educated at Harvard, Dixon became a professor of anthropology at Harvard and curator of ethnology at the Peabody Museum. He began his career by making himself the chief authority on the California Indians. Later ethnological research took him to New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Fiji, the southeastern Orient, and Central America. Paying tribute to him on his death, one of his colleagues wrote: "Almost literally he knew everything that had been written on the primitive peoples of Asia, Oceania, and of North and South America. He was undoubtedly one of the most erudite ethnographers of all time." He is author of many scientific papers, most of which appeared in The American Anthropologist, and of three books—Oceanic Mythology (1916), Racial History of Man (1923), and The Building of Cultures (1928)—each one a major work in its field. In the following legend taken from Oceanic Mythology, Olofat is a Micronesian demigod, the embodiment of malice and deceit.*

**O**LOFAT saw that one of his brothers was better than he and also more beautiful, and at this he became angry. Looking down from the sky-world and seeing two boys who had caught a couple of sharks, with which they were playing in a fishpond, he descended to earth and gave the sharks teeth, so that they bit the hands of the children. When the boys ran home crying with pain and told their troubles to their mother, Ligoapup, who was the sister of Olofat, she asked them if they had not seen any one about, whereupon they said that they had, and that he was more handsome than any man whom they had ever beheld. Knowing that this must be her brother, Olofat, Ligoapup asked her sons where he was, and they answered, "Close by the sea." She then told them to go and get the man and bring him to her, but when they reached the place where they had left him, they found only an old, gray-haired man, covered with dirt. Returning to their mother, they informed her that the man whom they had seen was no longer there; but she bade them go back and bring whomsoever they might find. Accordingly they set off, but this time they saw only a heap of filth in place of a man; and so once more they went home to their mother, who told them to return a third time. Obeying her, they questioned the filth, saying, "Are you Olofat? For if you are, you must come to our mother"; whereupon the pile of filth turned into a handsome man who accompanied them to Ligoapup. She said to him, "Why are you such a deceiver?" And Olofat replied, "How so?" And she said, "First, you turned yourself into a dirty old man, then into a pile of filth." "I am afraid of my father," answered Olofat. "Yes," said Ligoapup, "you are afraid because you gave teeth to the shark." Then Olofat replied, "I am angry at Luk, for he created my brother handsomer than I am, and with greater power. I shall give teeth to all sharks, in order that they may eat men whenever canoes tip over." When Luk, who was

From M. Jones, *The Mythology of All Races*, Vol. IX, *Oceanic*, by Roland B. Dixon. Copyright, 1916, by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission.

in the sky-world, became aware of these things, he said to his wife, "It would be well if Olofat came back to heaven, since he is only doing evil on earth"; and his wife, Inoaman, said, "I think so, too. Otherwise he will destroy mankind, for he is an evil being."

Accordingly Luk ordered the people of the sky-world to build a great house, and when it was finished, he not only commanded that a feast be announced, but also had a large fish basket prepared, in which they placed Olofat and sank him in the sea. After five nights, when they thought he would be dead, two men went in a canoe and hauled up the basket; but behold! it contained only a multitude of great fish, for Olofat had slipped away and seated himself in a canoe near by. The men asked him, "Who are you?" And he replied, "I am Olofat. Come here, and I will help you to put the fish into your boat." Taking one fish after the other, he handed them to the men, but in so doing he removed all the flesh of the fish and gave the men merely the empty skins. For himself he kept nothing but the smallest ones; and when the people said, "Why is it that you take only the little fish?" Olofat replied, "Give Luk all the big ones; I am quite satisfied with the little ones." Then the people brought the catch to Luk, who asked them, "Where is the fish basket? Who took the fish out?" When they replied, "Olofat did that, but has again placed the basket in the sea," Luk said, "Has he then taken no fish for himself?" to which they answered, "Only the very smallest ones." Luk now ordered all sorts of food to be prepared for the feast and commanded that the fishes should be cooked; and when all were gathered in the house, while Olofat sat at the entrance, Luk said, "Let every one now eat. Let the food be divided, and let each receive his share." Nevertheless, Olofat refused to receive any; and when the guests took up the fish, lo! there were only the empty skins, and within was nothing, so that they had to content themselves with fruit.

Olofat, however, ate his own fish; but Luk said, "See, we have nothing, whereas Olofat is able to eat his own fish, and is still not finished with them." Thereupon he became very angry and sent word to Thunder to destroy Olofat; but since Thunder lived in a house at a distance, Luk said, "Take Thunder some food." So one of the gods took some of the viands in order to carry them, but Olofat, snatching them from him, himself carried them to Thunder; and on arriving at the house, he called out, "O Thunder, I bring food." Now Thunder had found a white hen, and coming out, he thundered; but though Luk cried, "Kill him," and though Thunder blazed, Olofat

merely placed his hand before his eyes. Nevertheless, Thunder followed him and thundered again and again behind him; but from under his mantle Olofat took some coconut milk which he had brought with him, and sprinkling it upon Thunder, he quenched the lightning. After this he seized Thunder and bore him back to his own home; and when Olofat had returned to the feast house, Luk said, "Why has the man not been killed?"

Notwithstanding this, Olofat again took his place by the door, while Luk now ordered another of the gods to take food to Anulap. Thereupon Olofat stood up and walked along behind the one who carried the food and he took the viands away from him saying, "I myself will take the food to Anulap." So he went to the god and said, "Here are viands for you"; and then he turned about and came back to the great assembly house, whereupon Luk said to Anulap, "Why have you not killed the man?" Then Anulap took his great hook, which was fastened to a strong rope, and throwing it at Olofat he caught him around the neck; but Olofat quickly seized a mussel shell and cut the rope, after which he hastened to the house of Anulap, where he sat down upon the threshold. When Anulap saw him, he seized his club to strike Olofat; but as he stretched it out, the latter changed himself into a wooden mortar. Thereupon Anulap called, "Where is Olofat?" and his wife, answering, "He must have run away," they lay down and slept.

After all this Luk said, "We can do nothing with Olofat; I believe he cannot die. Go, O Laitian, and tell the people to come in the morning to make a porch for the house." When the people had come and asked how they should construct the porch, Luk said, "Go to the forest and bring great tree trunks"; and when this was done, and the tree trunks were laid by the house, Luk commanded, "Now, go and fetch Olofat." Olofat came and said, "I shall go, too"; but Luk replied, "You must aid us to build the porch. You must make three holes in the ground, two shallow and one deep; and in these the tree trunks must be set." Accordingly Olofat dug three holes, but in each of them he made an excavation at one side; after which Luk asked, "Olofat, are you ready yet?" Thereupon Olofat, taking a nut and a stone, secreted them in his girdle; and Luk said, "Now set the tree trunks in the holes." In obedience to this, three men seized the upper end, while Olofat grasped the lower part; and they pushed Olofat so that he fell into the hole, only to creep quickly into the space which he had made on the side. Not knowing this, however,

they then raised the tree trunk high, and dropping it into the hole, they made it firm with earth and stone.

All now believed that Olofat had been caught under the great post and had been crushed to death. He, however, sat in his hole on the side, and being hungry five nights later, he cracked the nut with the stone which he had brought with him and ate it; whereupon ants came, and taking the fragments which had fallen to the ground, they carried the food along the trunk to the surface, going in long rows. The man who sat in the house above, seeing this, said to his wife, "Olofat is dead, for the ants are bringing up parts of his body"; but when Olofat heard the speech of the man, he turned himself into an ant and crept with the others up the post. Having climbed high, he allowed himself to drop upon the body of the man, who pushed the ant off, so that it fell to the ground, where it was immediately changed into Olofat. As soon as the people saw him, they sprang up in fear, and Olofat said, "What are you talking about?" When Luk beheld him, he said, "We have tried in every possible way to kill you, but it seems that you cannot die. Bring me Samenkoaner."

After Samenkoaner had come and sat down, Luk asked him, "How is it that Olofat cannot die? Can you kill him?" To this Samenkoaner replied, "No, not even if I thought about it for a whole night long, could I find a means; for he is older than I."

Thereupon Luk said, "But I do not wish that he should destroy all men upon the earth"; and so the Rat, Luk's sister, advised that they should burn Olofat. Accordingly they made a great fire, to which they brought Olofat; but he had with him a roll of coconut fiber, and when Luk ordered them to throw him into the flames, he crept through the roll and came out safely upon the other side of the fire. Then Luk said, "Rat, we have tried everything to kill him but in vain"; and the Rat answered, "He cannot die; so make him the lord of all who are evil and deceitful."



## **Buccaneers from Boston**

By WILLARD PRICE, 1887- . Best known for his penetrating books on Japan and the former Japanese "mandated islands," Willard Price was born in Ontario, Canada, but came to the United States as a boy. He received the B.A. degree from Western Reserve University and studied journalism at Columbia and New York University. He has worked on the staffs of several magazines and for four years was editorial secretary for the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From 1933 to 1937 he was a foreign correspondent in the Far East. In 1935 he succeeded in obtaining permission from Japanese officials to make a four-months cruise through the Marianas, the Caroline and the Marshall Groups; and thus he was one of the few writers who were able to observe these islands during the time they were held by Japan. As a result of this experience he wrote *Pacific Adventure* (1936), an interesting book of travel and a warning that Japan intended to use the islands for military purposes. Some of his other books are: *Children of the Rising Sun* (1938), *Barbarian*, a novel (1941), *Japan Rides the Tiger* (1942), *Japan's Islands of Mystery* (1944), and *Key to Japan* (1946). In "Buccaneers from Boston," a chapter from *Pacific Adventure*, Price writes engagingly of the American missionaries at Kusaie, one of the islands of the Caroline Group, now an American trusteeship.



**H**ERE at last is the tropic paradise of one's dreams.

We cast anchor at dawn in the snug harbor of Kusaie. Only half a mile wide is this harbor, and as beautiful as an Italian lake. Its still surface reflects romantic mountains that stretch up out of a dark dawn and terminate in sharp stabs of rock blazing in a scarlet sunrise. The fire gradually creeps down the slope, igniting the tops of magnificent palms like matches, one after another.

These mountains stand hand-in-hand in a semicircle around the little port. They are on the main island of Kusaie. The other semicircle is made up of the small island of Lele, for without its co-operation there would be no harbor. Lele is but an hour's walk around, low, luxuriant, with many sand beaches. In its still morning beauty it looks like a model in wax for exhibition purposes rather than a real island. Hospitable-looking thatch homes nestle in its groves. Canoes line its shore. Yonder on a little point stands a white church, as primly as if cut out of cardboard.

The captain is cursing, of course forsaking the Japanese language to do it. One must go to English for choice epithets. This is no dream world to him. He wants stevedores.

"Sunday morning," he growls. "Everybody will be going to church!" as if that were the greatest crime in the calendar. "We have to sit here and twiddle our thumbs until they get done with their psalm singing." He glares at me as if it were my fault. And it was—or that of my compatriots.

Americans have had a good deal to do with Kusaie. Americans damned it, Americans redeemed it.

Whalers from Boston and New Bedford circled South America to get into the Pacific, "hanging up their consciences off Cape Horn." They picked up more men along the Pacific Coast. Life aboard a whaler was too hard to attract men. Therefore they were shanghaied.

Reprinted from *Pacific Adventure* (New York, John Day in association with Reynal & Hitchcock, 1936), by permission of the John Day Company, New York. Copyright, 1936, by Willard Price.

Knocked on the head, they woke to find themselves in the fore-castle of a ship, sea-bound. Many of the men recruited in this fashion were a rough lot; and if they were not, the life made them rough. The ships were provisioned for three years and put in at no ports lest the men might escape. Summers, the whale hunters operated in northern waters. Winters, they sailed to the South Seas to rest and riot. When they stepped ashore after months of confinement on a small whaling vessel, they were wild men. Anyone who has spent six months on board ship can perhaps hardly blame them.

Kusaie was discovered by Americans in 1806 and named Strong Island after the governor of Massachusetts. Thus whaling captains of New England learned of the island and thereafter made its beautiful harbor a rendezvous.

"I can remember seeing twenty-two whaling ships in this harbor at one time," King John of Kusaie later told me.

The whalers indulged in wild orgies on shore, abducted Kusaie women, and left a legacy of foreign diseases here as well as in neighboring islands. "Peeling Skin" the Ponape people called smallpox, which carried off half their population. "The Lady Who Shrivels Men Up" was tuberculosis, also introduced by the whalers. In Kusaie the population dwindled from about two thousand when first discovered to two hundred in late Spanish times.

Here, according to an account written in 1899 by the ethnographer F. W. Christian, "the famous 'Bully' Hayes, the modern buccaneer, played fine pranks after losing his beautiful vessel on the reefs, half frightening the lives out of the peaceful Kusaians by landing a number of fierce and warlike Ocean and Gilbert Islanders, who brewed huge quantities of coconut-toddy, and set the whole place in a ferment with their carousals and mad orgies. Night after night they kept it up, alternately drinking and fighting. Murdered men's bodies were picked up on the beach every morning, and the poor natives of Lele fled in terror of their lives."

When the American buccaneers of the whaling fleet had done their worst and only a pitiful remnant was left of the Kusaie people, there came other Americans, also buccaneers in a fashion, and also from Boston, to repair the damage done by their countrymen.

It was a romantic and pioneering venture. American Sunday-school children contributed their dimes to make possible a great square-rigged sailing ship, named *Morning Star*, which should carry their missionaries to the South Seas to convert the heathen. Of course there

were plenty of heathen in Boston. But they did not wear grass skirts and lop off heads. Surely it was the buccaneer spirit in so far as it means the fascination of far seas, the courage to sail them, and the boldness to make captives, that prompted both the children and the missionaries. The project gripped the imagination. The Micronesian mission thereafter never lacked for funds. As soon as one *Morning Star* was wrecked, another was fitted out. There were five in all. Finally commercial sailings in the South Seas made special ships unnecessary.

For eighty-four years missionaries of the American Board of Boston have been at work in Kusaie. Let us go ashore and see the results.

We are taken off by Arthur Herrman, lone American planter, the first American we have met in all the Japanese islands. Evidently Kusaie agrees with him—he is portly and jovial. On the copra-scented pier we meet Mrs. Herrman, a native of Kusaie, more jovial and more portly. One look at her beaming and enlightened countenance and we conclude that the missionaries have done a good job.

Her face is not unusual. We walk down the village street through a sea of seraphic smiles. There are low bows and soft good mornings. All the inhabitants are in long white robes as in the realms of the blest. Houses are so neat that they ache. Music drifts about—whistled, hummed, twanged—hymn tunes familiar in New England churches.

"I've arranged for you to stay with Miss Hoppin," says Mr. Herrman, "because you wrote you wanted to see something of the natives. Around my house you wouldn't see anybody but Japanese. But the natives are at Miss Hoppin's all the time. I suppose you've heard of her—white goddess of the South Seas, they call her. She's just about God to them, and no mistake. Her slightest wish is law. If I want anything of the natives I have to work to get it and pay well for it. Anything she wants she has only to mention. They would do anything in the world for her. So would I for that matter—I'd give my right hand for her."

When you catch a tough old planter ready to give his right hand for a missionary, that missionary has something. Who is this paragon? If we are expecting to meet a looming, booming personality we are mistaken. A cunning little old lady, as neat and bright as a new pin, her gray hair encompassed in a coronet of snow-white shells, awaits us on a bit of an islet just big enough for her and her house in an enchanting grove of palms, mangoes, papayas, banana trees, bread-fruit, scarlet hibiscus, and lavender bougainvillea. This world of

loveliness is not two hundred feet from shore to shore. It is connected with the island of Lele by a grass-grown causeway. Over that causeway stream the natives day and night; coming to bring coconuts, or coming to get medicine, or just coming.

A snatch of breakfast, and it is time to go to church. We find the white church on the shore of Lele already occupied by a thousand people. The king leads the singing. The most blasé visitor must feel a tingle run along his ribs as these thousand trained voices take to the air. The volume and beauty of it is so great that one would not be surprised to see the sheet-iron roof go sailing off into space. Then the native minister, in high-collared white drill suit and bare feet, preaches. Through the open windows we can see the ship, waiting for stevedores. The stevedores are all in church. The service is long. When the last prayer is finished and we make to rise, the king, who sits beside us, whispers, "Now, Sunday school."

No one leaves. It is not until nearly one o'clock, after three hours of services, that we pass out and some of the men answer the insistent whistle of the steamer. But they must work fast, for there is another service at three and another at five. Double pay cannot induce them to miss a service.

There seems to be nothing fanatical about Miss Hoppin. In fact her creed appears to be solidly grounded in gastronomics, long recognized as one of the foundation stones of religion. Jesus fed the multitude. Every native who comes to Miss Hoppin's house gets fed. Incidentally, he always brings something to feed Miss Hoppin—so it works both ways. The natives have converted her to their interests as thoroughly as she has converted them. She is their champion against all injustice. Several petty officials have been discharged because of her complaints of their harshness toward the natives. One, sent back to Japan, committed suicide. Since then she has complained no more. "They do the best they can," she admits. So, instead of lodging complaints against them, she feeds them too.

One night during our stay twenty native boys had to get off on the tide in their canoes at three in the morning to return to the mission school on the other side of the island. They could easily have eaten a cold snack before they set out—or a native woman could have risen—but no, the seventy-year-old missionary lady was up at two preparing a hot breakfast of rice with coconut cream, hot biscuits, and coffee.

Of course we can all be big-hearted now and then, at fit and proper times, say between nine and five; but I know that for me, at least,

two a.m. would be altruism's zero hour.

On the nearby Marshalls also Miss Hoppin has been at work, and the population now goes about in trailing white robes radiating propriety and beneficence. The transformation was a little slow because of the presence there of American traders whose business methods were more shrewd than honest. "He businesssed me," became a current saying among natives, meaning "He cheated me." And since American whalers and traders were always fighting, a native threatening another would think it appropriate to say, "I'll Merikan you!"

The traders came to Miss Hoppin: "Don't let them use those words that way. It's an insult to our business and to Americans."

"Why don't you stop them?"

"They mind you. They won't mind us. How could we stop them?"

"By changing your business methods," suggested Miss Hoppin. And took the sting out of it by placing before them a bowl of hot candied bananas cooked in coconut milk.

Two other extraordinary American ladies of Kusaie are the Misses Baldwin, large, strong-faced women whose fortitude belies their ages of seventy-six and seventy-eight. They are in charge of the mission school where eighty-eight young men and women ranging from thirteen to twenty years in age are being taught reading, writing and religion. We paddled the eight miles to see them.

The school is a dingy barn of a place perched on a hilltop with a magnificent view of lagoon and sea. It has the feeling of being completely removed from the world and all its wiles. Magazines do come from America but all pictures of women in low-necked or close-fitting gowns are clipped out before the journals are allowed to reach the eyes of Kanaka youths. The cult of the throttle-necked and ankle-length Mother Hubbard prevails. The missionaries have not been off the island in twenty-five years. In 1911 they went to America and got a dress pattern; the dresses of the girls have been cut from it ever since.

My wife made a break.

"How much material does it take for one of the girls' dresses?" she asked.

"Six yards," replied the elder Miss Baldwin.

"Oh, that must be expensive. One of my dresses takes only three yards."

Miss Baldwin stiffened. "It is never expensive to cover the body," she said.

Two hundred and fifty phonograph records of the lighter sort were sent by well-meaning friends in America. The missionaries took them to an upper room, locked the door, removed the horn from the phonograph so that no sound might escape from the room, and played the records through. Then they dispatched them by boat to a point far outside the reef where bottom is said to be a good mile down, quite beyond the reach of the best native diver, and consigned them to the deeps.

Although reared in the liberal Congregational tradition, the ladies have been won over by the mysterious island silences to the conviction that the second coming of the Lord is close at hand. In a world of increasing wickedness, they see all the prophecies being fulfilled.

"Apart from the world on this little island, we feel that perhaps we can see such things more clearly than those who are in the midst of the false teachings."

Far be it from us to cavil at their beliefs. They may be terribly right. The folk of Sodom and Gomorrah scoffed, and were sorry for it. I do not seek to caricature but only to portray these two remarkable personalities; and to make a truthful portrait there are some important strokes of the brush still to be added.

One is that both these devoted women have given their lives for Kusaie, and the elder has given her eyes as well. She translated the entire Bible into the Kusaian language. She broke her glasses and sent the prescription to England to be refilled. In the meantime, the proofs were ready to read. She felt that the natives must not be made to wait for their Bible. So she read the proofs—and went blind.

The book was manufactured at the school. The girls set the type, the boys printed it. The hand-sewing alone took two years. Only three copies could be bound in a day. But the great work was completed and the Kusaians have their Bible. The blind translator places her hand upon the great three-inch-thick volume, her monument, and in her peaceful, unseeing face there is no regret.

She goes on translating—arithmetics, grammars, Bible helps. Her sister reads aloud the English version and she dictates the Kusaian. Of course in addition to these cloistered tasks there is the school work to supervise—the daily guidance of eighty-eight inquiring minds. The curriculum may be lopsided, the pedagogy faulty, but the devo-

tion is superb. A flaming object lesson for the Japanese official, or for any other official for that matter who is supposed to exist for the good of the people.

What have been the achievements of this mission school and other missionary work in Kusaie in the last half century?

Once an island dreaded for its savagery and brutality, where shipwrecked strangers were sure of prompt death, where a king and his henchmen were carried in their canoe to a great hole and buried alive, where American whalers murdered and were murdered, where American ships were sunk in the harbor, where disease and violent death reduced the population from two thousand to two hundred, Kusaie is now an unbelievable isle of twelve hundred healthy and happy angels.

In olden times murders sometimes scored one or two hundred a year.

"How many murders a year now?" I asked the king.

He smiled. "There has not been a native murdered in my lifetime," he said. The king is sixty years old.

"How about minor offenses? How many cases of detention in your jail in a year?"

"Jail!" exclaimed the king. "But there is no jail!"

"Well," I said, "whatever you call it. You must at least have some place to put the tipsy ones until they sober up." In all islands that I had visited infraction of the liquor law was the most common offense and the jails were always well patronized by alcoholic convalescents.

"But there is no drinking on Kusaie."

I thought he meant relatively none, only a few cases a month. But he went on to explain that no native has been known to taste alcohol in the past thirty years.

"I myself drank and smoked when I was a young man," he said, "but not since. If anyone drank now, every man's hand would be against him."

"And smoking is under the ban too?"

"Tobacco does not sell well here, although I am sorry to say that a few of the young men smoke. I have told my sons that if they smoke I will throw them out of the family." He said it with a broad smile expressing his easy assurance that it would never be necessary for him to carry out his vow.

Marriage is a sacred institution on Kusaie. Divorces are unknown. I am speaking of course of the natives, not of the newcomers.

There is no house of ill fame.

There is practically no disease. There are no native medicine men, no charms or other superstitious devices to ward off illness, and the Japanese doctor goes fishing. Native physique is splendid. Poling develops the arm muscles; and standing braced in the canoe, the leg muscles. When the Japanese came, wrestling matches were staged between Japanese and Kusaians. Such matches are now forbidden, for the native men always win and the rulers lose face.

I think it may be included among the moral attributes of these people that their women are splendid cooks. And also there are ethical implications in the fact that more soap is used per capita than in any of the other islands. A ship no sooner casts anchor in the harbor than canoes surround it, fruit is passed up, and soap is passed down. Kusaian faces sparkle. Smiles reveal flashing teeth. Betel-chewing is out, dentifrice is in.

Every day is Christmas. Gifts flow back and forth with the regularity of the tides. A taro pudding goes next door with compliments and a five-pound crab comes back. The visitor shares in the bounty. No one would take a penny for board, for the canoe that we sailed, for any of a hundred favors. But gifts were expected and accepted. Unaware at first of the custom, I lent my best shirt to the king when his had been soaked by the rain. He assumed it to be a gift, and wore it on the day we left as a special sign of his appreciation.

Service is exchanged for service. I build your house and you deliver my child. I do your fishing as well as my own and you do your farming plus mine.

Poverty is not allowed. Those who have give to those who have not when typhoon wipes out a plantation or accident deprives a family of its providers. Orphans are promptly absorbed into other homes.

Christian Kusaie even sends out missionaries to heathen islands round about. A native evangelist had been dispatched to Palau and another, during our stay, was waiting for a ship to take him to Eniwetok. He ate at our table daily, toothlessly, explaining that he was saving his false teeth to use in primitive Eniwetok where the foods are so hard.

The transfiguration of Kusaie is not solely a feminine achievement; there have been men missionaries too. And before these lines are in print there will be another. He is now in Hawaii making a collection of edible plants to be grown in Kusaie. He and his wife will take over the school, develop it along modern lines, bob the girls' hair, put



them into athletic suits, and teach the boys scientific farming. The Baldwin sisters will retire to a small cottage overlooking the sea. They have no desire to go back to America if all they read in the magazines is true.

America at the time of the settlement after the Spanish-American War offered Spain a million dollars for Kusaie, thinking to use it as a base and cable station. The deal fell through, but in another sense America has now captured Kusaie. In time the American missionaries will doubtless be supplanted by Japanese. But for the time being the officials are well content with the work of the missionaries and the missionaries vastly prefer Japanese control in the island to either German or Spanish. And it is very appropriate that the nationality which devastated Kusaie should have redeemed it. Whether this redemption was due more to the peculiar merits of the Christian faith or to the sacrificial devotion of its representatives, who shall say? At any rate, no one who takes the trouble to look through the superficial idiosyncrasies of the genus missionary can fail to agree with Stevenson:

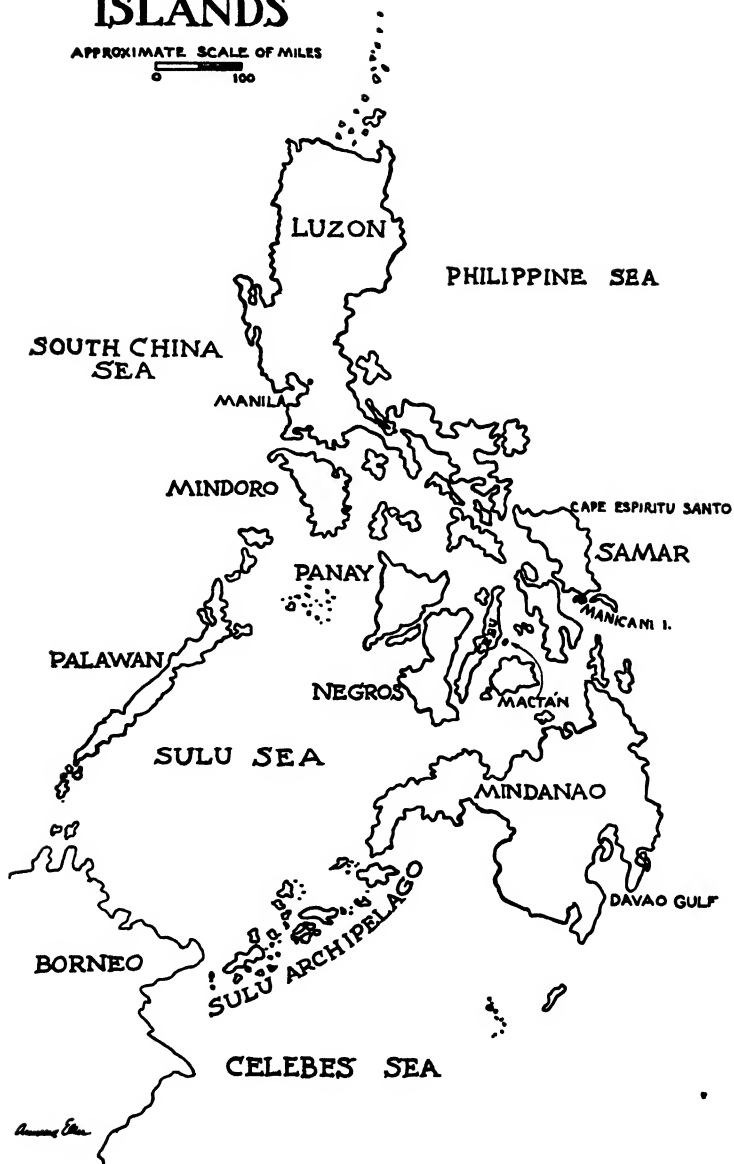
"Those who have a taste for hearing missions, Catholic or Protestant, decried, must seek their pleasure elsewhere than in my pages. Whether Catholic or Protestant, with all their gross blots, with all their deficiency of candor, of humor, and of common sense, the missionaries are the best and most useful whites in the Pacific."

## **VIII: THE PHILIPPINES**



# PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

APPROXIMATE SCALE OF MILES



## **The Death of Magellan**

*By ANTONIO PIGAFETTA. The account of the first circumnavigation of the globe written by Pigafetta contains the first description of the death of Magellan, leader of the expedition, during a native war on the island of Matan or Mactan, near the present Cebu City.*

FRIDAY, the 26th of April, Zula, who was one of the principal men or chiefs of the island of Matan, sent to the captain a son of his with two goats to make a present of them, and to say that if he did not do all that he had promised, the cause of that was another chief named Silapulapu, who would not in any way obey the King of Spain, and had prevented him from doing so: but that if the captain would send him the following night one boat full of men to give him assistance, he would fight and subdue his rival. On the receipt of this message, the captain decided to go himself with three boats. We entreated him much not to go to this enterprise in person, but he as a good shepherd would not abandon his flock.

We set out from Cebu at midnight, sixty men armed with corslets and helmets; there were with us the Christian king, the prince, and some of the chief men, and many others divided among twenty or thirty *balangai*. We arrived at Matan three hours before daylight. The captain before attacking wished to attempt gentle means, and sent on shore the Moorish merchant to tell those islanders who were of the party of Silapulapu, that if they would recognize the Christian king as their sovereign, and obey the King of Spain, and pay us the tribute which had been asked, the captain would become their friend; otherwise we should prove how our lances wounded. The islanders were not terrified; they replied that if we had lances, so also had they, although only of reeds, and wood hardened with fire. They asked however that we should not attack them by night, but wait for daylight, because they were expecting reinforcements, and would be in greater number. This they said with cunning, to excite us to attack them by night, supposing that we were ready; but they wished this because they had dug ditches between their houses and the beach, and they hoped that we should fall into them.

We however waited for daylight; we then leaped into the water

Reprinted by permission of the Hakluyt Society from *The First Voyage Round the World by Magellan*, translated from the French by Lord Stanley of Alderley (London, printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1874).

up to our thighs, for on account of the shallow water and the rocks the boats could not come close to the beach, and we had to cross two good crossbow shots through the water before reaching it. We were forty-nine in number; the other eleven remained in charge of the boats. When we reached land we found the islanders fifteen hundred in number, drawn up in three squadrons; they came down upon us with terrible shouts, two squadrons attacking us on the flanks, and the third in front. The captain then divided his men in two bands. Our musketeers and crossbow-men fired for half an hour from a distance, but did nothing, since the bullets and arrows, though they passed through their shields made of thin wood, and perhaps wounded their arms, yet did not stop them. The captain shouted not to fire, but he was not listened to. The islanders, seeing that the shots of our guns did them little or no harm, would not retire, but shouted more loudly, and springing from one side to the other to avoid our shots, they at the same time drew nearer to us, throwing arrows, javelins, spears hardened in fire, stones, and even mud, so that we could hardly defend ourselves. Some of them cast lances pointed with iron at the captain-general.

He then, in order to disperse this multitude and to terrify them, sent some of our men to set fire to their houses, but this rendered them more ferocious. Some of them ran to the fire, which consumed twenty or thirty houses, and there killed two of our men. The rest came down upon us with greater fury; they perceived that our bodies were defended, but that the legs were exposed, and they aimed at them principally. The captain had his right leg pierced by a poisoned arrow, on which account he gave orders to retreat by degrees; but almost all our men took to precipitate flight, so that there remained hardly six or eight of us with him. We were oppressed by lances and stones which the enemy hurled at us, and we could make no more resistance. The bombards which we had in the boats were of no assistance to us, for the shoal water kept them too far from the beach.

We went thither, retreating little by little, and still fighting, and we had already got to the distance of a crossbow shot from the shore, having the water up to our knees, the islanders following and picking up again the spears which they had already cast, and they threw the same spear five or six times; as they knew the captain they aimed specially at him, and twice they knocked the helmet off his head. He, with a few of us, like a good knight, remained at

his post without choosing to retreat further.

Thus we fought for more than an hour, until an Indian succeeded in thrusting a cane lance into the captain's face. He then, being irritated, pierced the Indian's breast with his lance, and left it in his body, and trying to draw his sword he was unable to draw it more than half way, on account of a javelin wound which he had received in the right arm. The enemies, seeing this, all rushed against him, and one of them with a great sword like a great scimitar gave him a great blow on the left leg, which brought the captain down on his face; then the Indians threw themselves upon him, and ran him through with lances and scimitars, and all the other arms which they had, so that they deprived of life our mirror, light, comfort, and true guide.

Whilst the Indians were thus overpowering him, several times he turned round towards us to see if we were all in safety, as though his obstinate fight had no other object than to give an opportunity for the retreat of his men. We who fought to extremity, and who were covered with wounds, seeing that he was dead, proceeded to the boats, which were on the point of going away. This fatal battle was fought on the 27th of April of 1521, on a Saturday; a day which the captain had chosen himself, because he had a special devotion to it. There perished with him eight of our men, and four of the Indians, who had become Christians; we had also many wounded, amongst whom I must reckon myself. The enemy lost only fifteen men.

He died; but I hope that your illustrious highness will not allow his memory to be lost, so much the more since I see revived in you the virtue of so great a captain, since one of his principal virtues was constancy in the most adverse fortune. In the midst of the sea he was able to endure hunger better than we. Most versed in nautical charts, he knew better than any other the true art of navigation, of which it is a certain proof that he knew by his genius, and his intrepidity, without any one having given him the example, how to attempt the circuit of the globe, which he had almost completed.

•

## **The Founding of the Philippines**

By ANTONIO DE MORGA, 1559-1636. Soldier, jurist, administrator, and early historian of the Philippine Islands, Morga spent eight years in those islands, and was the first to hold the office of auditor of the Audiencia of Manila. Later he became president of the Audiencia of Quito, in South America. A contemporary described him as "a man in whom arms and science were united in a most friendly manner," and he seems to relish describing the early skirmishes by which Spain first possessed and then held its colonial rights in the western Pacific. Morga's original volume was first printed in Mexico in 1609, and is now extremely rare.



**T**HE emperor (from the importance of the business) confided this voyage and discovery to Magellan, with the ships and provisions which were requisite for it, with which he set sail and discovered the straits to which he gave his name. Through these he passed to the South Sea, and navigated to the islands of Tendaya and Cebu, where he was killed by the natives of Matan, which is one of them. His ships went on to Maluco [the Moluccas], where their crews had disputes and differences with the Portuguese who were in the island of Terrenate: and at last, not being able to maintain themselves there, they left Maluco in a ship named the Victory, which had remained to the Castilians out of their fleet; and they took as chief and captain Juan Sebastian del Caño, who performed the voyage to Castile, by the way of India, where he arrived with very few of his men, and he gave an account to his majesty of the discovery of the islands of the great archipelago, and of his voyage.

The same enterprise was attempted on other occasions, and was carried out by Juan Sebastian del Caño, and by the Comendador Loaysa, and the Saoneses, and the Bishop of Plasencia, without bearing the fruits that were expected, on account of the travail and risks of so distant a voyage, and the strife which those who arrived there encountered on the part of the Portuguese in Maluco.

After all these events, as it seemed that this voyage would be shorter and better by way of New Spain [Mexico], a fleet was sent by that part in the year 1545 under the charge of Ruy Lopez de Villalobos, which passed by way of Cebu and reached Maluco, where it met with disputes with the Portuguese, misfortunes and troubles, by reason of which it did not succeed in the object which had been sought for; neither was the fleet able to return to New Spain, from whence it had sailed, but was broken up, and some of the Castilians who remained went away from Maluco through Portuguese India,

Reprinted by permission of the Hakluyt Society from *The Philippine Islands*, translated from the Spanish by the Hon. Henry E. J. Stanley (London, printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1868).

and returned to Castile. There they gave an account of what had happened in their voyage, and of the qualities and nature of the islands of Maluco, and of the others which they had seen.

As it afterwards appeared to the King Don Philip II our sovereign that it was not fitting for him to desist from this enterprise, and being informed by Don Luis de Velasco, Viceroy of New Spain, and by Fray Andres de Urdaneta of the order of St. Augustine (who, being a secular, had been in Maluco with the fleet of the Commander Loaysa), that this voyage might be made shorter and more easily from New Spain, he committed it to the viceroy. Fray Andres de Urdaneta left the court of Madrid for New Spain, for, as he was so experienced and so good a geographer, he offered to go with the fleet and discover a way of returning. The viceroy equipped a fleet and men with what was most needful, in the port of Navidad in the South Sea, and gave it in charge to Miguel Lopez de Legazpi, inhabitant of Mexico, and a native of the province of Guipuzcoa, a person of quality and trust. On account of the death of the viceroy, the High Court (Audiencia), which governed in his stead, completed the despatching of Legazpi, giving him instructions as to the parts to which he was to go, with orders not to open them until he had got three hundred leagues out to sea; this, on account of differences which existed among the officers of the fleet, some saying that it would be better to go to New Guinea, others to the Luzon Islands, and others to Maluco.

Miguel Lopez de Legazpi sailed from the port of Navidad in the year 1564, with five ships and five hundred men; he took also Fray Andres de Urdaneta, and four other monks of the order of St. Augustine, and having navigated for some days to the west, he opened his instructions, and found that he was ordered to go to the Luzon Islands, where he was to endeavor to pacify them and reduce them to submission to his majesty, and to receive the holy Catholic faith.

He pursued his voyage until he arrived at the island of Cebu, where he anchored, on account of the convenience of a good port which he met with, and the nature of the land. He was at first well and peacefully received by the natives and by their chief Tupas. Later they sought to kill him and his companions, because they had taken their provisions from them, upon which the natives took up arms against them; but it turned out contrariwise to what they had expected, for the Spaniards conquered and subjected them. Seeing what

had taken place in Cebu, the natives of other neighboring islands came peacefully before the chief of the expedition, making submission to him, and providing his camp with victuals.

The first of our Spanish settlements was made in that port, which they named the city of the most holy name of Jesus, because they found there, in one of the houses of the natives when they conquered them, a carved image of Jesus; and it was believed that it had remained there from the fleet of Magellan, and the natives held it in great reverence, and it worked for them in their needs miraculous effects. This image they put in the monastery of St. Augustine, which was built in that city.

That same year the chief of the expedition despatched his flagship to New Spain, with advices and a narrative of what had occurred in the voyage, and of the settlement in Cebu, and requesting men and succor in order to continue the pacification of the islands; and Fray Andres de Urdaneta and Fray Andres de Aguirre, his companion, embarked in it.

One of the ships which sailed from the port of Navidad in company with the fleet, under the command of Don Alonso de Arellano, carried as pilot one Lope Martin, a mulatto and a good sailor, although a restless man; when this ship came near the islands it left the fleet and went forward among the islands, and having procured some provisions, without waiting for the chief of the expedition, turned back to New Spain by a northerly course: either from the little inclination which he had for making the voyage to the isles, or to gain the reward for having discovered the course for returning. He arrived speedily and gave news of having seen the islands, and discovered the return voyage, and said a few things with respect to his coming, without any message from the chief, nor any advices as to what had happened to him. Don Alonso de Arellano was well received by the High Court of Justice which governed at that time, and was taking into consideration the granting of a reward to him and to his pilot: and this would have been done, had not the flagship of the commander-in-chief arrived during this time, after performing the same voyage, and bringing a true narrative of events, and of the actual condition of affairs, and of the settlement of Cebu; also giving an account of how Don Alonso de Arellano with his ship, without receiving orders and without any necessity for it, had gone on before the fleet on entering among the isles, and had never appeared since. It was also stated that, besides those islands which had peacefully submitted to his majesty,

there were many others, large and rich, well provided with inhabitants, victuals, and gold, which they hoped to reduce to subjection and peace with the assistance which was requested: and that the commander-in-chief had given to all these isles the name of Philippines, in memory of his majesty. The succor was sent to him immediately, and has continually been sent every year conformably to the necessities which have presented themselves; so that the land was won and maintained.

The commander-in-chief having heard of other islands around Cebu with abundance of provisions, he sent thither a few Spaniards to bring some of the natives over in a friendly manner, and rice for the camp, with which he maintained himself as well as he could, until, having passed over to the island of Panay, he sent thence Martin de Goiti, his master of the camp, and other captains, with the men that seemed to him sufficient, to the isle of Luzon, to endeavor to pacify it and bring it under submission to his majesty: a native of that island, of importance, named Maomat, was to guide them.

Having arrived at the bay of Manila, they found its town on the seabeach close to a large river, in the possession of, and fortified by a chief whom they called Rajamora: and in front, across the river, there was another large town named Tondo; this also was held by another chief, named Rajamatanda. These places were fortified with palms, and thick arigues filled in with earth, and a great quantity of bronze cannon, and other larger pieces with chambers. Martin de Goiti having begun to treat with the chiefs and their people of the peace and submission which he claimed from them, it became necessary for him to break with them; and the Spaniards entered the town by force of arms, and took it, with the forts and artillery, on the day of Santa Potenciana, the 19th of May, the year 1571; upon which the natives and their chiefs gave in, and made submission, and many others of the same island of Luzon did the same.

When the commander-in-chief, Legazpi, received news in Panay of the taking of Manila, and the establishment of the Spaniards there, he left the affairs of Cebu, and of the other islands which had been subdued, set in order; and he entrusted the natives to the most trustworthy soldiers, and gave such orders as seemed fitting for the government of those provinces, which are commonly called the Bisayas de los Pintados, because the natives there have their whole bodies marked with fire.

He then came to Manila with the remainder of his people, and was

very well received there; and established afresh with the natives and their chiefs the peace, friendship, and submission to his majesty which they had already offered. The commander-in-chief founded and established a town on the very site of Manila (of which Rajamora made a donation to the Spaniards for that purpose), on account of its being strong and in a well-provisioned district, and in the midst of all the isles (leaving it its name of Manila, which it held from the natives). He took what land was sufficient for the city, in which the governor established his seat and residence; he fortified it with care, holding this object more especially in view, in order to make it the seat of government of this new settlement, rather than considering the temperature or width of the site, which is hot and narrow, from having the river on one side of the city, and the bay on the other, and at the back large swamps and marshes, which make it very strong.

From this post he pursued the work of pacification of the other provinces of this great island of Luzon and of the surrounding districts; some submitting themselves willingly, others being conquered by force of arms, or by the industry of the monks who sowed the holy gospel, in which each and all labored valiantly, both in the time and governorship of the *adelantado* Miguel Lopez de Legazpi, and in that of other governors who succeeded him. The land was entrusted to those who had pacified it and settled in it, and heads named, on behalf of the crown, of the provinces, ports, towns, and cities which were founded, together with other special commissions for necessities which might arise, and for the expenses of the royal exchequer. The affairs of the government and conversion of the natives were treated as was fit and necessary. Ships were provided each year to make the voyage to New Spain, and to return with the usual supplies; so that the condition of the Philippine Islands, in spiritual and temporal matters, flourishes at the present day, as all know.

•

## **The Centurion and the Manila Galleon**

By RICHARD WALTER, 1716?–1785. Walter was given a B.A. degree at Cambridge University in 1738, and in 1740 was appointed chaplain to H.M.S. Centurion, flagship of Commodore George Anson (1697–1762), then setting out on a voyage to harry Spanish shipping and, in particular, a squadron under Don José Pizarro sent to reinforce Spanish possessions in the South Seas. Even though “a puny, weakly man, pale, and of a low stature,” Walter was often called to serve with the other officers in the actual working of the ship on its voyage around the Horn, up the coast of Spanish America, and across the Pacific. In December, 1742, he was given permission to leave the ship at Macao and return to England on an East India Company vessel. In 1748 he published an account of the voyage written with the advice of Anson; four editions of the volume were called for before the year was out, and it has often been reprinted. Walter, who took an M.A. degree in 1744, was appointed a year later as chaplain of Portsmouth dockyard and served there until his death forty years later. The following selection describes Anson’s battle with the treasure ship sent annually by Spain between Acapulco, Mexico, and Manila; the encounter took place on June 20, O.S., 1743, off Cape Espiritu Santo on the northeast coast of Samar in the Philippines.

AS THE month of June advanced, the expectancy and impatience of the commodore's people each day increased. And I think no better idea can be given of their great eagerness on this occasion than by copying a few paragraphs from the journal of an officer who was then on board; as it will, I presume, be a more natural picture of the full attachment of their thoughts to the business of their cruise than can be given by any other means. The paragraphs I have selected, as they occur in order of time, are as follow:

May 31. Exercising our men at their quarters, in great expectation of meeting with the galleons very soon; this being the eleventh of June their style.

June 3. Keeping in our stations, and looking out for the galleon

June 5. Begin now to be in great expectation, this being the middle of June their style.

June 11. Begin to grow impatient at not seeing the galleons.

June 13. The wind having blown fresh easterly for the forty-eight hours past, gives us great expectations of seeing the galleons soon.

June 15. Cruising on and off, and looking out strictly.

June 19. This being the last day of June, N.S., the galleons, if they arrive at all, must appear soon.

From these samples it is sufficiently evident how completely the treasure of the galleons had engrossed their imagination, and how anxiously they passed the latter part of their cruise, when the certainty of the arrival of these vessels was dwindled down to probability only, and that probability became each hour more and more doubtful. However, on the 20th of June, O.S., being just a month from their arrival on their station, they were relieved from this state

From *A Voyage Round the World in the Years 1740-44* by George Anson Esq., . . . compiled by Richard Walter, M.A., Chaplain of His Majesty's Ship the *Centurion* (London, printed for the author by John and Paul Knapton, 1748

of uncertainty; when, at sunrise, they discovered a sail from the mast-head, in the southeast quarter. On this, a general joy spread of the galleons, and they expected soon to see the other.

The commodore instantly stood towards her, and at half an hour after seven they were near enough to see her from the *Centurion's* deck; at which time the galleon fired a gun, and took in her topgallant sails, which was supposed to be a signal to her consort, to hasten her up; and therefore the *Centurion* fired a gun to leeward, to amuse her. The commodore was surprised to find that in all this time the galleon did not change her course, but continued to bear down upon him; for he hardly believed, what afterwards appeared to be the case, that she knew his ship to be the *Centurion*, and resolved to fight him.

About noon the commodore was little more than a league distant from the galleon, and could fetch her wake, so that she could not now escape; and, no second ship appearing, it was concluded that she had been separated from her consort. Soon after, the galleon haled up her foresail, and brought to under topsails, with her head to the northward, hoisting Spanish colors, and having the standard of Spain flying at the topgallant masthead.

Mr. Anson, in the meantime, had prepared all things for an engagement on board the *Centurion*, and had taken all possible care, both for the most effectual exertion of his small strength, and for the avoiding the confusion and tumult too frequent in actions of this kind. He picked out about thirty of his choicest hands and best marksmen, whom he distributed in his tops, and who fully answered his expectation, by the signal services they performed. As he had not hands enough remaining to quarter a sufficient number to each great gun in the customary manner, he therefore, on his lower tier, fixed only two men to each gun, who were to be solely employed in loading it, whilst the rest of his people were divided into different gangs of ten or twelve men each, which were constantly moving about the decks, to run out and fire such guns as were loaded. By this management he was enabled to make use of all his guns; and instead of firing broadsides with intervals between them, he kept up a constant fire without intermission, whence he doubted not to procure very signal advantages; for it is common with the Spaniards to fall down upon the decks when they see a broadside preparing, and to continue in that posture till it is given; after which they rise again and, presuming the danger to be for some time over, work their



guns and fire with great briskness, till another broadside is ready: but the firing gun by gun, in the manner directed by the commodore, rendered this practice of theirs impossible.

The *Centurion* being thus prepared, and nearing the galleon apace, there happened, a little after noon, several squalls of wind and rain, which often obscured the galleon from their sight; but whenever it cleared up, they observed her resolutely lying to; and, towards one o'clock, the *Centurion* hoisted her broad pennant and colors, she being then within gunshot of the enemy. And the commodore observing the Spaniards to have neglected clearing their ship till that time, as he then saw them throwing overboard cattle and lumber, he gave orders to fire upon them with the chase guns, to embarrass them in their work, and prevent them from completing it, though his general directions had been not to engage till they were within pistol shot. The galleon returned the fire with two of her stern chasers; and, the *Centurion* getting her spritsail yard fore and aft, that if necessary she might be ready for boarding, the Spaniards in a bravado rigged their spritsail yard fore and aft likewise. Soon after, the *Centurion* came abreast of the enemy within pistol shot, keeping to the leeward with a view of preventing them from putting before the wind, and gaining the port of Jalapay, from which they were about seven leagues distant.

And now the engagement began in earnest, and, for the first half hour, Mr. Anson overreached the galleon, and lay on her bow, where, by the great wideness of his ports he could traverse almost all his guns upon the enemy, whilst the galleon could only bring a part of hers to bear. Immediately, on the commencement of the action, the mats with which the galleon had stuffed her netting took fire, and burnt violently, blazing up half as high as the mizzentop. This accident (supposed to be caused by the *Centurion's* wads) threw the enemy into great confusion, and at the same time alarmed the commodore, for he feared lest the galleon should be burnt, and lest he himself too might suffer by her driving on board him: but the Spaniards at last freed themselves from the fire, by cutting away the netting, and tumbling the whole mass which was in flames into the sea.

But still the *Centurion* kept her first advantageous position, firing her cannon with great regularity and briskness, whilst at the same time the galleon's decks lay open to her topmen, who, having at their first volley driven the Spaniards from their tops, made prodigious havoc

with their small arms, killing or wounding every officer but one that ever appeared on the quarterdeck, and wounding in particular the general of the galleon himself. And though the *Centurion*, after the first half hour, lost her original situation, and was close alongside the galleon, and the enemy continued to fire briskly for near an hour longer, yet at last the commodore's grapeshot swept their decks so effectively, and the number of their slain and wounded was so considerable, that they began to fall into great disorder, especially as the general, who was the life of the action, was no longer capable of exerting himself.

Their embarrassment was visible from on board the commodore. For the ships were so near that some of the Spanish officers were seen running about with great assiduity, to prevent the desertion of their men from their quarters. But all their endeavors were in vain; for after having, as a last effort, fired five or six guns with more judgment than usual, they gave up the contest; and, the galleon's colors being singed off the ensign staff in the beginning of the engagement, she struck the standard at her main topgallant masthead—the person who was employed to do it having been in imminent peril of being killed had not the commodore, who perceived what he was about, given express orders to his people to desist from firing.

Thus was the *Centurion* possessed of this rich prize, amounting in value to near a million and a half of dollars. She was called the *Nuestra Señora de Cabadonga*, and was commanded by the General Don Jeronimo de Montero, a Portuguese by birth, and the most approved officer for skill and courage of any employed in that service. The galleon was much larger than the *Centurion*, and had five hundred and fifty men and thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight pedreros in her gunwale, quarters and tops, each of which carried a four-pound ball. She was very well furnished with small arms, and was particularly provided against boarding, both by her close quarters, and by a strong network of two-inch rope which was laced over her waist, and was defended by half pikes. She had sixty-seven killed in the action, and eighty-four wounded, whilst the *Centurion* had only two killed and a lieutenant and sixteen wounded, all of whom but one recovered—of so little consequence are the most destructive arms in untutored and unpractised hands.

The treasure thus taken by the *Centurion* having been for at least eighteen months the great object of their hopes, it is impossible to describe the transport on board when, after all their reiterated disap-

pointments, they at last saw their wishes accomplished. But their joy was near being suddenly damped by a most tremendous incident: for no sooner had the galleon struck than one of the lieutenants coming to Mr. Anson to congratulate him on his prize whispered to him at the same time that the *Centurion* was dangerously on fire near the powder room. The commodore received this dreadful news without any apparent emotion and, taking care not to alarm his people, gave the necessary orders for extinguishing it, which was happily done in a short time, though its appearance at first was extremely terrible. It seems some cartridges had been blown up by accident between decks, whereby a quantity of oakum in the after hatchway, near the after powder room, was set on fire; and the great smother and smoke of the oakum occasioned the apprehension of a more extended and mischievous fire. At the same instant too the galleon fell on board the *Centurion* on the starboard quarter, but she was cleared without doing or receiving any considerable damage.

The commodore made his first lieutenant, Mr. Saumarez, captain of this prize, appointing her a post-ship in His Majesty's service. Captain Saumarez before night sent on board the *Centurion* all the Spanish prisoners but such as were thought the most proper to be retained to assist in navigating the galleon. And now the commodore learned, from some of these prisoners, that the other ship, which he had kept in the port of Acapulco the preceding year, instead of returning in company with the present prize as was expected, had set sail from Acapulco alone much sooner than usual, and had in all probability got into the port of Manila long before the *Centurion* arrived off Espiritu Santo; so that Mr. Anson, notwithstanding his present success, had great reason to regret his loss of time at Macao, which prevented him from taking two rich prizes instead of one.

The commodore, when the action was ended, resolved to make the best of his way with his prize for the river of Canton, being in the meantime fully employed in securing his prisoners and in removing the treasure from on board the galleon into the *Centurion*. The last of these operations was too important to be postponed; for as the navigation to Canton was through seas but little known, and where, from the season of the year, much bad weather might be expected, it was of great consequence that the treasure should be sent on board the *Centurion*, which ship, by the presence of the commander-in-chief, the greater number of her hands, and her other advantages, was doubtless much safer against all the casualties of winds and seas than

the galleon. And the securing of the prisoners was a matter of still more consequence, as not only the possession of the treasure, but the lives of the captors, depended thereon.

This was indeed an article which gave the commodore much trouble and disquietude; for they were above double the number of his own people, and some of them, when they were brought on board the *Centurion*, and had observed how slenderly she was manned, and the large proportion which the striplings bore to the rest, could not help expressing themselves with great indignation to be thus beaten by a handful of boys.

The method which was taken to hinder them from rising was placing all but the officers and the wounded in the hold, where, to give them as much air as possible, two hatchways were left open; but then—to avoid all danger whilst the *Centurion's* people should be employed upon the deck—there was a square partition of thick planks made in the shape of a funnel, which enclosed each hatchway on the lower deck and reached to that directly over it on the upper deck; these funnels served to communicate the air to the hold better than could have been done without them and, at the same time, added greatly to the security of the ship, for they being seven or eight feet high, it would have been extremely difficult for the Spaniards to have clambered up; and still to augment that difficulty, four swivel guns loaded with musket bullets were planted at the mouth of each funnel, and a sentinel with lighted match constantly attended, prepared to fire into the hold amongst them, in case of any disturbance. Their officers, which amounted to seventeen or eighteen, were all lodged in the first lieutenant's cabin, under a constant guard of six men; and the general, as he was wounded, lay in the commodore's cabin with a sentinel always with him; and they were all informed that any violence or disturbance would be punished with instant death. And that the *Centurion's* people might be at all times prepared if, notwithstanding these regulations, any tumult should arise, the small arms were constantly kept loaded in a proper place, whilst all the men went armed with cutlasses and pistols; and no officer ever pulled off his clothes, and when he slept had always his arms lying ready by him.

These measures were obviously necessary, considering the hazards to which the commodore and his people would have been exposed had they been less careful. Indeed, the sufferings of the poor prisoners, though impossible to be alleviated, were much to be commiserated; for the weather was extremely hot, the stench of the hold loathsome

beyond all conception, and their allowance of water but just sufficient to keep them alive, it not being practicable to spare them more than at the rate of a pint a day for each, the crew themselves having only an allowance of a pint and a half. All this considered, it was wonderful that not a man of them died during their long confinement, except three of the wounded, who died the same night they were taken; though it must be confessed that the greatest part of them were strangely metamorphosed by the heat of the hold, for when they were first taken they were sightly robust fellows, but when, after above a month's imprisonment, they were discharged in the river of Canton, they were reduced to mere skeletons, and their air and looks corresponded much more to the conception formed of ghosts and specters than to the figure and appearance of real men. . . .

By this time the particulars of the cargo of the galleon were well ascertained, and it was found that she had on board 1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver, besides some cochineal, and a few other commodities which, however, were but of small account in comparison with the specie. And this being the commodore's last prize, it hence appears that all the treasure taken by the *Centurion* was not much short of £400,000 independent of the ships and merchandise, which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as £600,000 or more; so that the whole loss of the enemy, by our squadron, did doubtless exceed a million sterling.

•

## Heretic and Filibuster

By JOSÉ RIZAL Y MERCADO, 1861–1896. The national hero of the Philippines was born of well-to-do Filipino parents on the island of Luzon and received the degree of doctor of medicine from the University of Madrid in 1884. His sympathy with the plight of the natives under Spanish colonial rule was vehemently expressed in the political novel *Noli Me Tangere*, written in Spanish and published at his own expense in Germany in 1886. It is the best novel by a Filipino. He returned to practise medicine in his homeland; but, branded as a “filibuster” or insurrectionary, he departed and wandered in the Orient, the United States, and Europe. In exile he wrote a second tale, *El Filibusterismo* (1891). He volunteered to serve as a doctor in 1896 and was permitted to travel from Manila to Barcelona in Spain, but was then returned to Manila, charged with instigating native revolts, condemned, and shot on December 30—celebrated by Filipinos everywhere as Rizal Day. A province in central Luzon is named for him. The following selection from *Noli Me Tangere* describes the discoveries of Juan Ibarra, the young Spanish university student who returns to his home in Manila to find that his father has met an ignoble death.

**L**BARRA stood undecided for a moment. The night breeze, which during those months blows cool enough in Manila, seemed to drive from his forehead the light cloud that had darkened it. He took off his hat and drew a deep breath. Carriages flashed by, public rigs moved along at a sleepy pace, pedestrians of many nationalities were passing. He walked along at that irregular pace which indicates thoughtful abstraction or freedom from care, directing his steps toward Binondo Plaza and looking about him as if to recall the place. There were the same streets and the identical houses with their white and blue walls, whitewashed, or frescoed in bad imitation of granite; the church continued to show its illuminated clock face; there were the same Chinese shops with their soiled curtains and their iron gratings, in one of which was a bar that he, in imitation of the street urchins of Manila, had twisted one night; it was still unstraightened. "How slowly everything moves," he murmured as he turned into Calle Sacristia. The ice-cream vendors were repeating the same shrill cry, "Sorbetee!" while the smoky lamps still lighted the identical Chinese stands and those of the old women who sold candy and fruit.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "There's the same Chinese who was here seven years ago, and that old woman—the very same! It might be said that tonight I've dreamed of a seven years' journey in Europe. Good heavens, that pavement is still in the same unrepaired condition as when I left!" True it was that the stones of the sidewalk on the corner of San Jacinto and Sacristia were still loose.

While he was meditating upon this marvel of the city's stability in a country where everything is so unstable, a hand was placed lightly on his shoulder. He raised his head to see the old lieutenant gazing at him with something like a smile in place of the hard expression and the frown which usually characterized him.

"Young man, be careful! Learn from your father!" was the abrupt greeting of the old soldier.

Reprinted from *The Social Cancer*, a complete English version of *Noli Me Tangere* by Charles Derbyshire (New York, World Book Co., 1912).

"Pardon me, but you seem to have thought a great deal of my father. Can you tell me how he died?" asked Ibarra, staring at him.

"What! Don't you know about it?" asked the officer.

"I asked Don Santiago about it, but he wouldn't promise to tell me until tomorrow. Perhaps you know?"

"I should say I do, as does everybody else. He died in prison!"

The young man stepped backward a pace and gazed searchingly at the lieutenant. "In prison? Who died in prison?"

"Your father, man, since he was in confinement," was the somewhat surprised answer.

"My father—in prison—confined in a prison? What are you talking about? Do you know who my father was? Are you—?" demanded the young man, seizing the officer's arm.

"I rather think that I'm not mistaken. He was Don Rafael Ibarra."

"Yes, Don Rafael Ibarra," echoed the youth weakly.

"Well, I thought you knew about it," muttered the soldier in a tone of compassion as he saw what was passing in Ibarra's mind. "I supposed that you—but be brave! Here one cannot be honest and keep out of jail."

"I must believe that you are not joking with me," replied Ibarra in a weak voice, after a few moments' silence. "Can you tell me why he was in prison?"

The old man seemed to be perplexed. "It's strange to me that your family affairs were not made known to you."

"His last letter, a year ago, said that I should not be uneasy if he did not write, as he was very busy. He charged me to continue my studies and—sent me his blessing."

"Then he wrote that letter to you just before he died. It will soon be a year since we buried him."

"But why was my father a prisoner?"

"For a very honorable reason. But come with me to the barracks and I'll tell you as we go along. Take my arm."

They moved along for some time in silence. The elder seemed to be in deep thought and to be seeking inspiration from his goatee, which he stroked continually.

"As you well know," he began, "your father was the richest man in the province, and while many loved and respected him, there were also some who envied him and hated him. We Spaniards who come to the Philippines are unfortunately not all we ought to be. I say this as much on account of one of your ancestors as on account of



your father's enemies. The continual changes, the corruption in the higher circles, the favoritism, the low cost and the shortness of the journey, are to blame for it all. The worst characters of the Peninsula come here, and even if a good man does come, the country soon ruins him. So it was that your father had a number of enemies among the curates and other Spaniards."

Here he hesitated for a while. "Some months after your departure the troubles with Padre Damaso began, but I am unable to explain the real cause of them. Fray Damaso accused him of not coming to confession, although he had not done so formerly and they had nevertheless been good friends, as you may still remember. Moreover, Don Rafael was a very upright man, more so than many of those who regularly attend confession and than the confessors themselves. He had framed for himself a rigid morality and often said to me, when he talked of these troubles, 'Señor Guevara, do you believe that God will pardon any crime, a murder for instance, solely by a man's telling it to a priest—a man after all and one whose duty it is to keep quiet about it—by his fearing that he will roast in hell as a penance—by being cowardly and certainly shameless into the bargain? I have another conception of God,' he used to say, 'for in my opinion one evil does not correct another, nor is a crime to be expiated by vain lamentings or by giving alms to the Church. Take this example: if I have killed the father of a family, if I have made of a woman a sorrowing widow and destitute orphans of some happy children, have I satisfied eternal Justice by letting myself be hanged, or by entrusting my secret to one who is obliged to guard it for me, or by giving alms to priests who are least in need of them, or by buying indulgences and lamenting night and day? What of the widow and the orphans? My conscience tells me that I should try to take the place of him whom I killed, that I should dedicate my whole life to the welfare of the family whose misfortunes I caused. But even so, who can replace the love of a husband and a father?' Thus your father reasoned and by this strict standard of conduct regulated all his actions, so that it can be said that he never injured anybody. On the contrary, he endeavored by his good deeds to wipe out some injustices which he said your ancestors had committed. But to get back to his troubles with the curate—these took on a serious aspect. Padre Damaso denounced him from the pulpit, and that he did not expressly name him was a miracle, since anything might have been expected of such a character. I foresaw that sooner or later the affair would have serious results."

Again the old lieutenant paused. "There happened to be wandering about the province an ex-artilleryman who had been discharged from the army on account of his stupidity and ignorance. As the man had to live and he was not permitted to engage in manual labor, which would injure our prestige, he somehow or other obtained a position as collector of the tax on vehicles. The poor devil had no education at all, a fact of which the natives soon became aware, as it was a marvel for them to see a Spaniard who didn't know how to read and write. Everyone ridiculed him and the payment of the tax was the occasion of broad smiles. He knew that he was an object of ridicule and this tended to sour his disposition even more, rough and bad as it had formerly been. They would purposely hand him the papers upside down to see his efforts to read them, and wherever he found a blank space he would scribble a lot of pothooks which rather fitly passed for his signature. The natives mocked while they paid him. He swallowed his pride and made the collections, but was in such a state of mind that he had no respect for any one. He even came to have some hard words with your father.

"One day it happened that he was in a shop turning a document over and over in the effort to get it straight when a schoolboy began to make signs to his companions and to point laughingly at the collector with his finger. The fellow heard the laughter and saw the joke reflected in the solemn faces of the bystanders. He lost his patience and, turning quickly, started to chase the boys, who ran away shouting *ba, be, bi, bo, bu*. Blind with rage and unable to catch them, he threw his cane and struck one of the boys on the head, knocking him down. He ran up and began to kick the fallen boy, and none of those who had been laughing had the courage to interfere. Unfortunately, your father happened to come along just at that time. He ran forward indignantly, caught the collector by the arm, and reprimanded him severely. The artilleryman, who was no doubt beside himself with rage, raised his hand, but your father was too quick for him, and with the strength of a descendant of the Basques—some say that he struck him, others that he merely pushed him, but at any rate the man staggered and fell a little way off, striking his head against a stone. Don Rafael quietly picked the wounded boy up and carried him to the town hall. The artilleryman bled freely from the mouth and died a few moments later without recovering consciousness.

"As was to be expected, the authorities intervened and arrested your

father. All his hidden enemies at once rose up and false accusations came from all sides. He was accused of being a heretic and a filibuster. To be a heretic is a great danger anywhere, but especially so at that time when the province was governed by an alcalde who made a great show of his piety, who with his servants used to recite his rosary in the church in a loud voice, perhaps that all might hear and pray with him. But to be a filibuster is worse than to be a heretic and to kill three or four tax-collectors who know how to read, write, and attend to business. Every one abandoned him, and his books and papers were seized. He was accused of subscribing to *El Correo de Ultramar*, and to newspapers from Madrid, of having sent you to Germany, of having in his possession letters and a photograph of a priest who had been legally executed, and I don't know what not. Everything served as an accusation, even the fact that he, a descendant of Peninsulars, wore a *camisa*. Had it been any one but your father, it is likely that he would soon have been set free, as there was a physician who ascribed the death of the unfortunate collector to a hemorrhage. But his wealth, his confidence in the law, and his hatred of everything that was not legal and just, wrought his undoing. In spite of my repugnance to asking for mercy from any one, I applied personally to the captain-general—the predecessor of our present one—and urged upon him that there could not be anything of the filibuster about a man who took up with all the Spaniards, even the poor emigrants, and gave them food and shelter, and in whose veins yet flowed the generous blood of Spain. It was in vain that I pledged my life and swore by my poverty and my military honor. I succeeded only in being coldly listened to and roughly sent away with the epithet of *chiflado*."

The old man paused to take a deep breath, and after noticing the silence of his companion, who was listening with averted face, continued: "At your father's request I prepared the defense in the case. I went first to the celebrated Filipino lawyer, young A——, but he refused to take the case. 'I should lose it,' he told me, 'and my defending him would furnish the motive for another charge against him and perhaps one against me. Go to Señor M——, who is a forceful and fluent speaker and a Peninsular of great influence.' I did so, and the noted lawyer took charge of the case and conducted it with mastery and brilliance. But your father's enemies were numerous, some of them hidden and unknown. False witnesses abounded, and their calumnies, which under other circumstances would have melted away before a sarcastic phrase from the defense, here assumed shape

and substance. If the lawyer succeeded in destroying the force of their testimony by making them contradict each other and even perjure themselves, new charges were at once preferred. They accused him of having illegally taken possession of a great deal of land and demanded damages. They said that he maintained relations with the *tulisanes* in order that his crops and animals might not be molested by them. At last the case became so confused that at the end of a year no one understood it. The *alcalde* had to leave and there came in his place one who had the reputation of being honest, but unfortunately he stayed only a few months, and his successor was too fond of good horses.

"The sufferings, the worries, the hard life in the prison, or the pain of seeing so much ingratitude broke your father's iron constitution and he fell ill with that malady which only the tomb can cure. When the case was almost finished and he was about to be acquitted of the charge of being an enemy of the fatherland and of being the murderer of the tax-collector, he died in the prison with no one at his side. I arrived just in time to see him breathe his last."

The old lieutenant became silent, but still Ibarra said nothing. They had arrived meanwhile at the door of the barracks, so the soldier stopped and said, as he grasped the youth's hand, "Young man, for details ask Captain Tiago. Now, good night, as I must return to duty and see that all's well."

Silently, but with great feeling, Ibarra shook the lieutenant's bony hand and followed him with his eyes until he disappeared. Then he turned slowly and signaled to a passing carriage. "To Lala's Hotel," was the direction he gave in a scarcely audible voice.

"This fellow must have just got out of jail," thought the *cochero* as he whipped up his horses.



## **Karain's Kingdom**

By JOSEPH CONRAD, 1857–1924. Conrad, born Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski near Mohilow, Poland, became one of the greatest masters of fiction in English—a language he did not learn until he was twenty. He rose from seaman in the French and British merchant marine services through all ranks, winning his master's ticket in 1886. His first published novel, *Almayer's Folly* (1895), was written during voyages about the world, during which he crossed the Pacific several times. He retired from the sea in 1896 to produce more than a score of volumes of novels and tales. The oceans of the earth and the exotic lands at their borders were often the settings in which Conrad's indomitable human figures battled against the brooding melancholy of an ironic and tragic environment. Although Conrad frequently used Indonesia and Malaya as backgrounds for his fiction, few stories of his are set in the Pacific islands. The following piece of Conradian description forms the opening section of a long story, "Karain: A Memory," telling of a dramatic local leader in the Philippine Archipelago half a century ago.

WE KNEW him in those unprotected days when we were content to hold in our hands our lives and our property. None of us, I believe, has any property now, and I hear that many, negligently, have lost their lives; but I am sure that the few who survive are not yet so dim-eyed as to miss in the befogged respectability of their newspapers the intelligence of various native risings in the Eastern Archipelago. Sunshine gleams between the lines of those short paragraphs—sunshine and the glitter of the sea. A strange name wakes up memories; the printed words scent the smoky atmosphere of today faintly, with the subtle and penetrating perfume as of land breezes breathing through the starlight of bygone nights; a signal fire gleams like a jewel on the high brow of a somber cliff; great trees, the advanced sentries of immense forests, stand watchful and still over sleeping stretches of open water; a line of white surf thunders on an empty beach, the shallow water foams on the reefs; and green islets scattered through the calm of noonday lie upon the level of a polished sea, like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel.

There are faces too—faces dark, truculent, and smiling; the frank audacious faces of men barefooted, well armed and noiseless. They thronged the narrow length of our schooner's decks with their ornamented and barbarous crowd, with the variegated colors of checkered sarongs, red turbans, white jackets, embroideries; with the gleam of scabbards, gold rings, charms, armlets, lance blades, and jewelled handles of their weapons. They had an independent bearing, resolute eyes, a restrained manner; and we seem yet to hear their soft voices speaking of battles, travels, and escapes, boasting with composure, joking quietly; sometimes in well-bred murmurs extolling their own valor, our generosity; or celebrating with loyal enthusiasm the virtues of their ruler. We remember the faces, the eyes, the voices, we see again the gleam of silk and metal: the murmuring stir of that crowd, bril-

From *Tales of Unrest* by Joseph Conrad, copyright, 1898, 1920, by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Canadian rights by permission of Messrs. Ernest Benn and the trustees of the Conrad estate.

liant, festive, and martial; and we seem to feel the touch of friendly brown hands that, after one short grasp, return to rest on a chased hilt. They were Karain's people—a devoted following. Their movements hung on his lips; they read their thoughts in his eyes; he murmured to them nonchalantly of life and death, and they accepted his words humbly, like gifts of fate. They were all free men, and when speaking to him said, "Your slave." On his passage voices died out as though he had walked guardedly by silence; awed whispers followed him. They called him their war-chief. He was the ruler of three villages on a narrow plain; the master of an insignificant foothold on the earth—of a conquered foothold that, shaped like a young moon, lay ignored between the hills and the sea.

From the deck of our schooner, anchored in the middle of the bay, he indicated by a theatrical sweep of his arm along the jagged outline of the hills the whole of his domains; and the ample movement seemed to drive back its limits, augmenting it suddenly into something so immense and vague that for a moment it appeared to be bounded only by the sky. And really, looking at that place, landlocked from the sea and shut off from the land by the precipitous slopes of mountains, it was difficult to believe in the existence of any neighborhood. It was still, complete, unknown, and full of a life that went on stealthily with a troubling effect of solitude; of a life that seemed unaccountably empty of anything that would stir the thought, touch the heart, give a hint of the ominous sequence of days. It appeared to us a land without memories, regrets, and hopes; a land where nothing could survive the coming of the night, and where each sunrise, like a dazzling act of special creation, was disconnected from the eve and the morrow.

Karain swept his hand over it. "All mine!" He struck the deck with his long staff; the gold head flashed like a falling star; very close behind him a silent old fellow in a richly embroidered black jacket alone of all the Malays around him did not follow the masterful gesture with a look. He did not even lift his eyelids. He bowed his head behind his master, and without stirring held hilt up over his right shoulder a long blade in a silver scabbard. He was there on duty, but without curiosity, and seemed weary, not with age, but with the possession of a burdensome secret of existence. Karain, heavy and proud, had a lofty pose and breathed calmly. It was our first visit, and we looked about curiously.

The bay was like a bottomless pit of intense light. The circular



sheet of water reflected a luminous sky, and the shores enclosing it made an opaque ring of earth floating in an emptiness of transparent blue. The hills, purple and arid, stood out heavily on the sky: their summits seemed to fade into a colored tremble as of ascending vapor; their steep sides were streaked with the green of narrow ravines; at their foot lay rice fields, plantain patches, yellow sands. A torrent wound about like a dropped thread. Clumps of fruit trees marked the villages; slim palms put their nodding heads together above the low houses; dried palm-leaf roofs shone afar, like roofs of gold, behind the dark colonnades of tree trunks; figures passed vivid and vanishing; the smoke of fires stood upright above the masses of flowering bushes; bamboo fences glittered, running away in broken lines between the fields. A sudden cry on the shore sounded plaintive in the distance, and ceased abruptly, as if stifled in the downpour of sunshine. A puff of breeze made a flash of darkness on the smooth water, touched our faces, and became forgotten. Nothing moved. The sun blazed down into a shadowless hollow of colors and stillness.

It was the stage where, dressed splendidly for his part, he strutted, incomparably dignified, made important by the power he had to awaken an absurd expectation of something heroic going to take place—a burst of action or song—upon the vibrating tone of a wonderful sunshine. He was ornate and disturbing, for one could not imagine what depth of horrible void such an elaborate front could be worthy to hide. He was not masked—there was too much life in him, and a mask is only a lifeless thing; but he presented himself essentially as an actor, as a human being aggressively disguised. His smallest acts were prepared and unexpected, his speeches grave, his sentences ominous like hints and complicated like arabesques. He was treated with a solemn respect accorded in the irreverent West only to the monarchs of the stage, and he accepted the profound homage with a sustained dignity seen nowhere else but behind the footlights and in the condensed falseness of some grossly tragic situation. It was almost impossible to remember who he was—only a petty chief of a conveniently isolated corner of Mindanao, where we could in comparative safety break the law against the traffic in firearms and ammunition with the natives. What would happen should one of the moribund Spanish gunboats be suddenly galvanized into a flicker of active life did not trouble us, once we were inside the bay—so completely did it appear out of the reach of a meddling world; and besides, in those days we were imaginative enough to look with a kind of joyous

equanimity on any chance there was of being quietly hanged somewhere out of the way of diplomatic remonstrance. As to Karain, nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death; but his quality was to appear clothed in the illusion of unavoidable success. He seemed too effective, too necessary there, too much of an essential condition for the existence of his land and his people, to be destroyed by anything short of an earthquake. He summed up his race, his country, the elemental force of ardent life, of tropical nature. He had its luxuriant strength, its fascination; and, like it, he carried the seed of peril within.

In many successive visits we came to know his stage well—the purple semicircle of hills, the slim trees leaning over houses, the yellow sands, the streaming green of ravines. All that had the crude and blended coloring, the appropriateness almost excessive, the suspicious immobility of a painted scene; and it enclosed so perfectly the accomplished acting of his amazing pretences that the rest of the world seemed shut out forever from the gorgeous spectacle. There could be nothing inside. It was as if the earth had gone on spinning, and had left that crumb of its surface alone in space. He appeared utterly cut off from everything but the sunshine, and that even seemed to be made for him alone. Once when asked what was on the other side of the hills, he said, with a meaning smile, "Friends and enemies—many enemies; else why should I buy your rifles and powder?" He was always like this—word-perfect in his part, playing up faithfully to the mysteries and certitudes of his surroundings. "Friends and enemies"—nothing else. It was impalpable and vast. The earth had indeed rolled away from under his land, and he, with his handful of people, stood surrounded by a silent tumult as of contending shades. Certainly no sound came from outside. "Friends and enemies!" He might have added, "and memories," at least as far as he himself was concerned; but he neglected to make that point then. It made itself later on, though; but it was after the daily performance—in the wings, so to speak, and with the lights out. Meantime he filled the stage with barbarous dignity. Some ten years ago he had led his people—a scratch lot of wandering Bugis—to the conquest of the bay, and now in his august care they had forgotten all the past, and had lost all concern for the future. He gave them wisdom, advice, reward, punishment, life or death, with the same serenity of attitude and voice. He understood irrigation and the art of war—the qualities of weapons and the craft of boatbuilding. He could conceal his heart; had more endurance;

he could swim longer, and steer a canoe better than any of his people; he could shoot straighter, and negotiate more tortuously than any man of his race I knew. He was an adventurer of the sea, an outcast, a ruler—and my very good friend. I wish him a quick death in a stand-up fight, a death in sunshine; for he had known remorse and power, and no man can demand more from life. Day after day he appeared before us, incomparably faithful to the illusions of the stage, and at sunset the night descended upon him quickly, like a falling curtain. The seamed hills became black shadows towering high upon a clear sky; above them the glittering confusion of stars resembled a mad turmoil stilled by a gesture; sound ceased, men slept, forms vanished—and the reality of the universe alone remained—a marvellous thing of darkness and glimmers.

•

## Three Filipino Folk Tales

Collected and translated by DEAN SPRUILL FANSLER, 1885- . As early as 1908, Dr. Fansler, who was born in Alton, Illinois, and received degrees at Northwestern University and Columbia University, became head of the department of English at the University of the Philippines, a position which he held with occasional interludes until the outbreak of the Pacific war. He has also taught at Columbia, Acadia University (Nova Scotia), and Brown. His interest in medieval romances was easily turned toward the collection of popular tales in the Philippine Islands; a large volume, from which three tales of varied types are here taken, appeared as *Filipino Popular Tales* (1921). These tales were furnished by native informants and are translated into language as close to the original dialects as possible. The first two are hero tales of cleverness, and although comparable to European stories are probably native in origin; "The Hummingbird and the Carabao," an animal fable, is likewise Oriental in provenance.

## *The Three Friends*

ONCE there lived three friends—a monkey, a dog, and a carabao. They were getting tired of city life, so they decided to go to the country to hunt. They took along with them rice, meat, and some kitchen utensils.

The first day the carabao was left at home to cook the food, so that his two companions might have something to eat when they returned from the hunt. After the monkey and the dog had departed, the carabao began to fry the meat. Unfortunately the noise of the frying was heard by the Buñgisñgis [ogre] in the forest. Seeing this chance to fill his stomach, the Buñgisñgis went up to the carabao and said, "Well, friend, I see that you have prepared food for me."

For an answer, the carabao made a furious attack on him. The Buñgisñgis was angered by the carabao's lack of hospitality, and, seizing him by the horn, threw him knee-deep into the earth. Then the Buñgisñgis ate up all the food and disappeared.

When the monkey and the dog came home, they saw that everything was in disorder, and found their friend sunk knee-deep in the ground. The carabao informed them that a big strong man had come and beaten him in a fight. The three then cooked their food. The Buñgisñgis saw them cooking, but he did not dare attack all three of them at once, for in union there is strength.

The next day the dog was left behind as cook. As soon as the food was ready, the Buñgisñgis came and spoke to him in the same way he had spoken to the carabao. The dog began to snarl; and the Buñgisñgis, taking offence, threw him down. The dog could not cry to his companions for help; for, if he did, the Buñgisñgis would certainly kill him. So he retired to a corner of the room and watched his unwelcome guest eat all of the food. Soon after the Buñgisñgis's departure, the monkey and the carabao returned.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Filipino Popular Tales* (Lancaster, Penna. and New York, American Folk-Lore Society, 1921).

They were angry to learn that the Buñgisñgis had been there again.

The next day the monkey was cook; but, before cooking, he made a pitfall in front of the stove. After putting away enough food for his companions and himself, he put the rice on the stove. When the Buñgisñgis came, the monkey said very politely, "Sir, you have come just in time. The food is ready, and I hope you'll compliment me by accepting it."

The Buñgisñgis gladly accepted the offer, and, after sitting down in a chair, began to devour the food. The monkey took hold of a leg of the chair, gave a jerk, and sent his guest tumbling into the pit. He then filled the pit with earth, so that the Buñgisñgis was buried with no solemnity.

When the monkey's companions arrived, they asked about the Buñgisñgis. At first the monkey was not inclined to tell them what had happened; but, on being urged and urged by them, he finally said that the Buñgisñgis was buried "there in front of the stove." His foolish companions, curious, began to dig up the grave. Unfortunately the Buñgisñgis was still alive. He jumped out, and killed the dog and lamed the carabao; but the monkey climbed up a tree, and so escaped.

One day while the monkey was wandering in the forest, he saw a beehive on top of a vine.

"Now I'll certainly kill you," said someone coming towards the monkey.

Turning around, the monkey saw the Buñgisñgis. "Spare me," he said, "and I will give up my place to you. The king has appointed me to ring each hour of the day that bell up there," pointing to the top of the vine.

"All right! I accept the position," said the Buñgisñgis.

The monkey had been gone a long time, and the Buñgisñgis, becoming impatient, pulled the vine. The bees immediately buzzed about him, and punished him for his curiosity.

Maddened with pain, the Buñgisñgis went in search of the monkey, and found him playing with a boa constrictor. "You villain! I'll not hear any excuses from you. You shall certainly die," he said.

"Don't kill me, and I will give you this belt which the king has given me," pleaded the monkey.

Now, the Buñgisñgis was pleased with the beautiful colors of the belt, and wanted to possess it: so he said to the monkey, "Put the belt around me, then, and we shall be friends."

The monkey placed the boa constrictor around the body of the Buñgisfigis. Then he pinched the boa, which soon made an end of his enemy.

### *With One Centavo Juan Marries a Princess*

In ancient times, in the age of foolishness and nonsense, there lived a poor gambler. He was all alone in the world: he had no parents, relatives, wife, or children. What little money he had he spent on cards or cockfighting. Every time he played, he lost. So he would often pass whole days without eating. He would then go around the town begging like a tramp. At last he determined to leave the village to find his fortune.

One day, without a single cent in his pockets, he set out on his journey. As he was lazily wandering along the road, he found a centavo, and picked it up. When he came to the next village, he bought with his coin a small native cake. He ate only a part of the cake; the rest he wrapped in a piece of paper and put in his pocket. Then he took a walk around the village; but, soon becoming tired, he sat down by a little shop to rest. While resting, he fell asleep. As he was lying on the bench asleep, a chicken came along, and, seeing the cake projecting from his pocket, the chicken pecked at it and ate it up. Ticked by the bird's beak, the tramp woke up and immediately seized the poor creature. The owner claimed the chicken; but Juan would not give it up, on the ground that it had eaten his cake. Indeed, he argued so well that he was allowed to walk away, taking the chicken with him.

Scarcely had he gone a mile when he came to another village. There he took a rest in a barbershop. He fell asleep again, and soon a dog came in and began to devour his chicken. Awakened by the poor bird's squawking, Juan jumped up and caught the dog still munching its prey. In spite of the barber's protest and his refusal to give up his dog, Juan seized it and carried it away with him.

He proceeded on his journey until he came to another village. As he was passing by a small house, he felt thirsty: so he decided to go in and ask for a drink. He tied his dog to the gate and went in. When he came out again, he found his dog lying dead, the iron gate on top of him. Evidently, in its struggles to get loose, the animal had pulled the gate over. Without a word Juan pulled off one of the iron bars from the gate and took it away with him. When the owner shouted

after him, Juan said, "The bar belongs to me, for your gate killed my dog."

When Juan came to a wide river, he sat down on the bank to rest. While he was sitting there, he began to play with his iron bar, tossing it up into the air, and catching it as it fell. Once he missed, and the bar fell into the river and was lost. "Now, river," said Juan, "since you have taken my iron bar, you belong to me. You will have to pay for it." So he sat there all day, watching for people to come along and bathe.

It happened by chance that not long after, the princess came to take her bath. When she came out of the water, Juan approached her, and said, "Princess, don't you know that this river is mine? And, since you have touched the water, I have the right to claim you."

"How does it happen that you own this river?" said the astonished princess.

"Well, princess, it would tire you out to hear the story of how I acquired this river; but I insist that you are mine."

Juan persisted so strongly that at last the princess said that she was willing to leave the matter to her father's decision. On hearing Juan's story, the king was greatly impressed with his wonderful reasoning and wit; and, as he was unable to offer any refutation for Juan's argument, he willingly married his daughter to Juan.

### *The Hummingbird and the Carabao*

One hot April morning a carabao (water buffalo) was resting under the shade of a quinine tree which grew near the mouth of a large river, when a hummingbird alighted on one of the small branches above him.

"How do you do, Friend Carabao?" said the hummingbird.

"I'm very well, little Hum. Do you also feel the heat of this April morning?" replied the carabao.

"Indeed, I do, Friend Carabao! And I am so thirsty that I have come down to drink."

"I wonder how much you can drink!" said the carabao jestingly. "You are so small that a drop ought to be more than enough to satisfy you."

"Yes, Friend Carabao?" answered little Hum as if surprised. "I bet you that I can drink more than you can!"

"What, you drink more than I can, you little Hum!"



"Yes, let us try! You drink first, and we shall see."

So old carabao, ignorant of the trick that was being played on him, walked to the bank of the river and began to drink. He drank and drank and drank; but it so happened that the tide was rising, and, no matter how much he swallowed, the water in the river kept getting higher and higher. At last he could drink no more, and the hummingbird began to tease him.

"Why, Friend Carabao, you have not drunk anything. It seems to me that you have added more water to the river instead."

"You fool!" answered the carabao angrily, "can't you see that my stomach is almost bursting?"

"Well, I don't know. I only know that you have added more water than there was before. But it is now my turn to drink."

But the hummingbird only pretended to drink. He knew that the tide would soon be going out, so he just put his bill in the water, and waited until the tide did begin to ebb. The water of the river began to fall also. The carabao noticed the change, but he could not comprehend it. He was surprised, and agreed that he had been beaten. Little Hum flew away, leaving poor old carabao stupefied and hardly able to move, because of the great quantity of water he had drunk.

## **The Son of Rizal**

By JOSÉ GARCÍA VILLA. The leading Filipino short-story writer of today was born in Manila. His father was a physician and wished his son to enter a career in medicine, but the young man finished merely a premedical education, and left the University of Manila because he felt that he could not express himself freely enough. García Villa has been writing stories since 1925; he has also published essays and poems of an experimental sort both in the Philippines and in the United States, where he arrived in 1930. A graduate of the University of New Mexico, he edited *Philippine Short Stories* (1929), published his *Poems* in 1941, and collected his own stories in the volume *Footnote to Youth* (1933).

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: Dr. José Rizal, the national hero of the Philippines, died a martyr's death. Accused of sedition against the mother country Spain, Rizal was deported, imprisoned, and finally shot. He was married on the morning of his execution. The day of his death is observed annually in the Philippines as an official holiday. Dr. Rizal left no son.)

**L**AST December 30th I boarded the last afternoon train for Lucena, Tayabas. I had waited until the afternoon to leave, for in the morning my wife, my children, and I had gone to the Luneta to view the annual Rizal Day parade. On the morning of the 31st I had to close an important land deal in Lucena.

From my compartment in the train I could see that the third-class cars were filling with returning provincials who had come to the city—Manila—to celebrate the day. They formed a motley, obstreperous group and crowded both the station platform and the steps of the cars. They bustled and palavered loudly like little children. Some were students going home for a day or two, and they were easily distinguishable from the rest by their modern, flashy clothes. There was a short, duck-like fellow among them who hummed “Ramona,” but nobody listened to him, for another was cracking a joke about women.

There was much pushing and jostling on the steps to the cars, and a woman whose feet had been stepped on issued a string of shrill invectives: “goats! pigs! brutes!” she cried to those about her: did they have no regard for women, did they have no conscience, and oh! of what advantage being a woman if you had to be trampled upon like a mat!

But there was one person especially of all this crowd who caught my attention—or was it a feeling of pity? I felt guilty that I should think myself so superior as to bestow compassion on a fellow creature. Yet there I was, feeling it, and unable to help myself. He was a

Reprinted from *Footnote to Youth* by José García Villa; copyright, 1933, by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

small, bark-colored man, lugging a long, narrow buri bag, which in the native tongue is called *bayong*. He found difficulty in pushing through the group on the steps to the car, and finally retreated quietly to the platform. On his thin face was written a fear that the train might start before he had got on. Then the locomotive bell began to ring its slow, annunciative notes, and the man got more and more nervous.

In my pocket I had two tickets, for not quite fifteen minutes ago my eldest son had insisted on going along with me, but had later on decided not to. The tickets had been bought, and I could not find the nerve to return the other. In such little things I am most sensitive, and would feel myself brazen and shameless if I returned with indifference the things already paid for. Compassionately again (and I hated myself for it) I thought of offering the other ticket to the man.

Half guiltily I whistled to him, and he glanced confusedly in my direction. I beckoned him to approach, which I saw he was reluctant to do—so afraid was he that he would lose more time and not get on the train at all. But I raised my two tickets for him to see, and I surmised that he understood my intention, for he hobbled hurriedly to my window. In brief words I explained to him that I had an extra ticket, and would he be kind enough to share my company in my compartment? I was alone, I said. Timidly yet eagerly he accepted my invitation.

The steps to the first-class cars are often, if not always, clear, and soon he was at the door of my compartment. He mumbled a deferential greeting, removing his black-green hat. I told him to step in, and he did so, silently lifting the buri bag and depositing it on the iron net above our heads; beside it he placed the hat. Then he settled himself awkwardly on the seat opposite mine, and regarded me with soft, pathetic eyes. The train started.

He was sparsely built and poorly dressed. He wore the poor man's *camisa-chino*, but it was clean and freshly starched. He had on white drill trousers and red velvet slippers.

He smiled shyly at me and I smiled in return.

"You see, I've got my ticket," he tried to explain, pulling it out of his *camisa-chino*'s pocket, "but it was hard to get in. I cannot afford to ride in here, you know," he confessed, half embarrassed. His thick lips moved slowly, docilely, and his voice was thin, slow, and sad. His melancholy eyes lowered in humility.

I told him I was glad to help him. I said I was bound for Lucena, and he where?

"Calamba. That is where I live. I have three children—two little girls and a boy. Their mother—she died at childbirth."

I expressed my sympathy and told him I hoped the children were well.

"They are good children," he said contentedly.

We fell into a warm, friendly chat. He was well-mannered in speech, and although he did not talk fluently—sometimes he was tongue-tied—yet he managed to convey his thoughts.

We became confidential, and I spoke to him of my business. I said I was married and had more children than he had, and was a commercial agent. I said I was tired of the work but was not sure I should be more successful in other lines.

In return he spoke to me about himself and his trade. His name was Juan Rizal and he was a shoemaker. He had a little shop in the front of his house. "It is not a big house," he said.

I said, "You have a good name—Juan Rizal."

"My father is Rizal," he answered.

"Then maybe you are a relative of the hero," I said inferentially. "Near relation, I suppose."

"No. Rizal is my *father*," he said. "Rizal. Doctor Rizal," he emphasized, and I saw a brilliant light of pride in his small button-like eyes. "Yes," he affirmed himself with not a little bombast.

I said I had not heard and did not know that Rizal had a son.

"Yes, he *has*," he said matter-of-factly. "I am *he*." And he looked at me superiorly.

"The books do not speak of Rizal having a son," I said.

"They don't know," he negated with perfect self-confidence. "They don't know, at all. I *am* the son of Rizal."

As he said this, he set himself erect, lifted his chest out, and plaited together his fingers on his lap. He was little and thin, and when he stretched himself to look great and dignified, he became pathetically distorted. Now he looked elongated, disconcertingly elongated, like an extending, crawling leech.

And I was moved, and I lied:

"I am glad to know you, I am glad to know the son of Rizal."

"Rizal had only one son," he explained. "I am *he*, that son—yes, I am *he*. But people won't believe me. They are envious of me."

There was a slight whispering, protesting note in his voice. His thick lips quivered and a film covered his eyes. I thought he was going to cry and I began to feel uncomfortable.

"They are envious of me," he repeated, and could not say more. A choking emotion had seized him. He swayed slightly as though he would fall.

I realized the intensity of his feeling and I kept quiet. When he returned to himself, he asked me in a half fearful, half apologetic tone:

"Do you believe me?"

"Yes," I said, but faltering a little.

A happy light beamed in his doglike eyes.

He said, "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

There were minutes of silence, and we looked through the window at the passing scenes. The greenery in the soft sunlight was beautiful and healthy, imparting to the eyes a sense of coolness, of vastness. The air, though rather warm, we felt cool and soothing. The train moved smoothly, like a vessel on a very peaceful sea.

It was I who broke the silence. I said I had gone to the Luneta that morning to see the parade. The sun had been hot, and my wife, the children, and I had perspired a lot. "It is a trial, waiting for and watching a parade," I said.

He said I was right and that he too had seen the parade. He had come to Manila for that purpose only. "I go once a year. It is a sort of—pilgrimage. But—I love my father, you see."

It was a naive, full-souled statement. His eyes ceased for the moment being dull and inexpressive. The soft warmth of gentleness, of a supreme devotional love, filled them. They became the eyes of a dove.

"I love my father," he repeated wistfully, softly, as though he were chanting a most sacred song.

But I (and may God punish me for my cruelty!) remarked inadvertently that he didn't look like his father.

A look of immeasurable hurt stole into his eyes, and he looked at me imploringly, questioned me with those small, melancholy eyes that but a moment ago had been so happy, so inspired, so tender. Struggling out of impending defeat, clamoring to be saved, to be believed in, those eyes looked at me so that a lump rose unwillingly in my throat.

But as though he bore me no grudge at all for my cruel remark, he said softly, lowly, as though in solemn prayer: "I take—after my mother."

Yet he was disturbed, completely broken by my remark, I realized. It had cut him deeply, although he wanted to appear composed. But

his efforts were futile. His unrest was visible everywhere in his person: his eyes grew painfully feverish, his nostrils quivered, his lips trembled. And he gave it up with a twitch of his lips, let himself be as he felt, and talked, to dispel my doubts, about his mother and his birth:

"My father and my mother—they lived together before they were married. They lived in Talisay, during my father's deportation, but I was born in Dapitan. People don't know that. When I was born they thought I was dead. Dead. But that is not true. I was *alive*. People thought I was born so, because when my mother was in a delicate condition before my birth, my father played a prank on her and she sprang forward and struck against an iron stand. She became sick. I ~~was~~ born prematurely. But I was alive. Do you understand? I was born, and alive—and I lived." There was galvanic energy in his excited voice. "My mother, she was Irish—Josefina Bracken." He gazed deeper into my eyes. "I don't remember her well," he said. "I don't remember her. She had brown eyes and a little nose." He blew his nose with a cheap, colored handkerchief.

"My father liked her but maybe he did not love her. He loved Leonora. Leonora was his cousin. They were separated when my father went to Europe. Leonora's mother intercepted his letters. She withheld them from Leonora. When my father came back she was married." He stopped and brooded.

"I ran away from my mother when I was old enough to do so. I ran away to Calamba. My father was born there. I wanted to go there, to live there. I have lived there ever since. Have you ever been to Calamba?"

"No," I said.

"My father married my mother on the morning of his execution," he pursued. "My father was brave," he said. "He was not afraid of the Spaniards. He fell forward when they shot him. They wanted to shoot him in the back, but he turned around and fell forward."

He was greatly excited. His face was flushed. "They shot him—my father—the white scoundrels! They shot my father—as they would a dog!" he was indignant. His thin, stick-like fingers closed and opened frantically. He was so vituperative I was afraid he did not realize what he was saying.

I stretched a comforting hand to his to calm him down. He looked at me with quivering lips and I realized his helplessness. He told me that he had not meant to upset me. He begged tearfully for

my forgiveness, clutching my hands tightly in his. "Please forgive me," he said. "Please forgive me."

I was afraid he would kneel down; so I moved over to his side and said I understood.

"Do you?" he said. "Do you?" His voice was pleading, full of pain.

"I do," I said.

He quieted down. He turned his face away from mine, ashamed that he had let his feelings run loose.

We were silent again. Only the chug-chug-chug of the train could be heard, and the wind-tossed laughter of those in the neighboring compartments. The air had grown cooler, dusk was fast approaching, and only a lone bird fluttered in the sky. There was a sweet, flowing sound as we crossed a rivulet.

My companion turned to me and made me understand that he was desirous of asking a question. I encouraged him.

"His books—you have read my father's books, the *Noli* and the *Filibusterismo*?" There was still a tremor in his voice, and he mispronounced the last title, calling it "*Plisterismo*."

"Only the *Noli*," I said. "I have not had the time to read the other."

We were approaching the station of Calamba, Laguna.

"We are nearing your place," I said.

"Yes," he said, and a sadness was now in his voice. "I wish," he murmured, "I could invite you home."

"I will drop in some day."

The train slackened speed and finally stopped.

I helped the son of Rizal lift the buri bag from the net.

"For my children," he explained, smiling. "I bought them fruits."

He asked me before he alighted:

"Do you really believe me?"

"I do."

He was very happy and shook my hands effusively.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye."

The train moved again.

The following month I went to Calamba on the invitation of a friend. It had been a long time, about six years, since we had last met in the city, and now I was to be godfather to his first-born. The choosing of a name depended on me, he had written. Aside from the



customary baptismal gift, I brought with me a plaster bust of Rizal which I intended to present to Juan Rizal.

After the ceremony I asked my host if he knew anything about Juan Rizal.

"Yes," he said. "You mean Juan Kola."

I told him to explain.

"He is a shoemaker—owns a little shop near the edge of the town. The children call him Juan Sirá. You know what that means: nutty."

"Tell me more."

"Well, he calls himself Juan Rizal—tells that to people whom he meets. There is a sad story behind it. I will tell it to you:

"When Juan Kola was a small boy, his father was very cruel to him. He used to beat him for any or no reason at all. Naturally the boy grew to dislike his father—learned to hate him as much as he feared him. But when the boy was twelve or thereabouts, the father died. The boy knew no happiness so great; so he cried. Otherwise the boy would not have wept. He was so used to his father's meanness and cruelty that any sorrow, any pain, could not make him cry. He had forgotten how to cry, had learned to stifle that surging in the breast that brings tears to the eyes, and he would merely whine, dry-eyed, like a puppy that is kicked. But this time he wept, and for a long time afterwards you could see him in the streets crying. And when people asked him why he cried, he replied, 'I don't know. I just want to cry.' He was not evading the truth; the boy simply had no words for it. But the people knew.

"Then the boy began thinking of Rizal. Rizal was born here, you know, and that makes him closer to us than to you who live elsewhere. Rizal to us is a reality, a magnificent, potent reality, but to you he is only a myth, a golden legend. He is to you a star, faraway, bright, unreachable. To us he is not unreachable, for he is among us. We feel him, breathe with him, live with him. *Juan Kola lived with him—lives with him.* In his young untutored mind he knew that if Rizal were his father he would be a good father, a supremely beautiful father, and he, Juan Kola, would always be happy. And so Juan Kola, the little unhappy boy, made José Rizal his father.

"He was a poor boy, Juan Kola, and he could not go to school. He had to work and earn his living. He does not read or write, but he knows much about Rizal's life from the schoolteacher who boarded with the shoemaker to whom he was apprenticed. Of nights, when work was over, he would go to her, to this teacher, and ask her ques-

tions, and she, filled with sympathy for the boy, gave him of her time.

"When Juan's father died, he destroyed all his father's things. There was a picture left of his father, but he burned it, not wishing to remember anything of his true parent. He wanted to be fully the son of his adopted father. From then on he was the son of Rizal.

"And that," concluded my friend, "is the story of Juan Sirá. The children have misnamed him. It is cruel, unjust. He who can dream of beautiful things, and live in them, surely he is great—and wise."

"Take me to Juan Rizal," I said.

I presented my gift to Juan Rizal in his shabby little nipa home. Juan Rizal was exultant when he opened the package containing Rizal's bust. "I have always wanted one, but I could not afford it," he said with tremulous lips and adoring eyes.



## **My Father Goes to Court**

By CARLOS BULOSAN, 1914- . . . Orphaned in early life, Bulosan came from the Philippines to America at the age of sixteen. Here he wandered over the land as a migratory worker. He is author of a book of poems, *Letters from America* (1942), and an autobiography, *America Is in the Heart* (1946). A series of humorous sketches of Philippine family life, which are not to be taken as pure autobiography, was published in *The New Yorker* magazine and later collected in a book. "My Father Goes to Court" was the first of these pieces.

WHEN I was four, I lived with my mother and brothers and sisters in a small town on the island of Luzon. Father's farm had been destroyed in 1918 by one of our sudden Philippine floods, so for several years afterward we all lived in the town, though he preferred living in the country. We had as a next-door neighbor a very rich man, whose sons and daughters seldom came out of the house. While we boys and girls played and sang in the sun, his children stayed inside and kept the windows closed. His house was so tall that his children could look in the windows of our house and watch us as we played, or slept, or ate, when there was any food in the house to eat.

Now, this rich man's servants were always frying and cooking something good, and the aroma of the food was wafted down to us from the windows of the big house. We hung about and took all the wonderful smell of the food into our beings. Sometimes, in the morning, our whole family stood outside the windows of the rich man's house and listened to the musical sizzling of thick strips of bacon or ham. I can remember one afternoon when our neighbor's servants roasted three chickens. The chickens were young and tender and the fat that dripped into the burning coals gave off an enchanting odor. We watched the servants turn the beautiful birds and inhaled the heavenly spirit that drifted out to us.

Some days the rich man appeared at a window and glowered down at us. He looked at us one by one, as though he were condemning us. We were all healthy because we went out in the sun every day and bathed in the cool water of the river that flowed from the mountains into the sea. Sometimes we wrestled with one another in the house before we went out to play. We were always in the best of spirits and our laughter was contagious. Other neighbors who passed by our house often stopped in our yard and joined us in laughter.

Laughter was our only wealth. Father was a laughing man. He would go into the living room and stand in front of the tall mirror,

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Laughter of My Father*, by Carlos Bulosan, copyright, 1942, 1943, 1944, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

stretching his mouth into grotesque shapes with his fingers and making faces at himself; then he would rush into the kitchen, roaring with laughter.

There was always plenty to make us laugh. There was, for instance, the day one of my brothers came home with a small bundle under his arm, pretending that he brought something good to eat, maybe a leg of lamb or something as extravagant as that, to make our mouths water. He rushed to Mother and threw the bundle into her lap. We all stood around, watching Mother undo the complicated strings. Suddenly a black cat leaped out of the bundle and ran wildly around the house. Mother chased my brother and beat him with her little fists, while the rest of us bent double, choking with laughter.

Another time one of my sisters suddenly started screaming in the middle of the night. Mother reached her first and tried to calm her. My sister cried and groaned. When Father lighted the lamp, my sister stared at us with shame in her eyes.

"What is it?" Mother asked.

"I'm pregnant!" she cried.

"Don't be a fool!" Father shouted.

"You are only a child," Mother said.

"I'm pregnant, I tell you!" she cried.

Father knelt by my sister. He put his hand on her belly and rubbed it gently. "How do you know you are pregnant?" he asked.

"Feel it!" my sister cried.

We put our hands on her belly. There was something moving inside. Father was frightened. Mother was shocked. "Who's the man?" she asked.

"There's no man," my sister said.

"What is it, then?" Father asked.

Suddenly my sister opened her blouse and a bullfrog jumped out. Mother fainted, Father dropped the lamp, the oil spilled on the floor, and my sister's blanket caught fire. One of my brothers laughed so hard he rolled on the floor.

When the fire was extinguished and Mother was revived, we returned to bed and tried to sleep, but Father kept on laughing so loud we could not sleep any more. Mother got up again and lighted the oil lamp; we rolled up the mats on the floor and began dancing about and laughing with all our might. We made so much noise that all our neighbors except the rich family came into the yard and joined us in loud, genuine laughter.

It was like that for years.

As time went on, the rich man's children became thin and anemic, while we grew even more robust and full of life. Our faces were bright and rosy, but theirs were pale and sad. The rich man started to cough at night; then he coughed day and night. His wife began coughing too. Then the children started to cough, one after the other. At night their coughing sounded like the barking of a herd of seals. We hung outside their windows and listened to them. We wondered what had happened. We knew that they were not sick from lack of nourishing food, because they were still always frying something delicious to eat.

One day the rich man appeared at a window and stood there a long time. He looked at my sisters, who had grown fat with laughing, then at my brothers, whose arms and legs were like the molave, which is the sturdiest tree in the Philippines. He banged down the window and ran through his house, shutting all the windows.

From that day on, the windows of our neighbor's house were always closed. The children did not come outdoors any more. We could still hear the servants cooking in the kitchen, and no matter how tight the windows were shut, the aroma of the food came to us in the wind and drifted gratuitously into our house.

One morning a policeman from the presidencia came to our house with a sealed paper. The rich man had filed a complaint against us. Father took me with him when he went to the town clerk and asked him what it was about. He told Father the man claimed that for years we had been stealing the spirit of his wealth and food.

When the day came for us to appear in court, Father brushed his old army uniform and borrowed a pair of shoes from one of my brothers. We were the first to arrive. Father sat on a chair in the center of the courtroom. Mother occupied a chair by the door. We children sat on a long bench by the wall. Father kept jumping up from his chair and stabbing the air with his arms, as though he were defending himself before an imaginary jury.

The rich man arrived. He had grown old and feeble; his face was scarred with deep lines. With him was his young lawyer. Spectators came in and almost filled the chairs. The judge entered the room and sat on a high chair. We stood up in a hurry and then sat down again.

After the courtroom preliminaries, the judge looked at Father. "Do you have a lawyer?" he asked.

"I don't need a lawyer, Judge," he said.

"Proceed," said the judge.

The rich man's lawyer jumped up and pointed his finger at Father. "Do you or do you not agree that you have been stealing the spirit of the complainant's wealth and food?"

"I do not," Father said.

"Do you or do you not agree that while the complainant's servants cooked and fried fat legs of lamb or young chicken breasts, you and your family hung outside his windows and inhaled the heavenly spirit of the food?"

"I agree," Father said.

"Do you or do you not agree that while the complainant and his children grew sickly and tubercular, you and your family became strong of limb and fair of complexion?"

"I agree," Father said.

"How do you account for that?"

Father got up and paced around, scratching his head thoughtfully. Then he said, "I would like to see the children of the complainant, Judge."

"Bring in the children of the complainant."

They came in shyly. The spectators covered their mouths with their hands, they were so amazed to see the children so thin and pale. The children walked silently to a bench and sat down without looking up. They stared at the floor and moved their hands uneasily.

Father could not say anything at first. He just stood by his chair and looked at them. Finally he said, "I should like to cross-examine the complainant."

"Proceed."

"Do you claim that we stole the spirit of your wealth and became a laughing family while yours became morose and sad?" Father asked.

"Yes."

"Do you claim that we stole the spirit of your food by hanging outside your windows when your servants cooked it?" Father asked.

"Yes."

"Then we are going to pay you right now," Father said. He walked over to where the children were sitting on the bench and took my straw hat off my lap and began filling it up with centavo pieces that he took out of his pockets. He went to Mother, who added a fistful of silver coins. My brothers threw in their small change.

"May I walk to the room across the hall and stay there for a few minutes, Judge?" Father asked.

"As you wish."



"Thank you," Father said. He strode into the other room with the hat in his hands. It was almost full of coins. The doors of both rooms were wide open.

"Are you ready?" Father called.

"Proceed," the judge said.

The sweet tinkle of the coins carried beautifully into the courtroom. The spectators turned their faces toward the sound with wonder. Father came back and stood before the complainant.

"Did you hear it?" he asked.

"Hear what?" the man asked.

"The spirit of the money when I shook this hat?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then you are paid," Father said.

The rich man opened his mouth to speak and fell to the floor without a sound. The lawyer rushed to his aid. The judge pounded his gavel.

"Case dismissed," he said.

Father strutted around the courtroom. The judge even came down from his high chair to shake hands with him. "By the way," he whispered, "I had an uncle who died laughing."

"You like to hear my family laugh, Judge?" Father asked.

"Why not?"

"Did you hear that, children?" Father said.

My sisters started it. The rest of us followed them and soon the spectators were laughing with us, holding their bellies and bending over the chairs. And the laughter of the judge was the loudest of all.

## Guerrilla Episode

By IRA WOLFERT, 1908—. One of the outstanding correspondents of World War II, Ira Wolfert was born in New York City, attended the public schools there, and worked his way through the Columbia University School of Journalism as a streetcar motorman and as a taxi driver. Becoming a newspaper reporter in New York, he wrote dramatic criticism, sports, and general assignments for the North American Newspaper Alliance. In 1942-1943 he was in the South Pacific as a war correspondent, later winning the Pulitzer Prize for his dispatches on the Solomon Islands campaign. Except *Tucker's People* (1943), a novel of the depression period, his books deal with the war in the Pacific: *Battle for the Solomons* (1943), *Torpedo 8* (1943), *American Guerrilla in the Philippines* (1945), and *An Act of Love* (1948), a powerful war novel of inward as well as outward conflict set on an unnamed South Sea island. In *American Guerrilla in the Philippines* (1945) Wolfert tells the story of Lieut. Iliff Richardson, who, being stranded in the Philippines when they fell to the Japanese, joined a guerrilla band under Col. Ruperto Kangleon and helped to send out radio reports to General MacArthur until the islands were recaptured. This book contains the selection that follows—a vivid account of one day's intense experience on the island of Manicani.

I PUT out for Samar on an evening early in September. I forget the exact date. I left the walky-talky set on Homonhon because they needed something there they could hide in a hurry, and took with me the big set. It was quite a bundle—a barrel of fuel, a demijohn of lubricating oil, a charger, four batteries, the receiver, the speaker, the transmitter, whatever spare parts I could find, plus our personal gear and guns.

There was no wind and we had to scull. At midnight when we were abreast of Manicani Island, the current changed and set for Guyuan Island, three kilometers away, where there was a large garrison of Japs. I put in to Manicani. I sent a man wading ashore. He woke up a native. The native said there weren't any Japs on the island, and we found a nice anchorage on the southeast coast and hove to there and went to sleep.

I didn't want to travel to Samar by day. We'd have to pass too close to Guyuan and we'd have to use the Jap launch route. I decided to wait for a favorable wind that would carry us against the current at night. When daylight came and we woke up, I had the radio brought ashore and began to set it up to make contact with the master station on Leyte and report whatever ships would pass.

While we were still working at it, a Filipino boy came running up. He said four BCs had just landed from Guyuan and were breakfasting at Manicani barrio.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I was at Bataan, sir."

"What outfit?"

He told me.

"Who was on your left?"

He told me.

That was enough for me. There is a fraternity among men who fought on Bataan. It is impossible to believe that one who was there

Reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers, from *American Guerrilla in the Philippines*, copyright, 1945, by Ira Wolfert.

would let down anybody else who was there.

The guerrillas do not ordinarily bother BC (Bureau of Constabulary) garrisons. The BCs are Filipino police working for the Japs, but the Japs do not entrust them with mortars or heavy weapons. They do not kill fellow Filipinos the way the Japanese do. The most they do is burn houses and they do this only when circumstances force their hands. They require the people to remain in their homes in the garrison barrios so that they can live off them. In order to enforce this, they announce that they will loot the homes of all who *buqwee* and then burn them down. They do it. They carry out their threat. But the guerrillas do not bother the BC garrisons because they know that if they wipe out the BCs the Japs will replace them with their own troops and heavy weapons and mortars and policy of torture and slaughter.

However, this was different. We had to stay on the island until nightfall. Jap marines were only three kilometers away. They could see Manicani barrio from where they were. They could hear a signal shot fired from a rifle.

I left Pop with the radio set and took Teodoro and Donayre with me. I had a tommy gun for myself and another for one of the boys. The third had a carbine. Then we started out for Manicani barrio.

We had three and one half kilometers to walk. The sun was very hot. There was no wind at all, and you could taste the heat of the air as you breathed it. We did not say anything. We all walked along until we came to a kind of water hole just outside the town. There was a woman bathing there. She started to run away, but I pointed my gun at her.

"I am sorry," I said, "you must stay with us awhile."

I couldn't take a chance on her alarming the BCs. She was a young, very pretty woman, shapely and firm-breasted. She wore a cotton dress. Filipinas bathe that way in public, in their dresses. Her dress had fallen below her breast on one side, but she was too fearful to notice. She stood with feet planted wide, looking at me imploringly and in terror.

"We shall not hurt you," I said. "We just want you to remain still. You may continue your bathing if you like."

She shook her head. She was still mute with fear. I told her to walk to where I would be between her and the town and remain there. Then I sent the boy who had warned us into town to locate the BCs and report back to me.

I remember how it was so quiet there the birds sounded extra loud and a dog running up the dusty road made distinct little puffy pattering sounds. The girl pulled her dress up over her breast, and adjusted her hair. Her fear was subsiding. She sat tranquilly. I kept thinking what bad luck this was. If only the BCs had not come in the morning. If only they had come in the evening or the next day. I didn't know then for whom the luck would be bad, but certainly it was true that, whichever way the luck went, it would be bad for someone—either the BCs or us.

It was a kind of main path there out of town. People came drifting up in ones and twos to get water, and we held them. We would not let them go back. We could not risk someone warning the BCs. A child came, a little girl. In a little while, we could hear her mother calling.

"Instruct the child to remain quiet," I told Teodoro.

The mother called again and again. The child stood looking at us with large, troubled eyes. Then the mother came hurrying up the path. When she saw us, she stopped short. I motioned her towards us with my gun. She came hesitantly, then she rushed past me and snatched up her child.

"We are not going to hurt anyone," I said. "We just want you to stay a while."

The jungle was not very thick along the path, and around the water hole there was a clearing. Eventually, we had nine or ten people gathered there. I kept smiling at them and laughing to ease their fear. There was an elderly man among them. He spoke English in a soft, very courtly voice.

"It is plain that someone will be killed this morning," he said.

"No," I shook my head. "We do not want to hurt anyone. We just want to disarm some BCs and hold them until night when we leave."

"And if they decline?"

"That will be their doing."

"If they are stubborn?"

"That will be their fault."

"Then someone will be killed."

"It has happened that way. We cannot move by daylight. We cannot trust them to remain quiet with the Japs so near."

"It is too bad you do not remain hidden until night."

"Yes, but there may be fifth columnists on the island who will warn them we are here. We cannot trust that with the Japs near."

"It is too bad, but you are right."

"It is not our doing. We are willing to remain quiet. We have no war with Filipinos, only with Japs."

"Justice is with you. There are fifth columnists who will warn the BCs."

"We do not like to kill Filipinos, only Japs."

"Justice is with you and God goes with justice," the old man said sadly in his soft voice.

Finally, our scout came back. It had taken him so long because he had gone home to change into his best white clothes, to wash, and to comb his hair.

"Sir," he protested when I complained at the delay, "it is the first blow I strike since Bataan."

Just before coming to us, he had looked into the house by the beach where the BCs were staying while food was being prepared for them. He said two of them were sleeping, one of them was talking to a girl as she cooked, and a fourth was just sitting there. There were four Enfield rifles with them—one for each man.

There was a church directly opposite the house with the BCs. The church was about forty feet long by twenty feet wide and made of galvanized iron. The walls were of iron, the roof of iron. Only the cross was wooden. There was a small iron shed alongside in which three church bells were housed, and the big iron hammers to strike them. We went into the church. It was empty.

I told my boys we would do it this way. Teodoro would station himself to command the front entrance of the house on the left of where I would be in the church. Donayre would station himself to command the back entrance, and I would remain in the church where I could spray both front and back exits with my tommy gun. The scout would go into the house unarmed and tell the BCs they were surrounded and ask them to come out with their hands holding their heads.

There was a whole row of little houses along the street. A family came hurriedly out of one of them. They had seen us. A man was carrying two small children, one on his back, the other in his arms. A woman was carrying a third child in her arms and shooing along some other children, pushing at them with her knees. We watched them nervously. They hurried up the street. They had sense enough not to make any noise and just hurried along and out of sight. We watched the house with the BCs a long time to make sure they had noticed nothing wrong. I heard the girl in there with them laugh and say something protesting. Her laugh sounded so dripping there

in the bright, hot, bleached-looking, dazzling air, so laving and brushing and seductive, so like a laugh in a bed. Then a man cried out something in Visayan.

"What did he say?" I asked Donayre.

"He said, 'How can she cook when you keep feeling her all the time? Has your stomach fallen into your balls?'"

Then the scout said he thought it would be better if he stood outside the hut and called to the BCs to surrender. Otherwise, they might hold him as a hostage and perhaps try to come out with his body as a screen.

"Will you call in Visayan or in English?"

"Sir, Visayan only."

"I do not understand Visayan."

"Sir, one speaks English, the sergeant. But I do not know about the others, sir. They may not only."

"You must be very careful what you say."

"Sir, I was at Bataan, sir."

"Yes, but I am very serious and you must be very careful what you say to them."

"Sir, yes."

"Because I am very serious and the eye of my gun will be watching you all the time."

"Sir, I fought at Bataan. I would fight with the guerrilla, but there is none on the island."

"All right, but I am very serious."

"Sir, yes."

He saluted the major's oak leaf that Curly had darned into my shirt with yellow thread.

"What will you tell them?" I asked.

"Sir, that they are surrounded, that if they do not wish to die, they must come out with their hands holding their heads, with their guns left behind. If they run, sir, they will be killed. They must not run or do anything to get killed."

He spoke in a very low tone. We all spoke very low. We were quite close to the house with the BCs.

"Well, that's right," I said, "but you must remember my gun will be on you and I am very serious and I do not understand Visayan well, just words here and there."

"Sir, I was at Bataan until the end."

"Well, yes," I said, "I was at Bataan, too, but today I am very serious."

Then Teodoro and Donayre took up their positions. I went to a window of the church, just an opening it was, really, and drew a bead on the house. Then this Filipino boy with his white clothes shining so hard it hurt to look at him went out of the church and over towards the house and began shouting towards the door.

The sergeant in command came out immediately. He began walking towards the church, curious, his hands down. When he saw me, he threw his hands up behind his head and clasped them and shouted to the others to come out unarmed. He shouted in Visayan, but I could follow what he was saying. The others did not come out. There was only silence from the house.

Then there was a shot from Teodoro and I could see under the house that there were feet running. The house was up on stilts and there were chickens under it, lying there out of the sun. People in the Philippine barrios and hills generally keep chickens under their houses on account of the snakes. The snakes like to come into the houses where it's cooler by day and warmer by night, but if they see chickens they will go for them first. Then you have warning of the snake from the squawks of the chickens. I could see through the chickens to where the feet were running and at the shot from Teodoro the man dropped prone into my sight and lifted his rifle and lowered his face towards the barrel. I opened up on him. I shot under the house through the chickens. A chicken blew backwards and another blew straight up into the air, smacking against the house, and the man bounced into the air and flopped backwards and flopped again and then lay still while chickens with necks stretched ran in all directions and people started running from their houses, climbing out of windows and jumping from doors and running up and down the street and away out of sight, and the sergeant started blowing his whistle. I turned my gun on the sergeant. He took his whistle out of his mouth and lifted it high into the air and slammed it against the ground.

"The whistle is to surrender," he screamed and ran a few steps towards me.

"Put your hands behind your head," I said. I spoke very calmly. I remember how surprised I was to hear the calmness in my voice.

The sergeant stopped short, and clasped his hands behind his head.

Then Teodoro and Donayre came out into the open. They were holding their rifles. The two remaining BCs stood between them with their hands in the air.

"Keep an eye on the sergeant," I told them and ran down to the



back of the church and out of it. Our scout was frisking the men. He found a toy pistol on the sergeant. It was just an ordinary 49-cent cap pistol that the Japs had given him to pull a bluff in an emergency if he was caught without his rifle.

"Why do you murder?" cried the sergeant. "We surrender."

"Why did your man run? Why did your man jump out the window on the other side?"

"You shouldn't shoot."

"I didn't want to shoot. They made me."

"You shoot, you murder, you just want to shoot."

I ran over to him and put my gun against his chest. I was crazy there for a minute. My finger itched crazily against the trigger.

"They ran," I screamed. "You son of a bitch, they ran. They made me."

Then I went over to the other side of the house where the man I had shot lay. The sergeant ran along with me. The man was quite young. He had large brown eyes. He was pulling feebly at his throat and gasping for air.

He had been hit in the neck. I had hit right where I was shooting. I had fired seventeen rounds in three bursts. I got him on the first burst and then I had thrown a burst to the left of him and another to the right of him in case anybody else was running there that I couldn't see on account of the chickens. Only one bullet of the burst had gone into him because tommy guns tend to lift, but the bullet had torn out his whole throat and punctured his spinal column.

"You shouldn't have run," I said.

I had a morphine syrette from our medicine chest and put it into him.

"Why did you run," cried the sergeant, "when your orders were from me to surrender?"

The boy looked at me and then he looked at the sergeant. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out except a terrible sound, like a dragging sort of whistling. Then he closed his eyes and after a moment or so became quiet.

I thought maybe the morphine was taking effect, but he was dead.

"I told him to surrender," said the sergeant. "He should not have run."

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



101 427

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY







